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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

"IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS"

By ROBERT BARR ("Luke Sharp"),

Author of "In a Steamer Chair," "From Whose Bourn," etc.

COMPLETE.

AUGUST, 1893

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIPPINCOTT'S

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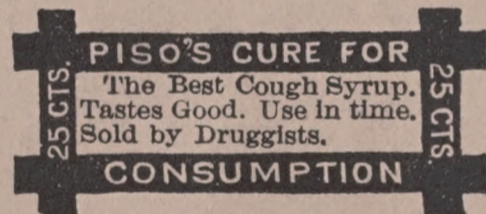
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"IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS."

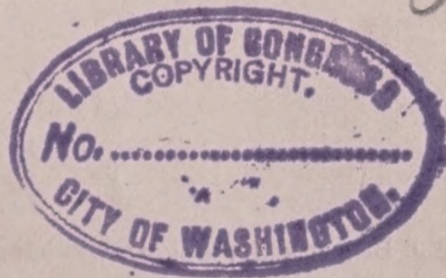
BY ✓

ROBERT BARR,
(LUKE SHARP,)

AUTHOR OF "IN A STEAMER CHAIR," "FROM WHOSE BOURN," ETC.

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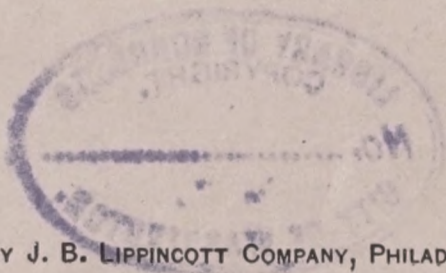
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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1893.

"IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS."

CHAPTER I.

IN the marble-floored vestibule of the Metropolitan Grand Hotel in Buffalo, Professor Stillson Renmark stood and looked about him with the anxious manner of a person unused to the gaudy splendor of the modern American house of entertainment. The professor paused half-way between the door and the marble counter, because he began to fear that he had arrived at an inopportune time,—that something unusual was going on. The hurry and bustle bewildered him. A man with a stentorian but monotonous and mournful voice was filling the air with the information that a train was about to depart for Albany, Saratoga, Troy, Boston, New York, and the East. When he came to the words "The East" his voice dropped to a sad minor key, as if the man despaired of the fate of those who took their departure in that direction. Every now and then a brazen gong sounded sharply, and one of the negroes who sat in a row on a bench along the marble-panelled wall sprang forward to the counter, took somebody's hand-bag, and disappeared in the direction of the elevator, with the newly-arrived guest following him. Groups of men stood here and there conversing, heedless of the rush of arrival and departure around them.

All this was very strange to the professor, and he felt himself in a new world, with whose customs he was not familiar. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him as he stood there among it all with his satchel in his hand. As he timidly edged up to the counter and tried to accumulate courage enough to address the clerk, a young man came forward, flung his grip on the polished top of the counter, metaphorically brushed the professor aside, pulled the bulky register towards him, and inscribed his name on the page with a rapidity equalled only by the illegibility of the result.

"Hello, Sam," he said to the clerk. "How's things? Get my telegram?"

"Yes," answered the clerk; "but I can't give you 27. It's been

taken for a week. I reserved 85 for you, and had to hold on with my teeth to do that."

The reply of the young man was merely a brief mention of the place of torment.

"It is hot," said the clerk, blandly. "In from Cleveland?"

"Yes. Any letters for me?"

"Couple of telegrams. You'll find them up in 85."

"Oh, you were cock-sure I'd take that room?"

"I was cock-sure you'd have to. It is either that or the fifth floor. We're full. Couldn't give a better room to the President if he came."

"Oh, well, what's good enough for the President I can put up with for a couple of days."

The hand of the clerk descended on the bell. The negro sprang forward and took the grip. "Eighty-five," said the clerk; and the drummer and the negro disappeared.

"Is there any place where I could leave my bag for a while?" the professor at last said timidly to the clerk.

"Your bag?"

The professor held it up in view.

"Oh! your grip. Certainly. Have a room, sir?" And the clerk's hand hovered over the bell.

"No. At least, not just yet. You see, I'm——"

"All right. The baggage-man there to the left will check it for you."

"Any letters for Bond?" said a man, pushing himself in front of the professor. The clerk pulled out a fat bunch of letters from the compartment marked "B" and handed the whole lot to the inquirer, who went rapidly over them, selected two that appeared to be addressed to him, and gave the bunch a push towards the clerk, who placed them where they were before.

Although the professor was to a certain extent bewildered by the condition of things, there was still in his nature a certain dogged persistence that had before now stood him in good stead, and which had enabled him to distance, in the long run, much more brilliant men. He was not at all satisfied with his brief interview with the clerk. He resolved to approach that busy individual again, if he could arrest his attention. It was some time before he caught the speaker's eye, as it were, but when he did so he said,—

"I was about to say to you that I am waiting for a friend from New York who may not yet have arrived. His name is Mr. Richard Yates, of the——"

"Oh! Dick Yates. Certainly. He's here." Turning to the negro, he said,—

"Go down to the billiard-room and see if Mr. Yates is there. If he is not, look for him at the bar."

The clerk evidently knew Mr. Dick Yates. Apparently not noticing the look of amazement that had stolen over the professor's face, the clerk said,—

"If you wait in the reading-room I'll send Yates to you when he

comes. The boy will find him if he's in the house; but he may be up-town."

The professor, disliking to trouble the obliging clerk further, did not ask him where the reading-room was. He inquired instead of a hurrying porter, and received the curt but comprehensive answer,—

"Dining-room next floor. Reading-, smoking-, and writing-rooms up the hall. Billiard-room, bar, and lavatory down-stairs."

The professor, after getting into the barber-shop and the cigar-store, finally found his way into the reading-room. Numerous daily papers were scattered around on the table, each attached to a long clumsy cleft arrangement of wood, while other dailies similarly encumbered hung from racks against the wall. The professor sat down in one of the easy leather-covered chairs, but, instead of taking up a paper, drew a thin book from his pocket, in which he was soon so absorbed that he became entirely unconscious of his strange surroundings. A light touch on the shoulder brought him up from his book into the world again, and he saw looking down on him the stern face of a heavily-moustached stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if you are a guest of this house?"

A shade of apprehension crossed the professor's face as he slipped the book into his pocket. He had vaguely felt that he was trespassing when he first entered the hotel, and now his doubts were confirmed.

"I—I am not exactly a guest," he stammered.

"What do you mean by not exactly a guest?" continued the other, regarding the professor with a cold and scrutinizing gaze. "A man is either a guest or he is not, I take it. Which is it in your case?"

"I presume, technically speaking, I am not."

"Technically speaking! More evasions. Let me ask you, sir, as an ostensibly honest man, if you imagine that all this luxury—this—this elegance—is maintained for nothing? Do you think, sir, that it is provided for any man who has cheek enough to step out of the street and enjoy it? Is it kept up, I ask, for people who are, technically speaking, not guests?"

The expression of conscious guilt deepened on the face of the unfortunate professor. He had nothing to say. He realized that his action was too flagrant to admit of defence, so he attempted none. Suddenly the countenance of his questioner lit up with a smile, and he smote the professor on the shoulder.

"Well, old stick-in-the-mud, you haven't changed a particle in fifteen years. You don't mean to pretend you don't know me?"

"You can't—you can't be Richard Yates?"

"I not only can, but I can't be anybody else. I know, because I have often tried. Well, well, well, well! Stilly we used to call you, don't you remember? I'll never forget that time we sang 'Oft in the stilly night' front of your window when you were studying for the exams. You always *were* a quiet fellow, Stilly. I've been waiting for you nearly a whole day. I was up just now with a party of friends when the boy brought me your card. A little philanthropic gather-

ing,—sort of mutual benefit arrangement, you know: each of us contributed what we could spare into a general fund, which was given to some deserving person in the crowd."

"Yes," said the professor, dryly. "I heard the clerk telling the boy where he would be most likely to find you."

"Oh, you did, eh?" cried Yates, with a laugh. "Yes, Sam generally knows where to send for me; but he needn't have been so darned public about it. Being a newspaper man, I know what ought to go in print and what should have the blue pencil run through it. Sam is very discreet, as a general thing; but then he knew, of course, the moment he set eyes on you, that you were an old pal of mine."

Again Yates laughed, a very bright and cheery laugh for so evidently wicked a man.

"Come along," he said, taking the professor by the arm. "We must get you located."

They passed out into the hall and drew up at the clerk's counter.

"I say, Sam," cried Yates, "can't you do something better for us than the fifth floor? I didn't come to Buffalo to engage in ballooning. No sky-parlors for me, if I can help it."

"I'm sorry, Dick," said the clerk, "but I expect the fifth floor will be gone when the Chicago express gets in."

"Well, what can you do for us, anyhow?"

"I can let you have 518. That's the next room to yours. Really, they're the most comfortable rooms in the house this weather. Fine lookout over the lake. I wouldn't mind having a sight of the lake myself, if I could leave the desk."

"All right. But I didn't come to look at the lake, nor yet at the railroad-tracks this side, nor at Buffalo Creek either, beautiful and romantic as it is, nor to listen to the clanging of the ten thousand locomotives that pass within hearing-distance, for the delight of your guests. The fact is, that, always excepting Chicago, Buffalo is more like—for the Professor's sake I'll say Hades, than any other place in America."

"Oh, Buffalo's all right," said the clerk, with that feeling of local loyalty which all Americans possess. "Say, are you here on this Fenian snap?"

"What Fenian snap?" asked the newspaper-man.

"Oh! don't you know about it? I thought the moment I saw you that you were here for this affair. Well, don't say I told you, but I can put you on to one of the big guns if you want the particulars. They say they're going to take Canada. I told 'em that I wouldn't take Canada as a gift, let alone fight for it. I've *been* there."

Yates's newspaper instinct thrilled him as he thought of the possible sensation. Then the light slowly died out of his eyes when he looked at the professor, who had flushed somewhat and compressed his lips as he listened to the slighting remarks on his country.

"Well, Sam," said the newspaper-man at last, "it isn't more than once in a lifetime that you'll find me give the go-by to a piece of news, but the fact is, I'm on my vacation just now. About the first I've had for fifteen years: so you see I must take care of it. No, let the

Argus get scooped, if it wants to. They'll value my services all the more when I get back. No. 518, I think you said?"

The clerk handed over the key, and the professor gave the boy the check for his valise, at Yates's suggestion.

"Now get a move on you," said Yates to the elevator-boy. "We're going right through with you."

And so the two friends were shot up together to the fifth floor.

CHAPTER II.

THE sky-parlor, as Yates had termed it, certainly commanded a very extensive view. Immediately underneath was a wilderness of roofs. Further along were the railway-tracks that Yates objected to, and a line of masts and propeller-funnels marked the windings of Buffalo Creek, along whose banks arose numerous huge elevators, each marked by some tremendous letter of the alphabet done in white paint against the sombre brown of the big building. Still farther to the west was a more grateful and comforting sight for a hot day. The blue lake, dotted with white sails and an occasional trail of smoke, lay shimmering in the broiling sun. Over the water, through the distant summer haze, there could be seen the dim line of the Canadian shore.

"Sit you down," cried Yates, putting both hands on the other's shoulders and pushing him into a chair near the window. Then, placing his finger on the electric button, he added, "What will you drink?"

"I'll take a glass of water, if it can be had without trouble," said Renmark.

Yates's hand dropped from the electric button hopelessly to his side, and he looked reproachfully at the professor.

"Great heavens!" he cried; "have something mild. Don't go rashly in for Buffalo water before you realize what it is made of. Work up to it gradually. Try a sherry cobbler or a milk shake as a starter."

"Thank you, no. A glass of water will do very well for me. Order what you like for yourself."

"Thanks. I can be depended on for doing that." He pushed the button, and, when the boy appeared, said, "Bring up an iced cobbler, and charge it to Professor Renmark, No. 518. Bring also a pitcher of ice-water for Yates, No. 520. There," he continued, gleefully, "I'm going to have all the drinks, except the ice-water, charged to you. I'll pay the bill, but I'll keep the account to hold over your head in the future. Prof. Stillson Renmark Dr. to Metropolitan Grand—one sherry cobbler—one gin sling—one whiskey cocktail, and so on. Now then, Stilly, let's talk business. You're not married, I take it, or you wouldn't have responded to my invitation so promptly." The professor shook his head. "Neither am I. You never had the courage to propose to a girl, and I never had the time."

"Lack of self-conceit was not your failing in the old days, Richard," said Renmark, quietly. Yates laughed.

"Well, it didn't hold me back any, to my knowledge. Now I'll tell you how I've got along since we attended old Scragmore's academy together fifteen years ago. How time does fly! When I left I tried teaching for one short month. I had some theories on the education of our youth which did not seem to chime in with the prejudices the school trustees had already formed on the subject."

The professor was at once all attention. Touch a man on his business and he generally responds by being interested.

"And what were your theories?" he asked.

"Well, I thought a teacher should look after the physical as well as the mental welfare of his pupils. It did not seem to me that his duty to those under his charge ended with mere book-learning."

"I quite agree with you," said the professor, cordially.

"Thanks. Well, the trustees didn't. I joined the boys at their games, hoping my example would have an influence on their conduct on the play-ground as well as in the school-room. We got up a rattling good cricket-club. You may not remember that I stood rather better at cricket in the academy than I did in mathematics or grammar. By handicapping me with several poor players and having the best players among the boys in opposition, we made a pretty evenly matched team at school-section No. 12. One day at noon we began a game. The grounds were in excellent condition, and the opposition boys were at their best. My side was getting the worst of it. I was very much interested, and when one o'clock came I thought it a pity to call school and spoil so good and interesting a contest. The boys were unanimously of the same opinion. The girls were happy picnicking under the trees. So we played cricket all the afternoon."

"I think that was carrying your theory a little too far," said the professor, dubiously.

"Just what the trustees thought when they came to hear of it. So they dismissed me; and I think my leaving was the only case on record where the pupils genuinely mourned a teacher's departure. I shook the dust of Canada from my feet, and have never regretted it. I tramped to Buffalo, shaking the dust off my feet at every step. Hello! here's your drinks at last, Stilly. I had forgotten about them,—an unusual thing with me.—That's all right, boy; charge it to room 518.—Ah! that hits the spot on a hot day. Well, where was I? Oh, yes: at Buffalo. I got a place on a paper here, at just enough to keep life in me; but I liked the work. Then I drifted to Rochester at a bigger salary, afterwards to Albany at a still bigger salary, and of course Albany is only a few hours from New York, and that is where all newspaper-men ultimately drift to, if they are worth their salt. I saw a small section of the war as special correspondent, got hurt, and rounded up in the hospital. Since then, although only a reporter, I am about the top of the tree in that line, and make enough money to pay my poker debts and purchase iced drinks to soothe the asperities of the game. When there is anything big going on anywhere in the country, I am there, with other fellows to do the drudgery, I writing up the picturesque descriptions and interviewing the big men. My stuff goes red-hot over the telegraph-wire, and the humble postage-

stamp knows my envelopes no more. I am acquainted with every hotel clerk that amounts to anything from New York to San Francisco. If I could save money I should be rich, for I make plenty, but the hole at the top of my trousers-pocket has lost me a lot of cash, and I don't seem to be able to get it mended. Now you've listened with your customary patience in order to give my self-esteem, as you called it, full sway. I am grateful. I will reciprocate. How about yourself?"

The professor spoke slowly. "I have had no such adventurous career," he began. "I have not shaken Canadian dust from my feet, and have not made any great success. I have simply plodded, and am in no danger of becoming rich, although I suppose I spend as little as any man. After you were expelled—after you left the aca——"

"Don't mutilate the good old English language, Stilly. You were right in the first place. I am not thin-skinned. You were saying after I was expelled. Go on."

"I thought perhaps it might be a sore subject. You remember you were very indignant at the time, and——"

"Of course I was,—and am still, for that matter. It was an outrage."

"I thought it was proved that you helped to put the pony in the Principal's room."

"Oh, certainly. *That*. Of course. But what I detested was the way the Principal worked the thing. He allowed that villain Spink to turn evidence against us, and Spink stated I originated the affair, whereas I could claim no such honor. It was Spink's own project, which I fell in with, as I did with every disreputable thing proposed. Of course the Principal believed at once that I was the chief criminal. Do you happen to know if Spink has been hanged yet?"

"I believe he is a very reputable business-man in Montreal, and much respected."

"I might have suspected that. Well, you keep your eye on the respected Spink. If he doesn't fail some day and make a lot of money, I'm a Dutchman. But go on. This is digression. By the way, just push that electric button. You're nearest, and it is too hot to move. Thanks. After I was expelled——?"

"After your departure, I took a diploma, and for a year or two taught a class in the academy. Then, as I studied during my spare time, I got a chance as master of a grammar-school near Toronto, chiefly, as I think, through the recommendation of Principal Scragmore. I had my degree by this time. Then——"

There was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," shouted Yates. "Oh, it's you. Just bring up another cooling cobbler, will you, and charge it as before to Professor Renmark, room 518.—Yes; and then——?"

"And then there came the opening in University College, Toronto. I had the good fortune to be appointed. There I am still, and there I suppose I shall stay. I know very few people, and am better acquainted with books than with men. Those whom I have the privilege of knowing are mostly studious persons who have made

or will make their mark in the world of learning. I have not had your advantage of meeting statesmen who guide the destinies of a great empire."

"No, you always were lucky, Stilly. My experience is that the chaps who do the guiding are more anxious about their own pockets or their own political advancement than they are of the destinies. Still, the Empire seems to take its course westward just the same. So old Scragmore's been your friend, has he?"

"He has, indeed."

"Well, he insulted me only the other day."

"You astonish me. I cannot imagine so gentlemanly and scholarly a man as Principal Scragmore insulting anybody."

"Oh, you don't know him as I do. It was like this. I wanted to find out where you were, for reasons that I shall state hereafter. I cudgelled my brains, and then thought of old Scrag. I wrote him and enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope, as all unsought contributors should do. He answered—but I have his reply somewhere. You shall read it for yourself."

Yates pulled from his inside pocket a bundle of letters which he hurriedly fingered over, commenting in a low voice as he did so, "I thought I answered that. Still, no matter. Jingo! haven't I paid that bill yet? This pass is run out. Must get another." Then he smiled and sighed as he looked at a letter in dainty handwriting, but apparently he could not find the document he sought.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I have it somewhere. He returned me the prepaid envelope and reminded me that United States stamps were of no use in Canada, which of course I should have remembered. But he didn't pay the postage on his own letter, so that I had to fork out double. Still, I don't mind that, only as an indication of his meanness. He went on to say that of all the members of our class you—you!—were the only one who had reflected credit on it. That was the insult. The idea of his making such a statement, when I had told him I was on the *New York Argus*! Credit to the class, indeed! I wonder if he ever heard of Brown, after he was expelled. You know, of course. No? Well, Brown by his own exertions became President of the Alum Bank in New York, wrecked it, and got off to Canada with a clear half-million. Yes, sir. I saw him in Quebec not six months ago. Keeps the finest span and carriage in the city, and lives in a palace. Could buy out old Scragmore a thousand times and never feel it. Most liberal contributor to the cause of education that there is in Canada. He says education made him, and he's not a man to go back on education. And yet Scragmore has the cheek to say that you were the only man in the class who reflects credit on it!"

The professor smiled quietly, as the excited journalist took a cooling sip of the cobbler.

"You see, Yates, people's opinions differ. A man like Brown may not be Principal Scragmore's ideal. The Principal may be local in his ideals of a successful man or of one who reflects credit on his teaching."

"Local? You bet he's local. Too darned local for me. It would

do that man good to live in New York for a year. But I'm going to get even with him. I'm going to write him up. I'll give him a column and a half, see if I don't. I'll get his photograph and publish a newspaper portrait of him. If that doesn't make him quake he's a cast-iron man. Say, you haven't a photograph of old Scrag that you can lend me, have you?"

"I have, but I won't lend it for such a purpose. However, never mind the Principal. Tell me your plans. I am at your disposal for a couple of weeks, or longer if necessary."

"Good boy! Well, I'll tell you how it is. I want rest and quiet and the woods for a week or two. This is how it happened. I have been steadily at the grindstone, except for a while in the hospital, and that, you will admit, is not much of a vacation. The work interests me, and I am always in the thick of it. Now, it's like this in the newspaper-business; your chief is never the person to suggest that you take a vacation. He is usually short of men and long on things to do, so if you don't worry him into letting you off he won't lose any sleep over it. He's content to let well enough alone every time. Then there is always somebody who wants to get away on pressing business,—grandmother's funeral, and that sort of thing,—so if a fellow is content to work right along his chief is quite content to let him. That's the way affairs have gone for years with me. The other week I went over to Washington to interview a Senator on the political prospects. I tell you what it is, Stilly, without bragging, there are some big men in the States whom no one but me *can* interview. And yet old Scrag says I'm no credit to his class! Why, last year my political predictions were telegraphed all over this country, and have since appeared in the European press. No credit! By Jove, I would like to have old Scrag in a twenty-four-foot ring with thin gloves on for about ten minutes!"

"I doubt if he would shine under those circumstances. But never mind him. He spoke, for once, without due reflection, and with perhaps an exaggerated remembrance of your school-day offences. What happened when you went to Washington?"

"A strange thing happened. When I was admitted to the Senator's library I saw another fellow, whom I thought I knew, sitting there. I said to the Senator, 'I will come when you are alone.' The Senator looked up in surprise, and said, 'I am alone.' I didn't say anything, but went on with my interview, and the other fellow took notes all the time. I didn't like this, but said nothing, for the Senator is not a man to offend, and it is by not offending these fellows that I can get the information I do. Well, the other fellow came out with me, and as I looked at him I saw that he was myself. This did not strike me as strange at the time, but I argued with him all the way to New York and tried to show him that he wasn't treating me fairly. I wrote up the interview with the other fellow interfering all the while, so I compromised, and half the time put in what he suggested and half the time what I wanted in myself. When the political editor went over the stuff he looked alarmed. I told him frankly just how I had been interfered with, and he looked none the less alarmed when I had finished. He sent at once for a doctor. The doctor metaphor-

ically took me apart, and then said to my chief, 'This man is simply worked to death. He must have a vacation, and a real one, with absolutely nothing to think of, or he is going to go to pieces, and that with a suddenness that will surprise everybody.' The chief, to my astonishment, consented without a murmur, and even upbraided me for not going away sooner. Then the doctor said to me, 'You get some companion,—some man with no brains, if possible, who will not discuss politics, who has no opinion on anything that any sane man would care to talk about, and who couldn't say a bright thing if he tried for a year. Get such a man to go off to the woods somewhere. Up in Maine or in Canada. As far away from post-offices and telegraph-offices as possible. And, by the way, don't leave your address at the *Argus* office.' Thus it happened, Stilly, when he described this man so graphically, I at once thought of you."

"I am deeply gratified, I am sure," said the professor, with the ghost of a smile, "to be so promptly remembered in such a connection, and if I can be of service to you I shall be very glad. I take it, then, that you have no intention of stopping in Buffalo?"

"You bet I haven't. I'm in for the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlock, bearded with moss and green in the something or other—I forget the rest. I want to quit lying on paper and lie on my back instead, on the sward or in a hammock. I'm going to avoid all boarding-houses or delightful summer resorts and go in for the quiet of the forest."

"There ought to be some nice places along the lake shore."

"No, sir. No lake shore for me. It would remind me of the Lake Shore Railroad when it was calm, and of Long Branch when it was rough. No, sir. The woods, the woods, and the woods. I have hired a tent and a lot of cooking-things. I'm going to take that tent over to Canada to-morrow, and then I propose we engage a man with a team to cart it somewhere into the woods, fifteen or twenty miles away. We shall have to be near a farm-house, so that we can get fresh butter, milk, and eggs. This, of course, is a disadvantage; but I shall try to get near some one who has never even heard of New York."

"You may find that somewhat difficult."

"Oh, I don't know. I have great hopes of the lack of intelligence in the Canadians."

"Often the narrowest," said the professor, slowly, "are those who think themselves the most cosmopolitan."

"Right you are!" cried Yates, skimming lightly over the remark and seeing nothing applicable to his case in it. "Well, I've laid in about half a ton, more or less, of tobacco, and have bought an empty jug."

"An empty one?"

"Yes. Among the few things worth having that the Canadians possess, is good whiskey. Besides, the empty jug will save trouble at the custom-house. I don't suppose Canadian rye is as good as the Kentucky article, but you and I will have to scrub along on it for a while. And talking of jugs, just press the button once again."

The professor did so, saying,—

"The doctor made no remark, I suppose, about drinking less or smoking less, did he?"

"In my case? Well, come to think of it, there *was* some conversation in that direction. Don't remember at the moment just what it amounted to; but all physicians have their little fads, you know. It doesn't do to humor them too much.—Ah, boy, there you are again. Well, the professor wants another drink. Make it a gin fiz this time, and put plenty of ice in it; but don't neglect the gin on that account. Certainly: charge it to room 518."

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT'S all this tackle?" asked the burly and somewhat red-faced customs-officer at Fort Erie.

"This," said Yates, "is a tent, with the poles and pegs appertaining thereto. These are a number of packages of tobacco, on which I shall doubtless have to pay something into the exchequer of Her Majesty. This is a jar used for the holding of liquids. I beg to call your attention to the fact that it is at present empty, which unfortunately prevents me making a libation to the rites of good-fellowship. What my friend has in that valise I don't know, but I suspect a gambling-outfit, and would advise you to search him."

"My valise contains books principally, with some articles of wearing-apparel," said the professor, opening his grip.

The customs-officer looked with suspicion on the whole outfit, and evidently did not like the tone of the American. He seemed to be treating the customs department in a light and airy manner, and the officer was too much impressed by the dignity of his position not to resent flippancy. Besides, there were rumors of Fenian invasion in the air, and the officer resolved that no Fenian should get into the country without paying duty.

"Where are you going with this tent?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you can tell us. I don't know the country about here. Say, Stilly, I'm off up-town to attend to this jug. I've been empty too often myself not to sympathize with its condition. You wrestle this matter out about the tent. You know the ways of the country, whereas I don't."

It was perhaps as well that Yates left negotiations in the hands of his friend. He was quick enough to see that he made no headway with the officer, but rather the opposite. He slung the jug ostentatiously over his shoulder, to the evident discomfort of the professor, and marched up the hill to the nearest tavern, whistling one of the lately popular war-tunes.

"Now," he said to the bar-keeper, placing the jug tenderly on the bar, "fill that up to the nozzle with the best rye you have. Fill it with the old familiar juice, as the late poet Omar saith."

The bar-tender did as he was requested.

"Can you disguise a little of that fluid in any way so that it may be taken internally without a man suspecting what he is swallowing?"

The bar-keeper smiled. "How would a cocktail fill the vacancy?"

"I can suggest nothing better," replied Yates. "If you are sure you know how to make it."

The man did not resent this imputation of ignorance. He merely said, with the air of one who gives an incontrovertible answer,—

"I am a Kentucky man, myself."

"Shake," cried Yates, briefly, as he reached his hand across the bar. "How is it you happen to be here?"

"Well, I got into a little trouble in Louisville, and here I am where I can at least look at God's country."

"Hold on," protested Yates. "You're making only *one* cocktail."

"Didn't you say one?" asked the man, pausing in the compounding.

"Bless you, I never saw one cocktail made in my life. You are with me on this."

"Just as you say," replied the other, as he prepared enough for two.

"Now, I'll tell you my fix," said Yates, confidentially. "I've got a tent and some camp things down below at the custom-house shanty, and I want to get them taken into the woods where I can camp out with a friend. I want a place where we can have absolute rest and quiet. Do you know the country round here? Perhaps you could recommend a spot."

"Well, for all the time I've been here I know precious little about the back country. I've been down the road to the Falls, but never back in the woods. I suppose you want some place by the lake or the river?"

"No, I don't. I want to get clear back into the forest,—if there is a forest."

"Well, there's a man in to-day from somewhere near Ridgeway, I think. He's got a hay-rack with him, and that would be just the thing to take your tent and poles. Wouldn't be very comfortable travelling for you, but it would be all right for the tent, if it's a big one."

"That will suit us exactly. We don't care a cent about the comfort. Roughing it is what we came for. Where will I find him?"

"Oh, he'll be along here soon. That's his team tied there on the side-street. If he happens to be in good humor he'll take your things, and as like as not give you a place to camp in his woods. Hiram Bartlett's his name. And, talking of the old Nick himself, here he is.—I say, Mr. Bartlett, this gentleman was wondering if you couldn't tote out some of his belongings. He's going out your way."

Bartlett was a somewhat uncouth and wiry specimen of the Canadian farmer, who evidently paid little attention to the subject of dress. He said nothing, but looked in a lowering way at Yates with something of contempt and suspicion in his glance.

Yates had one receipt for making the acquaintance of all mankind. "Come in, Mr. Bartlett," he said, cheerily, "and try one of my friend's excellent cocktails."

"I take mine straight," growled Bartlett, gruffly, although he stepped inside the open door. "I don't want no Yankee mixtures in mine. Plain whiskey's good enough for any man, if he is a man. I don't take no water, neither. I've got trouble enough."

The bar-tender winked at Yates as he shoved the decanter over to the new-comer.

"Right you are," assented Yates, cordially.

The farmer did not thaw out in the least because of this prompt agreement with him, but sipped his whiskey gloomily, as if it were a most disagreeable medicine.

"What did you want me to take out?" he said at last.

"A friend and a tent, a jug of whiskey, and a lot of jolly good tobacco."

"How much are you willing to pay?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm always willing to do what's right. How would five dollars strike you?"

The farmer scowled and shook his head.

"Too much," he said, as Yates was about to offer more. "'Tain't worth it. Two-and-a-half would be about the right figure. Don't no but that's too much. I'll think on it going home and charge you what it's worth. I'll be ready to leave in about an hour, if that suits you. That's my team on the other side of the road. If it's gone when you come back I'm gone, an' you'll have to get somebody else."

With this Bartlett drew his coat-sleeve across his mouth and departed.

"That's him exactly," said the bar-keeper. "He's the most cantankerous crank in the township. And say, let me give you a pointer. If the subject of 1812 comes up,—the war, you know,—you'd better admit that we got thrashed out of our boots; that is, if you want to get along with Hiram. He hates Yankees like poison."

"And did we get thrashed in 1812?" asked Yates, who was more familiar with current topics than with the history of the past.

"Blest if I know. Hiram says we did. I told him once that we got what we wanted from old England, and he nearly hauled me over the bar. So I give you the warning, if you want to get along with him."

"Thank you. I'll remember it. So long."

This friendly hint from the man in the tavern offers a key to the solution of the problem of Yates's success on the New York press. He could get news when no other man could. Flippant and shallow as he undoubtedly was, he somehow got into the inner confidences of all sorts of men in a way that made them give him an inkling of anything that was going on for the mere love of him, and Yates often got valuable assistance from his acquaintances which other reporters could not get for money.

The New-Yorker found the professor sitting on a bench by the custom-house, chatting with the officer, and gazing at the rapidly-flowing broad blue river in front of them.

"I have got a man," said Yates, "who will take us out into the

wilderness in about an hour's time. Suppose we explore the town. I expect nobody will run away with the tent till we come back."

"I'll look after that," said the officer; and, thanking him, the two friends strolled up the street. They were a trifle late in getting back, and when they reached the tavern they found Bartlett just on the point of driving home. He gruffly consented to take them if they did not keep him more than five minutes loading up. The tent and appurtenances were speedily loaded on the hay-rack, and then Bartlett drove up to the tavern and waited, saying nothing, although he had been in such a hurry a few moments before. Yates did not like to ask the cause of the delay: so the three sat there silently. After a while Yates said, as mildly as he could,—

"Are you waiting for any one, Mr. Bartlett?"

"Yes," answered the driver, in a surly tone. "I'm waiting for you to go in fur that jug. I don't suppose you filled it to leave it on the counter."

"By Jove!" cried Yates, springing off, "I had forgotten all about it, which shows the extraordinary effect this country has on me already." The professor frowned, but Yates came out merrily with the jug in his hand, and Bartlett started his team. They drove out of the village and up a slight hill, going for a mile or two along a straight and somewhat sandy road. Then they turned to what Bartlett said in answer to a question by the professor was the Ridge Road, and there was no need to ask why it was so termed. It was a good highway, but rather stony, the road being, in places, on the bare rock. It paid not the slightest attention to Euclid's definition of a straight line, and in this respect was rather a welcome change from the average American road. Sometimes they passed along avenues of overbranching trees, which were evidently relics of the forest that once covered all the district. The road followed the ridge, and on each side were frequently to be seen wide vistas of lower-lying country. All along the road were comfortable farm-houses; and it was evident that a prosperous community flourished along the ridge.

Bartlett spoke only once, and then to the professor, who sat next to him.

"You a Canadian?"

"Yes."

"Where's *he* from?"

"My friend is from New York," answered the innocent professor.

"Humph!" grunted Bartlett, scowling deeper than ever, after which he became silent again. The team was not going very fast, although neither the load nor the roads were heavy. Bartlett was muttering a good deal to himself, and now and then brought down his whip savagely on one or the other of the horses, but the moment the unfortunate animals quickened their pace he hauled them in roughly. Nevertheless they were going quickly enough to be overtaking a young woman who was walking on alone. Although she must have heard them coming over the rocky road, she did not turn her head, but walked along with the free and springy step of one who is not only accustomed to walking, but who likes it. Bartlett paid no attention to

the girl; the professor was endeavoring to read his thin book as well as a man might who is being jolted frequently; but Yates, as soon as he recognized that the pedestrian was young, pulled up his collar, adjusted his necktie with care, and placed his hat in a somewhat more jaunty and fetching position.

"Are you going to offer that girl a ride?" he said to Bartlett.

"No, I'm not."

"I think that is rather uncivil," he added, forgetting the warning he had had.

"You do, eh? Well, you offer her a ride. You hired the team."

"By Jove, I will," said Yates, placing his hand on the outside of the rack and springing lightly to the ground.

"Likely thing," growled Bartlett to the professor, "that she's going to ride with the like of him."

The professor looked for a moment at Yates politely taking off his hat to the apparently astonished young woman, but he said nothing.

"Fur two cents," continued Bartlett, gathering up the reins, "I'd whip up the horses and let him walk the rest of the way."

"From what I know of my friend," answered the professor, slowly, "I think he would not object in the slightest."

Bartlett muttered something to himself, and seemed to change his mind about galloping his horses.

Meanwhile, Yates, as has been said, took off his hat with great politeness to the fair pedestrian, and as he did so he noticed with a thrill of admiration that she was very handsome. Yates always had an eye for the beautiful.

"Our conveyance," he began, "is not as comfortable as it might be, yet I shall be very happy if you will accept its hospitalities."

The young woman flashed a brief glance at him from her dark eyes, and for a moment Yates feared that his language had been rather too choice for her rural understanding, but before he could amend his phrase she answered, briefly,—

"Thank you. I prefer to walk."

"Well, I don't know that I blame you. Might I ask if you have come all the way from the village?"

"Yes."

"That is a long distance, and you must be very tired." There was no reply: so Yates continued, "At least I thought it a long distance; but perhaps that was because I was riding on Bartlett's hay-rack. There is no 'downy bed of ease' about his vehicle."

As he spoke of the wagon he looked at it, and, striding forward to its side, said in a husky whisper to the professor,—

"Say, Stilly, cover up that jug with a flap of the tent."

"Cover it up yourself," briefly replied the other; "it isn't mine."

Yates reached across and in a sort of accidental way threw the flap of the tent over the too conspicuous jar. As an excuse for his action he took up his walking-cane and turned towards his new acquaintance. He was flattered to see that she was loitering some distance behind the wagon, and he speedily rejoined her. The girl, looking straight ahead, now quickened her pace, and rapidly shortened the distance between

herself and the vehicle. Yates, with the quickness characteristic of him, made up his mind that this was a case of country diffidence which was best to be met by the bringing down of his conversation to the level of his hearer's intelligence.

"Have you been marketing?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Butter and eggs, and that sort of thing?"

"We are farmers," she answered, "and we sell butter and eggs"—a pause—"and that sort of thing."

Yates laughed in his light and cheery way. As he twirled his cane he looked at his pretty companion. She was gazing anxiously ahead towards a turn in the road. Her comely face was slightly flushed, doubtless with the exercise of walking.

"Now, in my country," continued the New-Yorker, "we idolize our women. Pretty girls don't tramp miles to market with butter and eggs."

"Aren't the girls pretty—in your country?"

Yates made a mental note that there was not as much rurality about this girl as he had thought at first. There was a piquancy about the conversation which he liked. That she shared his enjoyment was doubtful, for a slight line of resentment was noticeable on her smooth brow.

"You bet they're pretty. I think all American girls are pretty. It seems their birthright. When I say American I mean the whole continent, of course. I'm from the States myself,—from New York." He gave an extra twirl to his cane as he said this, and bore himself with that air of conscious superiority which naturally pertains to a citizen of the metropolis. "But over in the States we think the men should do all the work and that the women should—well, spend the money. I must do our ladies the justice to say that they attend strictly to their share of the arrangement."

"It should be a delightful country to live in, for the women."

"They all say so. We used to have an adage to the effect that America was Paradise for women, purgatory for men, and—well, an entirely different sort of place for oxen."

There was no doubt that Yates had a way of getting along with people. As he looked at his companion he was gratified to note just the faintest suspicion of a smile hovering about her lips. Before she could answer, if she had intended to do so, there was a quick clatter of hoofs on the hard road ahead, and next instant an elegant buggy, whose slender jet-black polished spokes flashed and twinkled in the sunlight, came dashing past the wagon. On seeing the two walking together the driver hauled up his team with a suddenness that was evidently not relished by the spirited dappled span he drove.

"Hello, Margaret," he cried; "am I late? Have you walked in all the way?"

"You are just in good time," answered the girl, without looking towards Yates, who stood aimlessly twirling his cane. The young woman put her foot on the buggy step and sprang lightly in beside the driver. It needed no second glance to see that he was her brother, not

only on account of the family resemblance between them, but also because he allowed her to get into the buggy without offering the slightest assistance, which, indeed, was not needed, and graciously permitted her to place the duster that covered his knees over her own lap as well. The restive team trotted rapidly down the road for a few rods until they came to a wide place in the highway, and then whirled around seemingly within an ace of upsetting the buggy, but the young man evidently knew his business and held them in with a firm hand. The wagon was jogging along where the road was very narrow, and Bartlett kept his team stolidly in the centre of the way.

"Hello there, Bartlett," shouted the young man in the buggy; "half the road, you know,—half the road."

"Take it," cried Bartlett over his shoulder.

"Come, come, Bartlett, get out of the way, or I'll run you down."

"You just try it." Bartlett either had no sense of humor or his resentment against his young neighbor smothered it, since otherwise he would have recognized that a heavy wagon was in no danger of being run into by a light and expensive buggy. The young man kept his temper admirably, but he knew just where to touch the elder on the raw. His sister's hand was placed appealingly on his arm. He smiled, and took no notice of her.

"Come, now, you move out, or I'll have the law on you."

"The law!" raged Bartlett: "you just try it on."

"Should think you'd had enough of it by this time."

"Oh, don't, don't, Henry!" protested the girl, in distress.

"There ain't no law," yelled Bartlett, "that kin make a man with a load move out fur anything."

"You haven't any load, unless it's in that jug."

Yates saw with consternation that the jug had been jolted out from under its covering, but the happy consolation came to him that the two in the buggy would believe it belonged to Bartlett. He thought, however, that this dog-in-the-manger policy had gone far enough. He stepped briskly forward and said to Bartlett,—

"Better drive aside a little and let them pass."

"You 'tend to your own business," cried the thoroughly enraged farmer.

"I will," said Yates, shortly, striding to the horses' heads. He took them by the bits, and, in spite of Bartlett's maledictions and pulling at the lines, he drew them to one side so that the buggy got by.

"Thank you," cried the young man. The light and glittering carriage rapidly disappeared up the Ridge Road.

Bartlett sat there for one moment the picture of baffled rage. Then he threw the reins down on the backs of his patient horses and descended. "You take my horses by the head, do you, you good-fur-nuthin' Yank? You do, eh? I like your cheek. Touch my horses an' me a-holdin' the lines! Now you hear me? Your traps comes right off here on the road. You hear me?"

"Oh, anybody within a mile can hear you."

"Kin they? Well, off comes your pesky tent."

"No, it doesn't."

"Don't it, eh? Well, then, you'll lick me fust; and that's something no Yank ever did, nor kin do."

"I'll do it with pleasure."

"Come, come," cried the professor, getting down on the road, "this has gone far enough. Keep quiet, Yates.—Now, Mr. Bartlett, don't mind it. He meant no disrespect."

"Don't you interfere. You're all right, an' I ain't got nothin' ag'in' you. But I'm goin' to thrash this Yank within an inch of his life; see if I don't. We met 'em in 1812, an' we fit 'em, an' we licked 'em, an' we can do it ag'in. I'll learn ye to take my horses by the head."

"Teach," suggested Yates, tantalizingly.

Before he could properly defend himself, Bartlett sprang at him and grasped him round the waist. Yates was something of a wrestler himself, but his skill was of no avail on this occasion. Bartlett's right leg became twisted around his with a steel-like grip that speedily convinced the younger man he would have to give way or a bone would break. He gave way accordingly, and the next thing he knew he came down on his back with a thud that shook the universe.

"There, darn ye," cried the triumphant farmer, "that's 1812 and Queenston Heights for ye. How do you like 'em?"

Yates rose to his feet with some deliberation, and slowly took off his coat.

"Now, now, Yates," said the professor, soothingly, "let it go at this. You're not hurt, are you?" he asked, anxiously, as he noticed how white the young man was around the lips.

"Look here, Renmark; you're a sensible man. There is a time to interfere and a time not to. This is the time not to. A certain international element seems to have crept into this dispute. Now, you stand aside, like a good fellow, for I don't want to have to thrash both of you."

The professor stood aside, for he realized that when Yates called him by his last name, matters were serious.

"Now, old chuckle-head, perhaps you would like to try that again."

"I kin do it a dozen times, if ye ain't satisfied. There ain't no Yank ever raised on pumpkin-pie that can stand ag'in' that grape-vine twist."

"Try the grape-vine once more."

Bartlett proceeded more cautiously this time, for there was a look in the young man's face he did not quite like. He took a catch-as-catch-can attitude and moved stealthily in a semicircle around Yates, who shifted his position constantly so as to keep facing his foe. At last Bartlett sprang forward, and the next instant found himself sitting on a piece of the rock of the country, with a thousand humming-birds buzzing in his head, while stars and the landscape around joined in a dance together. The blow was sudden, well placed, and from the shoulder.

"That," said Yates, standing over him, "is 1776,—the Revolution,—when, to use your own phrase, we met ye, fit ye, and licked ye."

How do you like it? Now, if my advice is of any use to you, take a broader view of history than you have done. Don't confine yourself too much to one period. Study up the war of the Revolution a bit."

Bartlett made no reply. After sitting there for a while until the surrounding landscape assumed its normal condition, he arose leisurely, without saying a word. He picked the reins from the backs of the horses and patted the nearest animal gently. Then he mounted to his place and drove off. The professor had taken his seat beside the driver, but Yates, putting on his coat and picking up his cane, strode along in front, switching off the heads of Canada thistles with his walking-stick as he proceeded.

CHAPTER IV.

BARTLETT was silent for a long time, but there was evidently something on his mind, for he communed with himself, the mutterings growing louder and louder until they broke the stillness; then he struck the horses, pulled them in, and began his soliloquy over again. At last he said abruptly to the professor,—

"What's this Revolution he talked about?"

"It was the war of independence, beginning in 1776."

"Never heard of it. Did the Yanks fight us?"

"The Colonies fought with England."

"What Colonies?"

"The country now called the United States."

"They fit with England, eh? Which licked?"

"The Colonies won their independence."

"That means they licked us. I don't believe a word of it. 'Pears to me I'd 'a' heard of it; fur I've lived in these parts a long time."

"It was a little before your day."

"So was 1812; but my father fit in it, an' I never heard him tell of this Revolution. He'd 'a' known, I sh'd think. There's a nigger in the fence somewheres."

"Well, England was rather busy at the time with the French."

"Ah, that was it, was it? I'll bet England never knew the Revolution was a-goin' on till it was over. Old Napoleon couldn't thrash 'em, and it don't stand to reason that the Yanks could. I thought there was some skullduggery. Why, it took the Yanks four years to lick themselves. I got a book at home all about Napoleon. He was a tough cuss."

The professor did not feel called upon to defend the character of Napoleon, and so silence once more descended upon them. Bartlett seemed a good deal disturbed by the news he had just heard of the Revolution, and he growled to himself, while the horses suffered more than usual from the whip and the hauling back that invariably followed the stroke. Yates was some distance ahead, and swinging along at a great rate, when the horses, apparently of their own accord, turned in at an open gate-way and proceeded in their usual leisurely fashion

towards a large barn past a comfortable frame house with a wide veranda in front.

"This is my place," said Bartlett, shortly.

"I wish you had told me a few minutes ago," replied the professor, springing off, "so that I might have called to my friend."

"I'm not frettin' about him," said Bartlett, throwing the reins to a young man who came out of the house.

Renmark ran to the road and shouted loudly to the distant Yates. Yates apparently did not hear him, but something about the next house attracted the pedestrian's attention, and after standing for a moment and gazing towards the west he looked around and saw the professor beckoning to him. When the two men met, Yates said,—

"So we have arrived, have we? I say, Stilly, she lives in the next house. I saw the buggy in the yard."

"She? Who?"

"Why, that good-looking girl we passed on the road. I'm going to buy our supplies at that house, Stilly, if you have no objections. By the way, how is my old friend 1812?"

"He doesn't seem to harbor any harsh feelings. In fact, he was more troubled about the Revolution than about the blow you gave him."

"News to him, eh? Well, I'm glad I knocked something into his head."

"You certainly did it most unscientifically."

"How do you mean—unscientifically?"

"In the delivery of the blow. I never saw a more awkwardly delivered undercut."

Yates looked at his friend in astonishment. How should this calm learned man know anything about undercuts or science in blows?

"Well, you must admit I got there just the same."

"Yes, by brute force. A sledge-hammer would have done as well. But you had such an opportunity to do it neatly and deftly without any display of surplus energy, that I regretted to see such an opening thrown away."

"Heavens and earth, Stilly, this is the professor in a new light. What do you teach in Toronto University, anyhow? The noble art of self-defence?"

"Not exactly; but if you intend to go through Canada in this belligerent manner, I think it would be worth your while to take a few hints from me."

"With striking examples, I suppose. By Jove, I will, Stilly."

As the two came to the house they found Bartlett sitting in a wooden rocking-chair on the veranda, looking grimly down the road.

"What an old tyrant that man must be in his home!" said Yates. There was no time for the professor to reply before they came within earshot.

"The old woman's setting out supper," said the farmer, gruffly, that piece of information being apparently as near as he could get towards inviting them to share his hospitality. Yates didn't know

whether it was meant for an invitation or not, but he answered, shortly,—

"Thanks, we won't stay."

"Speak fur yourself, please," snarled Bartlett.

"Of course I go with my friend," said Renmark; "but we are obliged for the invitation."

"Please yourselves."

"What's that?" cried a cheery voice from the inside of the house, as a stout, rosy, and very good-natured-looking woman appeared at the front door. "Won't stay? *Who* won't stay? I'd like to see anybody leave my house hungry when there's a meal on the table. And, young men, if you can get a better meal anywhere on the Ridge than what I'll give you, why, you're welcome to go there next time, but this meal you'll have here, inside of ten minutes.—Hiram, that's your fault. You always invite a person to dinner as if you wanted to wrastle with him."

Hiram gave a guilty start and looked with something of mute appeal at the two men, but said nothing.

"Never mind him," continued Mrs. Bartlett. "You're at my house; and, whatever my neighbors may say ag'in' me, I never heard anybody complain of the lack of good victuals while I was able to do the cooking. Come right in and wash yourselves, for the road between here and the fort is dusty enough, even if Hiram never was taken up for fast driving. Besides, a wash is refreshing after a hot day."

There was no denying the cordiality of this invitation, and Yates, whose natural gallantry was at once aroused, responded with the readiness of a courtier. Mrs. Bartlett led the way into the house, but as Yates passed the farmer the latter cleared his throat with an effort, and, throwing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction his wife had taken, said, in a husky whisper,—

"No call to—to mention the Revolution, you know."

"Certainly not," answered Yates, with a wink that took in the situation. "Shall we sample the jug before or after supper?"

"After, if it's all the same to you," adding, "out in the barn."

Yates nodded, and followed his friend into the house.

The young men were shown into a bedroom of more than ordinary size on the upper floor. Everything about the house was of the most dainty and scrupulous cleanliness, and an air of cheerful comfort pervaded the place. Mrs. Bartlett was evidently a housekeeper to be proud of. Two large pitchers of cool soft water awaited them, and the wash, as had been predicted, was most refreshing.

"I say," cried Yates, "it's rather cheeky to accept a man's hospitality after knocking him down."

"It would be for most people, but I think you underestimate your cheek, as you call it."

"Bravo, Stilly! You're blossoming out. That's rapartee, that is. With the accent on the rap, too. Never you mind: I think old 1812 and I will get along all right after this. It doesn't seem to bother him any, so I don't see why it should worry me. Nice motherly old lady, isn't she?"

"Who? 1812?"

"No: Mrs. 1812. I'm sorry I complimented you on your repartee. You'll get conceited. Remember that what in the newspaper-man is clever, in a grave-professor is rank flippancy. Let's go down."

The table was covered with a cloth as white and spotless as good linen can well be. The bread was genuine home-made, a term so often misused in the cities. It was brown as to crust and flaky and light as to interior. The butter, cool from the rock cellar, was of a lovely golden hue. The sight of the well-loaded table was most welcome to the eyes of hungry travellers. There was, as Yates afterwards remarked, "abundance and plenty of it."

"Come, father," cried Mrs. Bartlett, as the young men appeared, and they heard the rocking-chair creak on the veranda in prompt answer to the summons.

"This is my son, gentlemen," said Mrs. Bartlett, indicating a young man who stood in a non-committal attitude near the corner of the room. The professor recognized him as the person who had taken charge of the horses when his father came home. There was evidently something of his father's demeanor about the young man, who awkwardly and silently responded to the recognition of the strangers.

"And this is my daughter," continued the good woman. "Now, what might your names be?"

"My name is Yates, and this is my friend Professor Renmark, of T'ronto," pronouncing the name of the fair city in two syllables, as is, alas! too often done. The professor bowed, and Yates cordially extended his hand to the young woman. "How do you do, Miss Bartlett?" he said. "I am happy to meet you."

The girl smiled very prettily, and said she hoped they had a pleasant trip out from Fort Erie.

"Oh, we had," said Yates, looking for a moment at his host, whose eyes were fixed on the table-cloth, and who appeared to be quite content to let his wife run the show. "The road's a little rocky in places, but it's very pleasant."

"Now you sit down here, and you here," said Mrs. Bartlett; "and I do hope you have brought good appetites with you."

The strangers took their places, and Yates had a chance to look at the younger member of the family, which opportunity he did not let slip. It was hard to believe that she was the daughter of so crusty a man as Hiram Bartlett. Her cheeks were rosy, with dimples in them that constantly came and went, in her incessant efforts to keep from laughing. Her hair, which hung about her plump shoulders, was a lovely golden brown. Although her dress was of the cheapest material, it was neatly cut and fitted; and her dainty white pinafore added that touch of wholesome cleanliness that was so noticeable everywhere in the house. A bit of blue ribbon at her white throat and a flower of the spring just below it completed a charming picture, which a more critical and less susceptible man than Yates might have contemplated with pleasure.

Miss Bartlett sat smilingly at one end of the table, and her father grimly at the other. The mother sat at the side, apparently looking

on that position as one of vantage for commanding the whole field and keeping her husband and her daughter both under her eye. The teapot and cups were set before the young woman. She did not pour out the tea at once, but seemed to be waiting instructions from her mother. That good lady was gazing with some sternness at her husband, he vainly endeavoring to look at the ceiling or anywhere but at her. He drew his open hand nervously down his face, which was of unusual gravity even for him. Finally he cast an appealing glance at his wife, who sat with her hands folded on her lap, but her eyes were unrelenting. After a moment's hopeless irresolution, Bartlett bent his head over his plate and murmured,—

"For what we are about to receive, oh, make us truly thankful. Amen." Mrs. Bartlett echoed the last word, having also bowed her head when she saw surrender in the troubled eyes of her husband.

Now, it happened that Yates, who had seen nothing of this silent struggle of the eyes, being exceedingly hungry, was making every preparation for the energetic beginning of the meal. He had spent most of his life in hotels and New York boarding-houses, so that if he ever knew the adage "Grace before meals" he had forgotten it. In the midst of his preparations came the devout words, and they came upon him as a stupefying surprise. Although naturally a resourceful man, he was not quick enough this time to cover his confusion. Miss Bartlett's golden head was bowed, but out of the corner of her eye she saw Yates's look of amazed bewilderment and his sudden halt of surprise. When all heads were raised the young girl's still remained where it was, while her plump shoulders quivered. Then she covered her face with her apron, and the silvery ripple of a laugh came like a smothered musical chime trickling through her fingers.

"Why, *Kitty*!" cried her mother, in astonishment, "what ever is the matter with you?"

The girl could no longer restrain her mirth.

"You'll have to pour out the tea, mother," she exclaimed, as she fled from the room.

"For the land's sake!" cried the astonished mother, rising to take her frivolous daughter's place, "what ails the child? I don't see what there is to laugh at."

Hiram scowled down the table, and was evidently also of the opinion that there was no occasion for mirth. The professor was equally in the dark.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Bartlett," said Yates, "that I am the innocent cause of Miss *Kitty*'s mirth. You see, madam,—it's a pathetic thing to say, but really I have had no home life. Although I attend church regularly, of course," he added, with jaunty mendacity, "I must confess that I haven't heard grace at meals for years and years, and—well, I wasn't just prepared for it. I have no doubt I made an exhibition of myself which your daughter was quick to see."

"It wasn't very polite," said Mrs. Bartlett, with some asperity.

"I know that," pleaded Yates, with contrition, "but I assure you it was unintentional on my part."

"Bless the man!" cried his hostess. "I don't mean you. I mean

Kitty. But that girl never *could* keep her face straight. She always favored me more than her father."

This statement was not difficult to believe, for Hiram, at that moment, looked as if he had never smiled in his life. He sat silent throughout the meal, but Mrs. Bartlett talked quite enough for two.

"Well, for my part," she said, "I don't know what farming's coming to. Henry Howard and Margaret drove past here this afternoon as proud as Punch in their new covered buggy. Things is very different from what they was when I was a girl. Then a farmer's daughter had to work. Now Margaret's took her diploma at the ladies' college, and Arthur he's begun at the University, and Henry's sporting round in a new buggy. They have a piano there, with the organ moved out into the back room."

"The whole Howard lot's a stuck-up set," muttered the farmer.

But Mrs. Bartlett wouldn't have that. Any detraction that was necessary she felt competent to supply, without help from the nominal head of the house.

"No, I don't go so far as to say that. Neither would you, Hiram, if you hadn't lost your law-suit about the line fence; and served you right, too, for it wouldn't have been begun if I had been at home at the time. Not but what Margaret's a good housekeeper, for she wouldn't be her mother's daughter if she wasn't that, but it does seem to me a queer way to bring up farmers' children, and I only hope they can keep it up. There were no pianos nor French and German in *my* young days."

"You ought to hear her play! My lands!" cried young Bartlett, who spoke for the first time. His admiration for her accomplishment evidently went beyond his powers of expression.

Bartlett himself did not relish the turn the conversation had taken, and he looked somewhat uneasily at the two young strangers. The professor's countenance was open and frank, and he was listening with respectful interest to Mrs. Bartlett's talk. Yates bent over his plate with flushed face, and confined himself strictly to the business in hand.

"I am glad," said the professor innocently to Yates, "that you made the young lady's acquaintance. I must ask you for an introduction."

For once in his life Yates had nothing to say, but he looked at his friend with an expression that was not kindly. The latter, in answer to Mrs. Bartlett's inquiries, told how they had passed Miss Howard on the road, and how Yates, with his usual kindness of heart, had offered the young woman the hospitalities of the hay-rack. Two persons at the table were much relieved when the talk turned to the tent. It was young Hiram who brought about this boon. He was interested in the tent, and he wanted to know. Two things seemed to bother the boy. First, he was anxious to learn what diabolical cause had been at work to induce two apparently sane men to give up the comforts of home and live in this exposed manner, if they were not compelled to do so. Second, he desired to find out why people who had the privilege of living in large cities came of their own accord into the uninteresting

country anyhow. Even after explanations were offered the problem seemed still beyond him.

After the meal they all adjourned to the veranda, where the air was cool and the view extensive. Mrs. Bartlett would not hear of the young men pitching the tent that night.

"Goodness knows, you will have enough of it, with the rain and the mosquitoes. We have plenty of room here, and you will have one comfortable night on the Ridge, at any rate. Then in the morning you can find a place in the woods to suit you, and my boy will take an axe and cut stakes for you and help to put up your precious tent. Only remember that when it rains you are to come to the house, or you will catch your deaths with cold and rheumatism. It will be very nice till the novelty wears off; then you are quite welcome to the front rooms up-stairs, and Hiram can take the tent back to Erie the first time he goes to town."

Mrs. Bartlett had a way of taking things for granted. It never seemed to occur to her that any of her rulings might be questioned. Hiram sat gazing silently at the road as if all this was no affair of his.

Yates had refused a chair, and sat on the edge of the veranda, with his back against one of the pillars, in such a position that he might, without turning his head, look through the open door-way into the room where Miss Bartlett was busily but silently clearing away the tea-things. The young man caught fleeting glimpses of her as she moved airily about her work. He drew a cigar from his case, cut off the end with his knife, and lit a match on the sole of his boot, doing this with an easy automatic familiarity that required no attention on his part, all of which aroused the respectful envy of young Hiram, who sat on a wooden chair, leaning forward, eagerly watching the man from New York.

"Have a cigar?" said Yates, offering the case to young Hiram.

"No, no; thank you," gasped the boy, aghast at the reckless audacity of the proposal.

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Bartlett. Although she was talking volubly to the professor, her maternal vigilance never even nodded, much less slept. "A cigar? Not likely! I'll say this for my husband and my boy, that, whatever else they may have done, they have never smoked nor touched a drop of liquor since I've known them, and—please God—they never will."

"Oh, I guess it wouldn't hurt them," said Yates, with a lack of tact that was not habitual. He fell several degrees in the estimation of his hostess.

"Hurt 'em?" cried Mrs. Bartlett, indignantly. "I guess it won't get a chance to." She turned to the professor, who was a good listener,—respectful and deferential, with little to say for himself. She rocked gently to and fro as she talked.

Her husband sat unbendingly silent, in a sphinx-like attitude that gave no outward indication of his mental uneasiness. He was thinking gloomily that it would be just his luck to meet Mrs. Bartlett unexpectedly on the streets of Fort Erie on one of those rare occasions

when he was enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. He had the most pessimistic forebodings of what the future might have in store for him. Sometimes when neighbors or customers treated often in the village and he felt he had taken all the whiskey that cloves would conceal, he took a five-cent cigar instead of a drink. He did not particularly like the smoking of it, but there was a certain devil-may-care recklessness in going down the street with a lighted cigar in his teeth, which had all the more fascination for him because of its manifest danger. He felt at these times that he was going the pace, and that it is well our women do not know of all the wickedness there is in this world. He did not fear that any neighbor might tell his wife, for there were depths to which no person could convince Mrs. Bartlett he would descend. But he thought with horror of some combination of circumstances that might bring his wife to town unknown to him on a day when he indulged. He pictured with a shudder meeting her unexpectedly on the uncertain plank side-walk of Fort Erie, he smoking a cigar. When this nightmare presented itself to him he resolved never to touch a cigar again; but he well knew that the best resolutions fade away when a man is excited with two or three glasses of liquor.

When Mrs. Bartlett resumed conversation with the professor, Yates looked up at young Hiram and winked. The boy flushed with pleasure under the comprehensiveness of that wink. It included him in the attractive halo of crime that enveloped the fascinating personality of the man from New York. It seemed to say,—

"That's all right, but we are men of the world. *We know.*"

The tea-dishes having been cleared away, Yates got no more glimpses of the girl through the open door. He rose from his lowly seat and strolled towards the gate with his hands in his pockets. He remembered that he had forgotten something, and cudgelled his brains to make out what it was. He gazed down the road at the house of the Howards, which naturally brought to his recollection his meeting with the young girl on the road. There was a pang of discomfiture in this thought, when he remembered the accomplishments attributed to her by Mrs. Bartlett. He recalled his condescending tone to her, and recollected his anxiety about the jug. The jug! That was what he had forgotten. He flashed a glance at old Hiram, and noted that the farmer was looking at him with something like reproach in his eyes. Yates moved his head almost imperceptibly towards the barn, and the farmer's eyes dropped to the floor of the veranda. The young man nonchalantly strolled past the end of the house.

"I guess I'll go to look after the horses," said the farmer, rising.

"Here's looking at you," said Yates, strolling into the barn, taking a telescopic metal cup from his pocket and clinking it into receptive shape by a jerk of the hand. He offered the now elongated cup to Hiram, who declined any such modern improvement.

"Help yourself in that thing. The jug's good enough for me."

"Three fingers" of the liquid gurgled out into the patented vessel, and the farmer took the jug, after a furtive look over his shoulder.

"Well, here's luck." And the newspaper-man tossed off the potion

with the facility of long experience, shutting up the dish with his thumb and finger as if it were a metallic opera-hat.

The farmer drank silently from the jug itself. Then he smote in the cork with his open palm.

"Better bury it in the wheat-bin," he said, morosely. "The boy might find it if you put it among the oats,—feedin' the horses, ye know."

"Mighty good place," assented Yates, as the golden grain flowed in a wave over the submerged jar. "I say, old man, you know the spot: you've been here before."

Bartlett's lowering countenance indicated resentment at the imputation, but he neither affirmed nor denied. Yates strolled out of the barn, while the farmer went through a small door-way that led to the stable. A moment later he heard Hiram calling loudly to his son to bring the pails to water the horses.

"Evidently preparing an alibi," said Yates, smiling to himself, as he sauntered towards the gate.

CHAPTER V.

THEY were all at breakfast when Yates next morning entered the apartment which was at once dining-room and parlor.

"Waiting for you," said young Hiram, humorously, that being one of a set of jokes which suited various occasions. Yates took his place near Miss Kitty, who looked as fresh and radiant as a spring flower.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting long," he said.

"No fear," cried Mrs. Bartlett. "If breakfast's a minute later than seven o'clock we soon hear of it from the men-folks. They get precious hungry by that time."

"By that time?" echoed Yates. "Then do they get up before seven?"

"Laws! what a farmer you would make, Mr. Yates!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett, laughing. "Why, everything's done about the house and barn, horses fed, cows milked,—everything. There never was a better motto made than the one you learnt when you were a boy and like as not have forgotten all about:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

I'm sorry you don't believe in it, Mr. Yates."

"Oh, that's all right," said Yates, with some loftiness, "but I'd like to see a man get out a morning paper on such a basis. I'm healthy enough, quite as wealthy as the professor here, and every one will admit that I'm wiser than he is, yet I never go to bed until after two o'clock, and rarely wake before noon."

Kitty laughed at this, and young Hiram looked admiringly at the New-Yorker, wishing he was as clever.

"For the land's sake!" cried Mrs. Bartlett, with true feminine profanity. "What do you do up so late as that?"

"Writing, writing," said Yates, airily,—“articles that make dynasties tremble next morning, and which call forth apologies or libel suits afterwards, as the case may be.”

"Mr. Bartlett has been good enough," said the professor, changing the subject, "to say we may camp in the woods at the back of the farm. I have been out there this morning, and it certainly is a lovely spot."

"We're awfully obliged, Mr. Bartlett," said Yates. "Of course Renmark went out there merely to show the difference between the ant and the butterfly. You'll find out what a humbug he is by and by, Mrs. Bartlett. He looks honest; but you wait."

"I know just the spot for the tent," cried young Hiram,—“down in the hollow by the creek. Then you won't need to haul water.”

"Yes, and catch their deaths of fever and ague," said Mrs. Bartlett. Malaria had not then been invented. "Take my advice, and put your tent—if you *will* put it up at all—on the highest ground you can find. Hauling water won't hurt you."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Bartlett. It shall be so. My friend uses no water,—you ought to have seen his bill at the Buffalo hotel: I have it somewhere, and am going to pin it up on the outside of the tent as a warning to the youth of this neighborhood,—and what water I need I can easily carry up from the creek."

The professor did not defend himself, and Mrs. Bartlett evidently took a large discount from all that Yates said. She was a shrewd woman.

After breakfast the men went out to the barn. The horses were hitched to the wagon, which still contained the tent and fittings. Young Hiram threw an axe and a spade among the canvas folds, mounted to his place, and drove up the lane leading to the forest, followed by Yates and Renmark on foot, leaving the farmer in his barnyard with a cheery good-by which he did not see fit to return.

Young Hiram knew the locality well, and drove direct to an ideal place for camping. Yates was enchanted.

When the tent was put up he gazed in enthusiastic rapture around him and upbraided Renmark because he took the sylvan situation so coolly.

"Where are your eyes, Renny," he cried, "that you don't grow wild when you look around you? See the dappled sunlight filtering through the leaves; listen to the murmur of the wind in the branches; hear the trickle of the brook down there; notice the smooth bark of the beech and the rugged covering of the oak; smell the wholesome woodland scents. Renmark, you have no soul, or you could not be so unmoved. It is like Paradise. It is—— Say, Renny, by Jove, I've forgotten that jug at the barn!"

"The jug will be left there."

"Will it? Oh, well, if you say so."

"I do say so. I looked around for it this morning to smash it, but couldn't find it."

"Why didn't you ask old Bartlett?"

"I did, but he didn't know where it was."

Yates threw himself down on the moss and laughed, flinging his arms and legs about with the joy of living.

"Say, Culture, have you got any old disreputable clothes with you? Well, then, go into the tent and put them on, then come out and lie on your back and look up at the leaves. You're a good fellow, Renny, but decent clothes spoil you. You won't know yourself when you get ancient duds on your back. Old clothes mean freedom, liberty, all that our ancestors fought for. When you come out we'll settle who's to cook and who to wash dishes. I've settled it already in my own mind, but I am not so selfish as to refuse to discuss the matter with you."

When the professor came out of the tent Yates roared. Renmark himself smiled: he knew the effect would appeal to Yates.

"By Jove, old man, I ought to have included a mirror in the outfit. The look of learned respectability set off with the garments of a disreputable tramp makes a combination that is simply killing. Well, you can't spoil *that* suit, anyhow. Now sprawl."

"I'm very comfortable standing up, thank you."

"Get down on your back. You hear me?"

"Put me there."

"You mean it?" asked Yates, sitting up.

"Certainly."

"Say, Renny, beware: I don't want to hurt you."

"I'll forgive you for once."

"On your head be it."

"On my back, you mean."

"That's not bad, Renny," cried Yates, springing to his feet. "Now, it will hurt: you have fair warning. I have spoken."

The young men took sparring attitudes. Yates tried to do it gently at first, but, finding he could not touch his opponent, struck out more earnestly, again giving a friendly warning. This went on ineffectually for some time, when the professor, with a quick movement, swung around his foot with the airy grace of a dancing-master, and caught Yates just behind the knee, at the same time giving him a slight tap on the breast. Yates was instantly on his back.

"Oh, I say, Renny, that wasn't fair. That was a kick."

"No, it wasn't. It is merely a little French touch. I learned it in Paris. They *do* kick there, you know, and it is good to know how to use your feet as well as your fists if you are set on by three, as I was one night in the Latin Quarter."

Yates sat up.

"Look here, Renmark: when were you in Paris?"

"Several times."

Yates gazed at him for a few moments, then said,—

"Renny, you improve on acquaintance. I never saw a Bool-var in my life. You must teach me that little kick."

"With pleasure," said Renmark, sitting down, while the other sprawled at full length. "Teaching is my business, and I shall be glad to exercise any talents I may have in that line. In endeavoring to instruct a New York man, the first step is to convince him

he doesn't know everything. That is the difficult point. Afterwards, everything is easy."

"Mr. Stillson Renmark, you are pleased to be severe. Know that you are forgiven. This delicious sylvan retreat does not lend itself to acrimonious dispute, or, in plain English, quarrelling. Let dogs delight, if they want to; I refuse to be goaded by your querulous nature into giving anything but the soft answer. Now to business. Nothing is so conducive to friendship, when two people are camping out, as a definition of the duties of each at the beginning. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly. What do you propose?"

"I propose that you do the cooking and I wash the dishes. We will forage for food alternate days."

"Very well. I agree to that."

Richard Yates sat sullenly upright, looking at his friend with reproach in his eyes. "See here, Renmark. Are you resolved to force on an international complication the very first day? That's no fair show to give a man."

"What isn't?"

"Why, agreeing with him. There are depths of meanness in your character, Renny, that I never suspected. You know that people who camp out always object to the part assigned them by their fellow-campers. I counted on that. I'll do anything but wash dishes."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because any sane man would have said 'no' when I suggested cooking, merely *because* I suggested it. There's no diplomacy about you, Renmark. A man doesn't know where to find you, when you act like that. When you refused to do the cooking, I would have said, 'Very well, then I'll do it,' and everything would have been lovely; but now——"

Yates lay down again in disgust. There are moments in life when language fails a man.

"Then it's settled that you do the cooking and I wash the dishes?" said the professor.

"Settled? Oh, yes, if you say so; but all the pleasure of getting one's own way by the use of one's brains is gone. I hate to be agreed with in that objectionably civil manner."

"Well, that point being arranged, who begins the foraging, you or I?"

"Both, Herr Professor, both. I propose to go to the house of the Howards, and I need an excuse for the first visit; therefore I shall forage to a limited extent. I go ostensibly for bread. As I may not get any, you perhaps should bring some from whatever farm-house you choose as the scene of your operations. Bread is always handy in camp, fresh or stale. When in doubt, buy more bread. You can never go wrong, and the bread won't."

"What else should I get? Milk, I suppose?"

"Certainly, eggs, butter,—anything. Mrs. Bartlett will give you hints on what to get that will be more valuable than mine."

"Have you all the cooking-utensils you need?"

"I think so. The villain from whom I hired the outfit said it was complete. Doubtless he lied; but we'll manage, I think."

"Very well. If you wait until I change my clothes, I'll go with you as far as the road."

"My dear fellow, be advised and don't change. You'll get everything twenty per cent. cheaper in that rig-out. Besides, you are so much more picturesque. Your costume may save us from starvation if we run short of cash. You can get enough for both of us as a professional tramp. Oh, well, if you insist, I'll wait. Good advice is thrown away on a man like you."

CHAPTER VI.

THE blessed privilege of skipping is, to the reader of a story, one of those liberties worth fighting for. Without it, who would be brave enough to begin a book? With it, even the dullest volume may be made passably interesting. It must have occurred to the observant reader that this world might be made brighter and better if authors would only leave out what must be skipped. This the successful author will not do, for he thinks highly of himself, and if the unsuccessful author did it it would not matter, for he is not read.

The reader of this story has, of course, come to no portion that invites skipping. She—or he—has read faithfully up to these very words. This most happy state of things has been brought about first by the intelligence of the reader and secondly by the conscientiousness of the writer. The mutual co-operation so charmingly continued thus far encourages the writer to ask a favor of the reader. The story now enters a period that Mr. Yates would describe as stirring. To compare small things with great, its course might be likened to that of the noble river near which its scene is situated. The Niagara flows placidly along for miles and then suddenly plunges down a succession of turbulent rapids to the final catastrophe. If the writer were a novelist, instead of a simple reporter of certain events, there would be no need of asking the indulgence of the reader. If the writer were dealing with creatures of his own imagination, instead of with fixed facts, these creatures could be made to do this or that as best suited his purposes. Such, however, is not the case; and the exciting events that must be narrated claim precedence over the placid happenings which, with a little help from the reader's imagination, may be taken as read. The reader is therefore to know that four written chapters which should have intervened between this and the one preceding have been sacrificed. But a few lines are necessary to show the state of things at the end of the fourth vanished chapter. When people are thrown together, especially when people are young, the mutual relationship existing between them rarely remains stationary. It drifts towards like or dislike, and cases have been known where it progressed into love or hatred.

Stillson Renmark and Margaret Howard became, at least, very firm friends. Each of them would have been ready to admit this much.

In the four chapters which, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, are lost to the world, it would have been seen how these two had at least a good foundation on which to build up an acquaintance in the fact that Margaret's brother was a student in the university of which the professor was a worthy member. They had also a subject of difference which, if it leads not to heated argument but is soberly discussed, lends itself even more to the building of friendship than subjects of agreement. Margaret held that it was wrong in the university to close its doors to women. Renmark had hitherto given the subject but little thought, yet he developed an opinion contrary to that of Margaret and was too honest a man or too little of a diplomatist to conceal it. On one occasion Yates had been present, and he threw himself, with the energy that distinguished him, into the woman side of the question, cordially agreeing with Margaret, citing instances and holding those who were against the admission of women up to ridicule, taunting them with fear of feminine competition. Margaret became silent as the champion of her cause waxed the more eloquent; but whether she liked Richard Yates the better for his championship, who that is not versed in the ways of women can say? As the hope of winning her regard was the sole basis of Yates's uncompromising views on the subject, it is likely that he was successful, for his experiences with the sex were large and varied. Margaret was certainly attracted towards Renmark, whose deep scholarship even his excessive self-depreciation could not entirely conceal, and he in turn had naturally a school-master's enthusiasm over a pupil who so earnestly desired advancement in knowledge. Had he described his feelings to Yates, who was an expert in many matters, he would perhaps have learned that he was in love; but Renmark was a reticent man, not much given either to introspection or to being lavish with his confidences. As to Margaret, who can plummet the depth of a young girl's regard until she herself gives some indication? All that a reporter has to record is that she was kinder to Yates than she had been at the beginning.

Miss Kitty Bartlett probably would not have denied that she had a sincere liking for the conceited young man from New York. Renmark fell into the error of thinking Miss Kitty a frivolous young person, whereas she was merely a girl who had an inexhaustible fund of high spirits and one who took a most deplorable pleasure in shocking a serious man. Even Yates made a slight mistake regarding her on one occasion, when they were having an evening walk together, with that freedom from chaperonage which is the birthright of every American girl, whether she belongs to a farm-house or to the palace of a millionaire.

In describing the incident afterwards to Renmark (for Yates had nothing of his comrade's reserve in these matters) he said,—

"She left a diagram of her four fingers on my cheek that felt like one of those raised maps of Switzerland. I have before now felt the tap of a lady's fan in admonition, but never in my life have I met a gentle reproof that felt so much like a censure from the paw of our friend Tom Sayers."

Renmark said, with some severity, that he hoped Yates would not forget that he was, in a measure, a guest of his neighbors.

"Oh, *that's* all right," said Yates. "If you have any spare sympathy to bestow, keep it for me. My neighbors are amply able and more than willing to take care of themselves."

And now as to Richard Yates himself. One would imagine that here at least a conscientious relater of events would have an easy task. Alas! such is far from being the fact. The case of Yates was by all odds the most complex and bewildering of the four. He was deeply and truly in love with both of the girls. Instances of this kind are not so rare as a young man newly engaged to an innocent girl tries to make her believe. Cases have been known where a chance meeting with one girl and not with another has settled who was to be a young man's companion during a long life. Yates felt that in multitude of counsel there is wisdom, and made no secret of his perplexity to his friend. He complained sometimes that he got little help towards the solution of the problem, but generally he was quite content to sit under the trees with Renmark and weigh the different advantages of each of the girls. He sometimes appealed to his friend as a man with a mathematical turn of mind, possessing an education that extended far into conic sections and algebraic formulæ, to balance up the lists and give him a candid and statistical opinion as to which of the two he should favor with serious proposals. When these appeals for help were coldly received, he accused his friend of lack of sympathy with his dilemma, said that he was a soulless man, and that if he had a heart it had become incrustated with the useless débris of a higher education, and swore to confide in him no more. He would search for a friend, he said, who had something human about him. The search for the sympathetic friend, however, seemed to be unsuccessful, for Yates always returned to Renmark, to have, as he remarked, ice-water dashed upon his duplex-burning passion.

It was a lovely afternoon in the latter part of May, 1866, and Yates was swinging idly in the hammock, with his hands clasped under his head, gazing dreamily up at the patches of blue sky seen through the green branches of the trees overhead, while his industrious friend was unromantically peeling potatoes near the door of the tent.

"The human heart, Renny," said the man in the hammock, reflectively, "is a remarkable organ, when you come to think of it. I presume from your lack of interest that you haven't given the subject much study, except perhaps in a physiological way. At the present moment it is to me the only theme worthy of a man's entire attention. Perhaps that is the result of spring, as the poet says; but anyhow it presents new aspects to me each hour. Now, I have made this important discovery, that the girl I am with last seems to me the most desirable. That is contrary to the observation of philosophers of by-gone days. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, *they* say. I don't find it so. Presence is what plays the very deuce with me. Now, how do you account for it, Stilly?"

The professor did not attempt to account for it, but silently attended to the business in hand. Yates withdrew his eyes from the sky

and fixed them on the professor, waiting for the answer that did not come.

"Mr. Renmark," he drawled at last, "I am convinced that your treatment of the potato is a mistake. I think potatoes should not be peeled the day before and left to soak in cold water until next day's dinner. Of course I admire the industry that gets work well over before its results are called for. Nothing is more annoying than work left untouched until the last moment and then hurriedly done. Still, virtue may be carried to excess, and a man may be too previous."

"Well, I am quite willing to relinquish the work into your hands. You may perhaps remember that for two days I have been doing your share as well as my own."

"Oh, I am not complaining about *that*, at all," said the hammock, magnanimously. "You are acquiring practical knowledge, Renny, that will be of more use to you than all the learning taught at the schools. My only desire is that your education should be as complete as possible; and to this end I am willing to subordinate my own yearning desire for scullery-work. I should suggest that instead of going to the trouble of entirely removing the covering of the potato in that laborious way you should merely peel a belt around the greatest circumference of the potato. Then, rather than cook them in the slow and soggy manner that seems to delight you, you should boil them quickly, with some salt placed in the water. The remaining coat would then curl outward, and the resulting potato would be white and dry and mealy, instead of being in the condition of a wet sponge."

"The beauty of a precept, Yates, is the illustrating of it. If you are not satisfied with my way of boiling potatoes, give me a practical object-lesson."

The man in the hammock sighed reproachfully.

"Of course an unimaginative person like you, Renmark, cannot realize the cruelty of suggesting that a man as deeply in love as I am should demean himself by attending to the prosaic details of household affairs. I am doubly in love, and much more, therefore, as that old bore Euclid used to say, is your suggestion unkind and uncalled for."

"All right: then don't criticise."

"Yes, there is a certain sweet reasonableness in your curt suggestion. A man who is unable or unwilling to work in the vineyard should not find fault with the pickers. And now, Renny, for the hundredth time of asking, add to the many obligations already conferred, and tell me, like the good fellow you are, what you would do if you were in my place. To which of those two charming but totally unlike girls would you give the preference?"

"Damn!" said the professor, quietly.

"Hello, Renny!" cried Yates, raising his head. "Have you cut your finger? I should have warned you about using too sharp a knife."

But the professor had not cut his finger. His use of the word given above is not to be defended; still, as it was spoken by him, it seemed to lose all relationship with swearing. He said it quietly, mildly, and, in a certain sense, innocently. He was astonished at himself for using it, but there had been moments during the past few days

when the ordinary expletives used in the learned volumes of higher mathematics did not fit the occasion.

Before anything more could be said, there was a shout from the road-way near them.

"Is Richard Yates there?" hailed the voice.

"Yes. Who wants him?" cried Yates, springing out of the hammock.

"I do," said a young fellow on horseback. He threw himself off a tired horse, tied the animal to a sapling,—which, judging by the horse's condition, was an entirely unnecessary operation,—jumped over the rail fence, and approached through the trees. The young men saw coming towards them a tall lad in the uniform of the telegraph-service.

"I'm Yates. What is it?"

"Well," said the lad, "I've had a hunt and a half for you. Here's a telegram."

"How in the world did you find out where I was? Nobody has my address."

"That's just the trouble. It would have saved somebody in New York a pile of money if you had left your address. No man ought to go to the woods without leaving his address at a telegraph-office, anyhow." The young man looked at the world from a telegraph point of view. People were good or bad according to the trouble they gave a telegraph-messenger. Yates took the yellow envelope addressed in lead-pencil, but, without opening it, repeated his question:

"But how on earth did you find me?"

"Well, it wasn't easy," said the boy. "My horse is about done out. I'm from Buffalo. They telegraphed from New York that we were to spare no expense; and we haven't. There are seven other fellows scouring the country on horseback with duplicates of that despatch, and some more have gone along the lake shore on the American side. Say, no other messenger has been here before me, has he?" asked the boy, with a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"No; you are the first."

"I'm glad of that. I've been 'most all over Canada. I got on your trail about two hours ago, and the folks at the farm-house down below said you were up here. Is there any answer?"

Yates tore open the envelope. The despatch was long, and he read it with a deepening frown. It was to this effect:

"Fenians crossing into Canada at Buffalo. You are near the spot; get there quick as possible. Five of our men leave for Buffalo to-night. General O'Neill is in command of Fenian army. He will give you every facility when you tell him who you are. When five arrive they will report to you. Place one or two with Canadian troops. Get one to hold the telegraph-wire, and send over all the stuff the wire will carry. Draw on us for cash you need; and don't spare expense."

When Yates finished the reading of this he broke forth into a line of language that astonished Renmark and drew forth the envious admiration of the Buffalo telegraph-boy.

"Heavens and earth and the lower regions! I'm here on my vaca-

tion. I'm not going to jump into work for all the papers in New York. Why couldn't those fools of Fenians stay at home? The idiots don't know when they're well off. The Fenians be hanged!"

"Guess that's what they will be," said the telegraph-boy. "Any answer, sir?"

"No. Tell 'em you couldn't find me."

"Don't expect the boy to tell a lie," said the professor, speaking for the first time.

"Oh, I don't mind a lie," exclaimed the boy, "but not that one. No, sir. I've had too much trouble finding you. I'm not going to pretend I'm no good. I started out for to find you, and I have. But I'll tell any other lie you like, Mr. Yates, if it will oblige you."

Yates recognized in the boy the same emulous desire to outstrip his fellows that had influenced himself when he was a young reporter, and he at once admitted the injustice of attempting to deprive him of the fruits of his enterprise.

"No," he said, "that won't do. No; you have found me, and you're a young fellow who will be president of the Telegraph Company some day, or perhaps hold the less important office of the United States Presidency. Who knows? Have you a telegraph-blank?"

"Of course," said the boy, fishing out a bundle from the leathern wallet by his side. Yates took the paper and flung himself down under the tree.

"Here's a pencil," said the messenger.

"A newspaper-man is never without a pencil, thank you," replied Yates, taking one out of his inside pocket.

"Now, Renmark, I'm not going to tell a lie on this occasion," continued Yates.

"I think the truth is better on all occasions."

"Right you are. So here goes for the solid truth."

Yates as he lay on the ground wrote rapidly on the telegraph-blank. Suddenly he looked up and said to the professor, "Say, Renmark, are you a doctor?"

"Of laws," replied his friend.

"Oh, that will do just as well." And he finished his writing.

"How is this?" he cried, holding the paper at arm's length.

"JOHN A. BELLINGTON,

"Managing Editor *Argus*, New York.

"I'm flat on my back. Haven't done a hand's turn for a week. Am under the constant care, night and day, of one of the most eminent doctors in Canada, who even prepares my food for me. Since I left New York trouble of the heart has complicated matters, and at present baffles the doctor. Consultations daily. It is impossible for me to move from here until present complications have yielded to treatment.

"Binmore would be a good man to take charge in my absence.

"YATES."

"There," said Yates, with a tone of satisfaction, when he had finished the reading. "What do you think of that?"

The professor frowned, but did not answer. The boy, who partly saw through it, but not quite, grinned, and said, "Is it true?"

"Of course it's true!" cried Yates, indignant at the unjust suspicion. "It is a great deal more true than you have any idea of. Ask the doctor there if it isn't true. Now, my boy, will you give in this when you get back to the office? Tell 'em to rush it through to New York. I would mark it 'rush,' only that never does any good and always makes the operator mad."

The boy took the paper and put it in his wallet.

"It's to be paid for at the other end," continued Yates.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the messenger, with a certain condescension, as if he were giving credit on behalf of the company. "Well, so long," he added. "I hope you'll soon be better, Mr. Yates."

Yates sprang to his feet with a laugh and followed him to the fence.

"Now, youngster, you are up to snuff, I can see that. They'll perhaps question you when you get back. What will you say?"

"Oh, I'll tell 'em what a hard job I had to find you, and let 'em know nobody else could 'a' done it, and I'll say you're a pretty sick man. I won't tell 'em you gave me a dollar."

"Right you are, sonny; *you'll* get along. Here's five dollars, all in one bill. If you meet any other of the messengers, take them back with you. There's no use of their wasting valuable time in this little neck of the woods."

The boy stuffed the bill into his vest-pocket as carelessly as if it represented cents instead of dollars, mounted his tired horse, and waved his hand in farewell to the newspaper-man. Yates turned and walked slowly back to the tent. He threw himself once more into the hammock. As he expected, the professor was more taciturn than ever, and, although he had been prepared for silence, the silence irritated him. He felt ill used at having so unsympathetic a companion.

"Look here, Renmark, why don't you say something?"

"There is nothing to say."

"Oh, yes, there is. You don't approve of me, do you?"

"I don't suppose it makes any difference whether I approve or not."

"Oh, yes, it does. A man likes to have the approval of even the humblest of his fellow-creatures. Say, what will you take in cash to approve of me? People talk of the tortures of conscience, but you are more uncomfortable than the most cast-iron conscience any man ever had. One's own conscience one can deal with, but a conscience in the person of another man is beyond one's control. Now, it is like this. I am here for quiet and rest. I have earned both, and I think I am justified in——"

"Now, Mr. Yates, please spare me any cheap philosophy on the question. I am tired of it."

"And of me too, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, rather,—if you want to know."

Yates sprang out of the hammock. For the first time since the

encounter with Bartlett on the road, Renmark saw that he was thoroughly angry. The reporter stood with clinched fist and flashing eye, hesitating. The other, his heavy brows drawn down, while not in an aggressive attitude, was plainly ready for an attack. Yates concluded to speak and not strike. This was not because he was afraid, for he was not a coward. The reporter realized that he had forced the conversation, and remembered he had invited Renmark to accompany him. Although this recollection stayed his hand, it had no effect on his tongue.

"I believe," he said, slowly, "that it would do you good for once to hear a straight, square, unbiassed opinion of yourself. You have associated so long with pupils, to whom your word is law, that it may interest you to know what a man of the world thinks of you. A few years of schoolmastering is enough to spoil a Gladstone. Now, I think, of all the——"

The sentence was interrupted by a cry from the fence:

"Say, do you gentlemen know where a fellow named Yates lives?"

The reporter's hand dropped to his side. A look of dismay came over his face, and his truculent manner changed with a suddenness that forced a smile even to the stern lips of Renmark.

Yates backed towards the hammock like a man who had received an unexpected blow.

"I say, Renny," he wailed, "it's another of those cursed telegraph-messengers. Go, like a good fellow, and sign for the despatch. Sign it 'Dr. Renmark, for R. Yates.' That will give it a sort of official medical-bulletin look. I wish I had thought of that when the other boy was here. Tell him I'm lying down." He flung himself into the hammock, and Renmark, after a moment's hesitation, walked towards the boy at the fence, who had repeated his question in a louder voice. In a short time he returned with the yellow envelope, which he tossed to the man in the hammock. Yates seized it savagely, tore it into a score of pieces, and scattered the fluttering bits around him on the ground. The professor stood there for a few moments in silence.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "you'll be good enough to go on with your remarks."

"I was merely going to say," answered Yates, wearily, "that you are a mighty good fellow, Renny. People who camp out always have rows. This is our first; suppose we let it be the last. Camping out is something like married life, I guess, and requires some forbearance on all sides. That philosophy may be cheap, but I think it is accurate. I am really very worried about this newspaper business. I ought, of course, to fling myself into the chasm like that Roman fellow, but, hang it, I've been flinging myself into chasms for fifteen years, and what good has it done? There's always a crisis in a daily newspaper office. I want them to understand in the *Argus* office that I am on my vacation."

"They will be more apt to understand from the telegram that you're on your death-bed."

Yates laughed. "That's so," he said; "but you see, Renny, we

New-Yorkers live in such an atmosphere of exaggeration, and if I did not put it strongly it wouldn't have any effect. You've got to give a big dose to a man who has been taking poison all his life. They will take off ninety per cent. from any statement I make, anyhow, so you see I have to pile it up pretty high before the remaining ten per cent. amounts to anything."

The conversation was interrupted by the crackling of the dry twigs behind them, and Yates, who had been keeping his eye nervously on the fence, turned around. Young Bartlett pushed his way through the underbrush. His face was red; he had evidently been running.

"Two telegrams for you, Mr. Yates," he panted. "The fellows that brought 'em said they were important: so I ran out with them myself, for fear they wouldn't find you. One of them's from Port Colborne, the other's from Buffalo."

Telegrams were rare on the farm, and young Bartlett looked on the receipt of one as an event in a man's life. He was astonished to see Yates receive the double event with a listlessness that he could not help thinking was merely assumed for effect. Yates held his hand, and did not tear them up at once, out of consideration for the feelings of the young man who had had a race to deliver them.

"Here's two books they wanted you to sign. They're tired out, and mother's giving them something to eat."

"Professor, you sign for me, won't you?" said Yates.

Bartlett lingered a moment, hoping that he would hear something of the contents of the important messages; but Yates did not even tear open the envelopes, although he thanked the young man heartily for bringing them.

"Stuck-up cuss!" muttered young Bartlett to himself as he shoved the signed books into his pocket and pushed his way through the underbrush again. Yates slowly and methodically tore the envelopes and their contents into little pieces and scattered them as before.

"Begins to look like autumn," he said, "with the yellow leaves strewing the ground."

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE night three more telegraph-boys found Yates and three more telegrams in sections helped to carpet the floor of the forest. The usually high spirits of the newspaper-man went down and down under the repeated visitations. At last he did not even swear, which, in the case of Yates, always indicated extreme depression. As night drew on, he feebly remarked to the professor that he was more tired than he had ever been in going through an election campaign. He went to his tent-bunk early, in a state of such utter dejection that Renmark felt sorry for him and tried ineffectually to cheer him up.

"If they would all come together," said Yates, bitterly, "so that one comprehensive effort of malediction would include the lot and have it over, it wouldn't be so bad; but this constant dribbling in of messengers would wear out the patience of a saint."

As he sat in his shirt-sleeves on the edge of his bunk, Renmark said that things would look brighter in the morning,—which was a safe remark to make, for the night was dark.

Yates sat silently with his head in his hands for some moments. At last he said, slowly, "There is no one so obtuse as the thoroughly good man. It is not the messenger I am afraid of, after all. He is but the outward symptom of the inward trouble. What you are seeing is an example of the workings of conscience, where you thought conscience was absent. The trouble with me is that I know the newspaper depends on me, and that it will be the first time I have failed. It is the newspaper-man's instinct to be in the centre of the fray. He yearns to scoop the opposition press. I will get a night's sleep if I can, and to-morrow I know I shall capitulate. I will hunt out General O'Neill and interview him on the field of slaughter. I will telegraph columns. I will refurbish my military vocabulary, and speak of deploying and massing and throwing out advance guards, and that sort of thing. I will move columns and advance brigades and invent strategy. We will have desperate fighting in the columns of the *Argus*, whatever there is on the fields of Canada. But to a man who has seen real war this opéra-bouffe masquerade of fighting—I don't want to say anything harsh, but to me it is offensive."

He looked up with a wan smile at his partner sitting on the bottom of an upturned pail as he said this. Then he reached for his hip-pocket and drew out a revolver, which he handed butt-end forward to the professor, who, not knowing his friend carried such an instrument, instinctively shrank from it.

"Here, Renny, take this weapon of devastation and soak it with the potatoes. If another messenger comes in on me to-night I know I shall riddle him if I have this handy. My better judgment tells me he is innocent, and I don't want to shed the only blood that will be spilled during this awful campaign."

How long they had been asleep they did not know, as the ghost-stories have it, but both were suddenly awakened by a commotion outside. It was intensely dark inside the tent, but as the two sat up they noticed a faint moving blur of light which made itself just visible through the canvas.

"It's another of those fiendish messengers," whispered Yates. "Gimme that revolver."

"Hush!" said the other below his breath. "There's about a dozen men out there, judging by the footfalls. I heard them coming."

"Let's fire into the tent and be done with it," said a voice outside.

"No, no," cried another; "no man shoot. It makes too much noise, and there must be others about. Have ye all got yer bayonets fixed?"

There was a murmur apparently in the affirmative.

"Very well, then. Murphy and O'Rourick, come round to this side. You three stay where you are. Tim, you go to that end; and, Doolin, come with me."

"The Fenian army, by all the gods!" whispered Yates, groping for

his clothes. "Renny, give me that revolver, and I'll show you more fun than a funeral."

"No, no. They're at least three to our one. We're in a trap here, and helpless."

"Oh, just let me jump out among 'em and begin the fireworks. Those I didn't shoot would die of fright. Imagine scouts scouring the woods with a lantern!—with a *lantern*, Renny! Think of that! Oh, this is pie! Let me at 'em."

"Hush! Keep quiet! They'll hear you."

"Tim, bring the lantern round to this side." The blur of light moved along the canvas. "There's a man with his back against the wall of the tent. Just touch him up with yer bayonet, Murphy, and let him know we're here."

"There may be twenty in the tent," said Murphy, cautiously.

"Do what I tell you," answered the man in command.

Murphy propped his bayonet through the canvas, and sunk the deadly point of the instrument into the bag of potatoes.

"Faith, he sleeps sound," said Murphy, with a tremor of fear in his voice, as there was no demonstration on the part of the bag.

The voice of Yates rang out from the interior of the tent:

"What the old Harry do you fellows think you're doing, anyhow? What's the matter with you? What do you want?"

There was a moment's silence, broken only by a nervous scuffling of feet and the clicking of gun-locks.

"How many are there of you in there?" said the stern voice of the chief.

"Two, if you want to know, both unarmed, and one ready to fight the lot of you if you are anxious for a scrimmage."

"Come out one by one," was the next command.

"We'll come out one by one," said Yates, emerging in his shirt-sleeves, "but you can't expect us to keep it up long, as there are only two of us."

The professor next appeared, with his coat on. The situation certainly did not look inviting. The lantern on the ground threw up a pallid glow on the severe face of the commander, as the footlights might illuminate the figure of a brigand in a wood on the stage. The face of the officer showed that he was greatly impressed with the importance and danger of his position. Yates glanced about him with a smile, all his recent dejection gone, now that he was in the midst of a row.

"Which is Murphy," he said, "and which is Doolin? Hello, alderman," he cried, as his eyes rested on one tall, strapping, red-haired man who held his bayonet ready to charge, with a fierce determination in his face that might have made an opponent quail. "When did you leave New York? and who's running the city, now that you're gone?"

The men had evidently a sense of humor, in spite of their blood-thirsty business, for a smile flickered on their faces in the lantern-light, and several bayonets were unconsciously lowered. But the hard face of the commander did not relax.

"You are doing yourself no good by your talk," he said, solemnly. "What you say will be used against you."

"Yes, and what you do will be used against *you*; and don't forget that fact. It's you who are in danger,—not me. You are at this moment making about the biggest ass of yourself there is in Canada."

"Pinion these men," cried the captain, gruffly.

"Pinion nothing!" shouted Yates, shaking off the grasp of a man who had sprung to his side. But both Yates and Renmark were speedily overpowered; and then an unseen difficulty presented itself. Murphy pathetically remarked that they had no rope. The captain was a man of resource.

"Cut enough rope from the tent to tie them."

"And when you're at it, Murphy," said Yates, "cut off enough more to hang yourself with. You'll need it before long. And remember that any damage you do to that tent you'll have to pay for. It's hired."

Yates gave them all the trouble he could while they tied his elbows and wrists together, offering sardonic suggestions and cursing their clumsiness. Renmark submitted quietly. When the operation was finished, the professor said, with the calm confidence of one who has an empire behind him and knows it,—

"I warn you, sir, that this outrage is committed on British soil, and that I, on whom it is committed, am a British subject."

"Heavens and earth, Renmark, if you find it impossible to keep your mouth shut, do not use the word 'subject,' but 'citizen.'"

"I am satisfied with the word, and with the protection given to those who use it."

"Look here, Renmark, you had better let me do the talking. You will only put your foot in it. I know the kind of men I have to deal with; you evidently don't."

In tying the professor they came upon the pistol in his coat-pocket. Murphy held it up to the light.

"I thought you said you were unarmed?" remarked the captain, severely, taking the revolver in his hand.

"I was unarmed. The revolver is mine, but the professor would not let me use it. If he had, all of you would be running for dear life through the woods."

"You admit that you are a British subject?" said the captain to Renmark, ignoring Yates.

"He doesn't admit it, he brags of it," said the latter, before Renmark could speak. "You can't scare him: so quit this fooling, and let us know how long we are to stand here trussed up like this."

"I propose, captain," said the red-headed man, "that we shoot these men where they stand, and report to the general. They are spies. They are armed, and they denied it. It's according to the rules of war, captain."

"Rules of war! What do you know of the rules of war, you red-headed Senegambian? Rules of Hoyle! Your line is digging sewers, I imagine. Come, captain, undo these ropes and make up your mind quickly. Trot us along to General O'Neill just as fast as you

can. The sooner you get us there the more time you will have for being sorry over what you have done."

But the captain still hesitated, and looked from one to the other of his men, as if to make up his mind whether they would obey him if he went to extremities. Yates's quick eye noted that the two prisoners had nothing to hope for, even from the men who smiled. The shooting of two unarmed and bound men seemed to them about the correct way of beginning a great struggle for freedom.

"Well," said the captain, at length, "we must do it in proper form, so I suppose we should have a court-martial. Are you agreed?"

They were unanimously agreed.

"Look here," cried Yates, and there was a certain impressiveness in his voice in spite of his former levity, "this farce has gone just as far as it is going. Go inside the tent there, and in my coat-pocket you will find a telegram, the first of a dozen or two received by me within the last twenty-four hours. Then you will see whom you propose to shoot."

The telegram was found, and the captain read it while Tim held the lantern. He looked from under his knitted brows at the newspaper-man.

"Then you are one of the *Argus* staff."

"I am chief of the *Argus* staff. As you see, five of my men will be with General O'Neill to-morrow. The first question they will ask him will be, 'Where is Yates?' The next thing that will happen will be that you will be hanged for your stupidity, not by Canada nor by the State of New York, but by your own general, who will curse your memory ever after. You are fooling, not with a subject this time, but with a citizen, and your general is not such an idiot as to monkey with the United States government and, what is a blamed sight worse, with the great American press. Come, captain, we've had enough of this. Cut these cords just as quickly as you can, and take us to the general. We were going to see him in the morning anyhow."

"But this man says he is a Canadian."

"That's all right. My friend is *me*. If you touch him you touch me. Now hurry up. Climb down from your perch. I shall have enough of trouble now, getting the general to forgive all the blunders you have made to-night, without your adding insult to injury. Tell your men to untie us and throw the ropes back into the tent. It will soon be daylight. Hustle, and let us be off."

"Untie them," said the captain, with a sigh.

Yates shook himself when his arms regained their freedom.

"Now, Tim," he said, "run into that tent and bring out my coat. It's chilly here."

Tim did instantly as requested, and helped Yates on with the coat.

"Good boy!" said Yates. "You've evidently been porter in a hotel." Tim grinned.

"I think," said Yates, meditatively, "that if you look under the right-hand bunk, Tim, you will find a jug. It belongs to the professor, although he has hidden it under my bed to divert suspicion from

himself. Just fish it out and bring it here. It is not as full as it was, but there's enough to go round, if the professor does not take more than his share."

The gallant troop smacked their lips in anticipation, and Renmark looked astonished to see the jug brought forth. "You first, professor," said Yates; and Tim innocently offered him the jug. The learned man shook his head. Yates laughed, and took it himself.

"Well, here's to you, boys," he said. "And may you all get back as safely to New York as I will." The jug passed down along the line until Tim finished it.

"Now, then, for the camp of the Fenian army," cried Yates, taking Renmark's arm; and they began their march through the woods.

"Great Cæsar, Stilly," he continued to his friend, "this is rest and quiet with a vengeance, isn't it?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE company, feeling that they had to put their best foot foremost in the presence of their prisoners, tried at first to maintain something like military order in marching through the woods. They soon found, however, that this was a difficult thing to do. Canadian forests are not as trimly kept as English parks. Tim walked on ahead with the lantern, but three times he tumbled over some obstruction and disappeared suddenly from view, uttering maledictions. His final effort in this line was a triumph. He fell over the lantern and smashed it. When all attempts at reconstruction failed, the party tramped on in go-as-you-please fashion, and found they did better without the light than with it. In fact, although it was not yet four o'clock, daybreak was already filtering through the trees, and the woods were perceptibly lighter.

"We must be getting near the camp," said the captain.

"Will I shout, sir?" asked Murphy.

"No, no. We can't miss it. Keep on as you are doing."

They were nearer the camp than they suspected. As they blundered on among the cracking underbrush and dry twigs, the sharp report of a rifle echoed through the forest, and a bullet whistled above their heads.

"Fat the divil are you foiring at, Mike Lynch?" cried the alderman, who recognized the shooter, now rapidly falling back.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the sentry, stopping in his flight. The captain strode angrily towards him.

"What do you mean by firing like that? Don't you know enough to ask for the countersign before shooting?"

"Sure I forgot about it, captain, entirely. But then, ye see, I never can hit anything: so it's little difference it makes."

The shot had roused the camp, and there was now wild commotion, everybody thinking the Canadians were upon them.

A strange sight met the eyes of Yates and Renmark. Both were astonished to see the number of men that O'Neill had under his com-

mand. They were a motley crowd. Some tattered United States uniforms were among them, but the greater number were dressed as ordinary individuals, although a few had trimmings of green braid on their clothes. Sleeping out for a couple of nights had given the crowd the unkempt appearance of a great company of tramps. The officers were indistinguishable from the men at first, but afterwards Yates noticed that they, mostly in plain clothes and slouch hats, had sword-belts buckled around them and one or two had swords that had evidently seen service in the United States cavalry.

"It's all right, boys," cried the captain to the excited mob. "It was only that fool Lynch who fired at us. There's nobody hurt. Where's the general?"

"Here he comes," said half a dozen voices at once, and the crowd made way for him.

General O'Neill was dressed in ordinary citizen's costume, and did not have even a sword-belt. On his head of light hair was a black soft felt hat. His face was pale and covered with freckles. He looked more like a clerk from a store than like the commander of an army. He was evidently somewhere between thirty-five and forty years of age.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "Why are you back? Any news?"

The captain saluted, military fashion, and replied,—

"We took two prisoners, sir. They were encamped in a tent in the woods. One of them says he is an American citizen and says he knows you, so I brought them in."

"I wish you had brought in the tent too," said the general, with a wan smile. "It would be an improvement on sleeping in the open air. Are these the prisoners? I don't know either of these men."

"The captain makes a mistake in saying that I claimed a personal acquaintance with you, general. What I said was that you would recognize somewhat quicker than he did who I was, and the desirability of treating me with reasonable decency.—Just show the general that telegram you took from my coat-pocket, captain."

The paper was produced, and O'Neill read it over once or twice.

"You are on the *New York Argus*, then?"

"Very much so, general."

"I hope you have not been roughly used?"

"Oh, no; merely tied up in a hard knot and threatened with shooting,—that's all."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Still, you must make some allowance at a time like this. If you will come with me I will write you a pass which will prevent any similar mistake happening in the future." The general led the way to a smouldering camp-fire, where, out of a valise, he took writing-materials, and, using the valise as a desk, began to write. After he had written "Head-quarters of the Grand Army of the Irish Republic," he looked up and asked Yates his first name. Being answered, he inquired the name of his friend.

"I want nothing from you," interposed Renmark. "Don't put my name on the paper."

"Oh, that's all right," said Yates. "Never mind him, general."

He's a learned man who doesn't know when to talk and when not to. As you march up to our tent, general, you will see an empty jug, which will explain everything. Renmark's drunk, not to put too fine a point upon it, and he imagines himself a British subject."

The Fenian general looked up at the professor.

"Are you a Canadian?" he asked.

"Certainly I am."

"Well, in that case, if I let you leave camp, you must give me your word that should you fall in with the enemy you will give no information to them of our position, numbers, or of anything else you may have seen while with us."

"I shall not give my word. On the contrary, if I should fall in with the Canadian troops I will tell them where you are, that you are from eight hundred to one thousand strong, and the worst-looking set of vagabonds I have ever seen out of jail."

General O'Neill frowned and looked from one to the other.

"Do you realize that you confess to being a spy, and that it becomes my duty to have you taken out and shot?"

"In real war, yes. But this is mere idiotic fooling. All of you that don't escape will be either in jail or shot before twenty-four hours."

"Well, by the gods, it won't help *you* any. I'll have you shot inside of ten minutes, instead of twenty-four hours."

"Hold on, general, hold on," cried Yates, as the angry man rose and confronted the two. "I admit that he richly deserves shooting if you were the fool-killer, which you are not. But it won't do. I will be responsible for him. Just finish that pass for me, and I will take care of the professor. Shoot me if you like, but don't touch him. He hasn't any sense, as you can see, but I am not to blame for that, nor are you. If you take to shooting everybody who is an ass, general, you won't have any ammunition left to conquer Canada with."

The general smiled in spite of himself, and resumed the writing of the pass. "There," he said, handing the paper to Yates. "You see, we always like to oblige the press. I will risk your belligerent friend, and I hope you will exercise more control over him, if you meet the Canadians, than you were able to exert here. Don't you think, on the whole, you had better stay with us? We are going to march in a couple of hours, when the men have had a little rest." He added in a lower voice, so that the professor could not hear, "You didn't see anything of the Canadians, I suppose?"

"Not a sign. No, I don't think I'll stay. There will be five of our fellows here some time to-day, I expect, and that will be more than enough. I'm really here on a vacation. Been ordered rest and quiet. I'm beginning to think I have made a mistake in location."

Yates bade good-by to the commander, and walked with his friend out of the camp. They threaded their way among sleeping men and groups of stacked guns. On the top of one of the bayonets was hung a tall silk hat, which looked most incongruous in such a place.

"I think," said Yates, "that we will make for the Ridge Road, which must lie somewhere in this direction. It will be easier walking

than through the woods; and, besides, I want to stop at one of the farm-houses and get some breakfast. I'm as hungry as a bear after tramping so long."

"Very well," answered the professor, shortly.

They stumbled along until they reached the edge of the wood, then, crossing some open fields, presently came upon the road near the spot where the fist-fight had taken place between Yates and Bartlett. The two, now with greater comfort, walked silently along the road towards the west, with the reddening east behind them. The whole scene was strangely quiet and peaceful, and the recollection of the weird camp they had left in the woods seemed merely a bad dream. The morning air was sweet, and the birds were beginning to sing. Yates had intended to give the professor a piece of his mind regarding the lack of tact and common sense displayed by Renmark in the camp, but somehow the scarcely-awakened day did not lend itself to controversy, and the serene stillness soothed his spirit. He began to whistle softly that popular war-song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and then broke in with the question,—

"Say, Renny, did you notice that plug-hat on the bayonet?"

"Yes," answered the professor; "and I saw five others scattered around the camp."

"Jingo! you were observant. I can imagine nothing quite so ridiculous as a man going to war in a tall silk hat."

The professor made no reply, and Yates changed his whistling to "Rally round the flag."

"I presume," he said at length, "there is little use in attempting to improve the morning hour by trying to show you, Renmark, what a fool you made of yourself in the camp? Your natural diplomacy seemed to be slightly off the centre."

"I do not hold diplomatic relations with thieves and vagabonds."

"They may be vagabonds, but so am I, for that matter. They may also be well-meaning mistaken men; but I do not think they are thieves."

"While you were talking with the so-called general, one party came in with several horses that had been stolen from the neighboring farmers, and another party started out to get some more."

"Oh, that isn't stealing, Renmark; that's requisitioning. You mustn't use such reckless language. I imagine the second party has been successful; for here are three of them, all mounted."

The three horsemen referred to stopped their steeds at the sight of the two men coming round the bend of the road, and awaited their approach. Like so many of the others, they wore no uniform, but two of them held revolvers in their hands ready for action. The one who had no visible revolver moved his horse up the middle of the road towards the pedestrians, the other two taking positions on each side of the wagon-way.

"Who are you? Where do you come from, and where are you going?" cried the foremost horseman, as the two walkers came within talking-distance.

"It's all right, commodore," said Yates, jauntily, "and the top of

the morning to you. We are hungry pedestrians. We have just come from the camp, and we are going to get something to eat."

"I must have a more satisfactory answer than that."

"Well, here you have it, then," answered Yates, pulling out his folded pass and handing it up to the horseman. The man read it carefully. "You find that all right, I expect?"

"Right enough to cause your immediate arrest."

"But the general said we were not to be molested further. That is in his own handwriting."

"I presume it is, and all the worse for you. His handwriting does not run quite as far as the queen's writ in this country yet. I arrest you in the name of the queen.—Cover these men with your revolvers, and shoot them down if they make any resistance." So saying, the rider slipped from his horse, whipped out of his pocket a pair of handcuffs joined by a short stout steel chain, and, leaving his horse standing, grasped Renmark's wrist.

"I'm a Canadian," said the professor, wrenching his wrist away. "You mustn't put handcuffs on me."

"You are in very bad company, then. I am a constable of this county, and, if you are what you say, you will not resist arrest."

"I will go with you, but you mustn't handcuff me."

"Oh! mustn't I?" And, with a quick movement indicative of long practice with resisting criminals, the constable deftly slipped on one of the clasps, which closed with a sharp click and stuck like a burr.

Renmark became deadly pale, and there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes. He drew back his clinched fist, in spite of the fact that the cocked revolver was edging closer and closer to him and the constable held his struggling manacled hand with grim determination.

"Hold on!" cried Yates, preventing the professor from striking the representative of the law. "Don't shoot," he shouted to the man on horseback: "it is all a little mistake, that will be quickly put right. You are three armed and mounted men, and we are only two, unarmed and on foot. There is no need of any revolver practice.—Now, Renmark, you are more of a rebel at the present moment than O'Neill. He owes no allegiance, and you do. Have you no respect for the forms of law and order? You are an anarchist at heart, for all your professions. You *would* sing 'God save the Queen!' in the wrong place awhile ago, so now be satisfied that you have got her, or, rather, that she has got you.—Now, constable, do you want to hitch the other end of that arrangement on my wrist? or have you another pair for my own special use?"

"I'll take your wrist, if you please."

"All right: here you are." Yates drew back his coat-sleeve and presented his wrist. The dangling cuff was speedily clamped upon it. The constable mounted the patient horse that stood waiting for him, watching him the while with intelligent eye. The two prisoners handcuffed together took the middle of the road, with a horseman on each side of them, the constable bringing up the rear, and thus they marched on, the professor gloomy from the indignity put upon them, and the newspaper-man as joyous as the now thoroughly awakened birds. The

scouts concluded to go no farther towards the enemy, but to return to the Canadian forces with their prisoners. They marched down the road, all silent except Yates, who enlivened the morning air with the singing of "John Brown."

"Keep quiet," said the constable, curtly.

"All right, I will. But look here: we shall pass shortly the house of a friend. We want to go and get something to eat."

"You will get nothing to eat until I deliver you up to the officers of the volunteers."

"And where, may I ask, are they?"

"You may ask, but I will not answer."

"Now, Renmark," said Yates to his companion, "the tough part of this episode is that we shall have to pass Bartlett's house and feast merely on the remembrance of the good things which Mrs. Bartlett is always glad to bestow on the wayfarer. I call that refined cruelty. It is adding insult to injury."

As they neared the Bartlett homestead they caught sight of Miss Kitty on the veranda, shading her eyes from the rising sun and gazing earnestly at the approaching squad. As soon as she recognized the group she disappeared with a cry into the house. Presently there came out Mrs. Bartlett, followed by her son and more slowly by the old man himself.

They all came down to the gate and waited.

"Hello, Mrs. Bartlett," cried Yates, cheerily. "You see the professor has got his deserts at last; and I, being in bad company, share his fate, like the good dog Tray."

"What's all this about?" cried Mrs. Bartlett.

The constable, who knew both the farmer and his wife, nodded familiarly to them. "They're Fenian prisoners," he said.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Bartlett,—the old man, as usual, keeping his mouth grimly shut when his wife was present to do the talking; "they're not Fenians. They've been camping on our farm for a week or more."

"That may be," said the constable, firmly, "but I have the best of evidence against them, and if I'm not very much mistaken they'll hang for it."

Miss Kitty, who had been partly visible through the door, gave a cry of anguish at this remark and disappeared again.

"We have just escaped being hanged by the Fenians themselves, Mrs. Bartlett, and I hope the same fate awaits us at the hands of the Canadians."

"What! hanging?"

"No, no; just escaping. Not that I object to being hanged; I hope I am not so pernicky as all that; but, Mrs. Bartlett, you will sympathize with me when I tell you that the torture I am suffering from at this moment is the remembrance of the good things to eat which I have had in your house. I am simply starving to death, Mrs. Bartlett, and this hard-hearted constable refuses to allow me to ask you for anything."

Mrs. Bartlett came out through the gate to the road in a visible state of indignation.

"Stoliker," she exclaimed, "I'm ashamed of you! You may hang a man if you like, but you have no right to starve him.—Come straight in with me," she said to the prisoners.

"Madam," said Stoliker, severely, "you must not interfere with the course of the law."

"The course of stuff and nonsense!" cried the angry woman. "Do you think I am afraid of you, Sam Stoliker? Haven't I chased you out of this very orchard when you were a boy trying to steal my apples? Yes, and boxed your ears too when I caught you, and then was fool enough to fill your pockets with the best apples on the place after giving you what you deserved. Course of the law, indeed! I'll box your ears now if you say anything more. Get down off your horse and have something to eat yourself. I dare say you need it."

"This is what I call a rescue," whispered Yates to his linked companion.

What is a stern upholder of the law to do when the interferer with justice is a determined and angry woman accustomed to having her own way? Stoliker looked helplessly at Hiram as the supposed head of the house, but the old man merely shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You see how it is yourself. I am helpless."

Mrs. Bartlett marched her prisoners through the gate and up to the house.

"All I ask of you now," said Yates, "is that you will give Remark and me seats together at the table. We cannot bear to be separated even for an instant."

Having delivered her prisoners to the custody of her daughter, at the same time admonishing her to get breakfast as quickly as possible, Mrs. Bartlett went to the gate again. The constable was still on his horse. Hiram had asked him, by way of treating him to a non-controversial subject, if this was the colt he had bought from old Brown on the second concession, and Stoliker had replied that it was. Hiram was saying he thought he recognized the horse by his sire, when Mrs. Bartlett broke in upon them.

"Come, Sam," she said, "no sulking, you know. Slip off the horse and come in. How's your mother?"

"She's pretty well, thank you," said Sam, sheepishly, coming down on his feet again.

Kitty Bartlett, her gayety gone and her eyes red, waited on the prisoners, but absolutely refused to serve Sam Stoliker, on whom she looked with the utmost contempt, not taking into account the fact that the poor young man had been merely doing his duty, and doing it well.

"Take off these handcuffs, Sam," said Mrs. Bartlett, "until they have breakfast at least."

Stoliker produced a key and unlocked the manacles, slipping them into his pocket.

"Ah! now," said Yates, looking at his red wrist, "we can breathe easier, and I, for one, can eat more."

The professor said nothing. The iron had not only encircled his wrist, but had entered his soul as well. Although Yates tried to make the early meal as cheerful as possible, it was rather a gloomy festival.

Stoliker began to feel, poor man, that the paths of duty were unpopular. Old Hiram could be always depended upon to add sombreness and taciturnity to a wedding-feast, and the professor, never the liveliest of companions, sat silent, with clouded brow, and vexed even the cheerful Mrs. Bartlett by having evidently no appetite. When the hurried meal was over, Yates, noticing that Miss Kitty had left the room, sprang up and walked towards the kitchen door. Stoliker was on his feet in an instant, and made as though to follow him.

"Sit down," said the professor, sharply, speaking for the first time. "He is not going to escape. Don't be afraid. He has done nothing, and has no fear of arrest. It is always the innocent that you stupid officials arrest. The woods all around you are full of real Fenians, but you take excellent care to keep out of their way and give your attention to molesting perfectly inoffensive people."

"Good for you, professor!" cried Mrs. Bartlett, emphatically. "That's the truth, if ever it was spoken. But are there Fenians in the woods?"

"Hundreds of them. They came on us in the tent about three o'clock this morning,—or at least an advance-guard did,—and, after talking of shooting us where we stood, they marched us to the Fenian camp instead. Yates got a pass written by the Fenian general, so that we should not be troubled again. That is the precious document which this man thinks is deadly evidence. He never asked us a question, but clapped the handcuffs on our wrists, while the other fools held pistols to our heads."

"It isn't my place to ask questions," retorted Stoliker, doggedly. "You can tell all this to the colonel or the sheriff, and if they let you go I'll say nothing against it."

Meanwhile, Yates had made his way into the kitchen, taking the precaution to shut the door after him. Kitty Bartlett looked quickly around as the door shut. Before she could speak, the young man caught her by the plump shoulders,—a thing which he certainly had no right to do.

"Miss Kitty Bartlett," he said, "you've been crying."

"I haven't; and if I had, it is nothing to you."

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that. Don't deny it. For whom were you crying? The professor?"

"No, nor for you either, although I suppose you have conceit enough to think so."

"*Me* conceited? Anything but that. Come now, Kitty, for whom were you crying? I must know."

"Please let me go, Mr. Yates," said Kitty, with an effort at dignity.

"Dick is my name, Kit."

"Well, mine is not Kit."

"You're quite right. Now that you mention it, I will call you Kitty, which is much prettier than the abbreviation."

"I did not 'mention it.' Please let me go. Nobody has the right to call me anything but Miss Bartlett; that is, *you* haven't, anyhow."

"Well, Kitty, don't you think it is about time to give somebody

the right? Why won't you look up at me, so that I can tell for sure whether I should have accused you of crying? Look up,—Miss Bartlett."

"Please let me go, Mr. Yates. Mother will be here in a minute."

"Mother is a wise and thoughtful woman. We'll risk mother. Besides, I'm not in the least afraid of her, and I don't believe you are. I think she is at this moment giving poor Mr. Stoliker a piece of her mind; otherwise, I imagine, he would have followed me. I saw it in his eye."

"I hate that man," said Kitty, inconsequently.

"I like him, because he brought me here, even if I was handcuffed. Kitty, why don't you look up at me? Are you afraid?"

"What should I be afraid of?" asked Kitty, giving him one swift glance from her pretty blue eyes. "Not of you, I hope."

"Well, Kitty, I sincerely hope not. Now, Miss Bartlett, do you know why I came out here?"

"For something more to eat, very likely," said the girl, mischievously.

"Now, Miss Kitty, that, to a man in captivity, is both cruel and unkind. Besides, I had a first-rate breakfast, thank you. No such motive drew me into the kitchen. But I will tell you. You shall have it from my own lips. *That* was the reason."

He suited the action to the word, and kissed her before she knew what was about to happen. At least Yates, with all his experience, thought he had taken her unawares. Men often make mistakes in little matters of this kind. Kitty pushed him with apparent indignation from her, but she did not strike him across the face as she had done before when he merely attempted what he had now accomplished. Perhaps this was because she had been taken so completely by surprise.

"I shall call my mother," she threatened.

"Oh, no, you won't. Besides, she wouldn't come." Then this frivolous young man began to sing in a low voice the flippant refrain, "Here's to the girl that gets a kiss and runs and tells her mother," ending with the wish that she should live and die an old maid and never get another. Kitty should not have smiled, but she did; she should have rebuked his levity, but she didn't.

"It is about the great and disastrous consequences of living and dying an old maid that I want to speak to you. I have a plan for the prevention of such a catastrophe, and I would like to get your approval of it."

Yates had released the girl, partly because she had wrenched herself away from him and partly because he heard a movement in the dining-room and expected the entrance of Stoliker or some of the others. Miss Kitty stood with her back to the table, her eyes fixed on a spring flower which she had unconsciously taken from a vase standing on the window-ledge. She smoothed the petals this way and that, and seemed so interested in botanical investigation that Yates wondered whether she was paying attention to what he was saying or not. What his plan might have been can only be guessed; for the fates ordained

that they should be interrupted at this critical moment by the one person on earth who could make Yates's tongue falter.

The outer door to the kitchen burst open, and Margaret Howard stood on the threshold, her lovely face aflame with indignation, and her dark hair down over her shoulders, forming a picture of loveliness that fairly took Yates's breath away. She did not notice him.

"Oh, Kitty," she cried, "those wretches have stolen all our horses! Is your father here?"

"What wretches?" asked Kitty, ignoring the question, and startled by the sudden advent of her friend.

"The Fenians. They have taken all the horses that were in the fields, and your horses as well. So I ran over to tell you."

"Have they taken your own horse too?"

"No. I always keep Gypsy in the stable. The thieves did not come near the house. Oh, Mr. Yates!—I did not see you." And Margaret's hand, with the unconscious vanity of a woman, sought her dishevelled hair, which Yates thought too becoming ever to be put in order again.

Margaret reddened as she realized from Kitty's evident embarrassment that she had impulsively broken in upon a conference of two.

"I must tell your father about it," she said, hurriedly, and before Yates could open the door she had done so for herself. Again she was taken aback to see so many sitting round the table.

There was a moment's silence between the two in the kitchen, but the spell was broken.

"I—I don't suppose there will be any trouble about getting back the horses," said Yates, hesitatingly. "If you lose them the government will have to pay."

"I presume so," answered Kitty, coldly; then, "Excuse me, Mr. Yates: I mustn't stay here any longer." So saying, she followed Margaret into the other room.

Yates drew a long breath of relief. All his old difficulties of preference had arisen when the outer door burst open. He felt that he had had a narrow escape, and began to wonder if he had really committed himself. Then the fear swept over him that Margaret might have noticed her friend's evident confusion and surmised its cause. He wondered whether this would help him or hurt him with Margaret if he finally made up his mind to favor her with his serious attentions. Still, he reflected that, after all, they were both country-girls and would no doubt be only too eager to accept a chance to live in New York. Thus his mind gradually resumed its normal state of self-confidence, and he argued that whatever Margaret's suspicions were, they could not but make him more precious in her eyes. He knew of instances where the very danger of losing a man had turned a woman's wavering mind entirely in the man's favor. When he had reached this point, the door from the dining-room opened, and Stoliker appeared.

"We are waiting for you," said the constable.

"All right. I am ready."

As he entered the room he saw the two girls standing together talking earnestly.

"I wish I was a constable for twenty-four hours," cried Mrs. Bartlett. "I would be hunting horse-thieves, instead of handcuffing innocent men."

"Come along," said the impassive Stoliker, taking the handcuffs from his pocket.

"If you three men," continued Mrs. Bartlett, "cannot take those two to camp, or to jail, or anywhere else, without handcuffing them, I'll go along with you myself and protect you and see that they don't escape. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sam Stoliker, if you have any manhood about you,—which I doubt."

"I must do my duty."

The professor rose from his chair. "Mr. Stoliker," he said, with determination, "my friend and myself will go with you quietly. We will make no attempt to escape, as we have done nothing to make us fear investigation. But I give you fair warning that if you attempt to put a handcuff on my wrist again I will smash you."

A cry of terror from one of the girls at the prospect of a fight caused the professor to realize where he was. He turned to them, and said, in a contrite voice,—

"Oh! I forgot you were here. I sincerely beg your pardon."

Margaret, with blazing eyes, cried,—

"Don't beg my pardon, but—smash him."

Then a consciousness of what she had said overcame her, and the excited girl hid her blushing face on her friend's shoulder, while Kitty lovingly stroked her dark tangled hair.

Renmark took a step towards them, and stopped. Yates, with his usual quickness, came to the rescue, and his cheery voice relieved the tension of the situation:

"Come, come, Stoliker, don't be an idiot. I do not object in the least to the handcuffs; and if you are dying to handcuff somebody, handcuff me. It hasn't struck your luminous mind that you have not the first tittle of evidence against my friend, and that even if I were the greatest criminal in America the fact of his being with me is no crime. The truth is, Stoliker, that I wouldn't be in your shoes for a good many dollars. You talk a great deal about doing your duty, but you have exceeded it in the case of the professor. I hope you have no property; for the professor can, if he likes, make you pay sweetly for putting the handcuffs on him without a warrant or even without one jot of evidence.—What is the penalty for false arrest, Hiram?" continued Yates, suddenly appealing to the old man. "I think it is a thousand dollars."

Hiram said gloomily that he didn't know. Stoliker was hit on a tender spot, for he owned a farm.

"Better apologize to the professor and let us get along.—Good-by, all.—Mrs. Bartlett, that breakfast was the very best I ever tasted."

The good woman smiled and shook hands with him.

"Good-by, Mr. Yates; and I hope you will soon come back to have another."

Stoliker slipped the handcuffs into his pocket again, and mounted

his horse. The girls from the veranda watched the procession move up the dusty road. They were silent, and had even forgotten the exciting event of the stealing of the horses.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the two prisoners with their three captors came in sight of the Canadian volunteers they beheld a scene which was much more military than the Fenian camp. They were promptly halted and questioned by a picket before coming to the main body, and the sentry knew enough not to shoot until he had asked for the countersign. Passing the picket, they came in full view of the Canadian force, the men of which looked very spick and span in uniforms which seemed painfully new in the clear light of the fair June morning. The guns, topped by a bristle of bayonets that glittered as the rising sun shone on them, were stacked with neat precision here and there. The men were preparing their breakfast, and a temporary halt had been called for that purpose. The volunteers were scattered by the side of the road and in the fields. Renmark recognized the colors of the regiment from his own city, and noticed that there was with it a company that was strange to him. Although led to them a prisoner, he felt a glowing pride in the regiment and their trim appearance, a pride that was both national and civic. He instinctively held himself more erect as he approached.

"Renmark," said Yates, looking at him with a smile, "you are making a thoroughly British mistake."

"What do you mean? I haven't spoken."

"No, but I see it in your eye. You are underestimating the enemy. You think this pretty company is going to walk over that body of unkempt tramps we saw in the woods this morning."

"I do indeed, if the tramps wait to be walked over,—which I very much doubt."

"That's just where you make the mistake. Most of these are raw boys, who know all that can be learned of war on a cricket-field. They will be the worst-whipped set of young fellows before night that this part of the country has ever seen. Wait till they see one of their comrades fall with the blood gushing out of a wound in his breast. If they don't turn and run, then I'm a Dutchman. I've seen raw recruits before. They should have a company of older men here who have seen service, to steady them. The fellows we saw this morning were sleeping like logs in the damp woods, as we stepped over them. They are veterans. What will be but a mere skirmish to them will seem to these boys the most awful tragedy that ever happened."

Some of the volunteers crowded around the incomers, eagerly inquiring for news of the enemy. The Fenians had taken the precaution to cut all the telegraph-wires leading out of Fort Erie, and hence those in command of the companies did not even know that the Fenians had left that locality. They were now on their way to a point where they were to meet Colonel Peacocke's force of regulars,—a point which they were destined never to reach. Stoliker sought an

officer and delivered up his prisoners, together with the incriminating paper that Yates had handed to him. The officer's decision was short and sharp, as military decisions are generally supposed to be. He ordered the constable to take both of the prisoners and put them in jail at Port Colborne. There was no time now for an inquiry into the case; that could come afterwards; and as long as the men were safe in jail everything would be all right. To this the constable mildly interposed two objections. In the first place, he said, he was with the volunteers, not in his capacity as constable, but in the position of guide and man who knew the country. In the second place, there was no jail at Port Colborne.

"Where is the nearest jail?"

"The jail of the county is at Welland, the county town," replied the constable.

"Very well: take them there."

"But I am here as guide," repeated Stoliker.

The officer hesitated for a moment. "You haven't handcuffs with you, I presume?"

"Yes, I have," said Stoliker, producing the instrument.

"Well, then, handcuff them together, and I will send one of the company over to Welland with them. How far is it across country?"

Stoliker told him.

The officer called one of the volunteers, and said to him,—

"You are to make your way across country to Welland and deliver these men up to the jailer there. They will be handcuffed together, but you take a revolver with you, and if they give you any trouble, shoot them."

The volunteer reddened and drew himself up. "I am not a policeman," he said. "I am a soldier."

"Very well, then, your first duty as a soldier is to obey orders. I order you to take these men to Welland."

The volunteers had crowded around as this discussion went on, and a murmur rose among them at the order of the officer. They evidently sympathized with their comrade's objection to the duties of a policeman. One of them made his way through the crowd, and cried,—

"Hello! this is the professor. This is Mr. Renmark. He's no Fenian." Two or three more of the University students recognized Renmark, and, pushing up to him, greeted him warmly. He was evidently a favorite with his class. Among others, young Howard pressed forward.

"It is nonsense," he cried, "talking about sending Professor Renmark to jail. He is no more a Fenian than Governor-General Monck. We'll all go bail for the professor."

The officer wavered. "If you know him," he said, "that is a different matter. But this other man has a letter from the commander of the Fenians recommending him to the consideration of all friends of the Fenian cause. I can't let him go free."

"Are you the chief in command here?" asked Renmark.

"No, I am not."

"Mr. Yates is a friend of mine who is here with me on his vacation. He is a New York journalist, and has nothing in common with the invaders. If you insist on sending him to Welland I must demand that we be taken before the officer in command. In any case he and I stand or fall together. I am exactly as guilty or innocent as he is."

"We can't bother the colonel about every triviality."

"A man's liberty is no triviality. What in the name of common sense are you fighting for but for liberty?"

"Thanks, Renmark, thanks," said Yates, "but I don't care to see the colonel, and I shall welcome Welland jail. I am tired of all this bother. I came here for rest and quiet, and I am going to have them, if I have to go to jail for them. I'm coming reluctantly to the belief that jail's the most comfortable place in Canada, anyhow."

"But this is an outrage," cried the professor, indignantly.

"Of course it is," replied Yates, wearily; "but the woods are full of them. There's always outrages going on, especially in so-called free countries; therefore one more or less won't make much difference.—Come, officer, who's going to take me to Welland? or shall I have to go by myself? I'm a Fenian from 'way back, and came here especially to overturn the throne and take it home with me. For heaven's sake know your own mind one way or other, and let us end this conference."

The officer was wroth. He speedily gave the order to Stoliker to handcuff the prisoner to himself and deliver him to the jailer at Welland.

"But I want assistance," objected Stoliker. "The prisoner is a bigger man than I am." The volunteers laughed as Stoliker mentioned this self-evident fact.

"If any one likes to go with you he can go. I shall give no orders."

No one volunteered to accompany the constable.

"Take this revolver with you," continued the officer, "and if he attempts to escape shoot him. Besides, you know the way to Welland, so I can't send anybody in your place, even if I wanted to."

"Howard knows the way," persisted Stoliker. That young man spoke up with great indignation:

"Yes, but Howard isn't constable, and Stoliker is. I'm not going."

Renmark went up to his friend.

"Who's acting foolishly now, Yates?" he said. "Why don't you insist on seeing the colonel? The chances are ten to one that you would be allowed off."

"Don't make any mistake. The colonel will very likely be some fussy individual who magnifies his own importance and who will send a squad of volunteers to escort me, and I want to avoid that. These officers always stick by each other: they're bound to. I want to go alone with Stoliker. I have a score to settle with him."

"Now, don't do anything rash. You've done nothing so far, but if you assault an officer of the law that will be a different matter."

"Satan reproving sin. Who prevented you from hitting Stoliker a short time since?"

"Well, I was wrong then. You are wrong now."

"See here, Renny," whispered Yates, "you get back to the tent and see that everything's all right. I'll be with you in an hour or so. Don't look so frightened. I won't hurt Stoliker. But I want to see this fight, and I won't get there if the colonel sends an escort. I'm going to use Stoliker as a shield when the bullets begin flying."

The bugles sounded for the troops to fall in, and Stoliker very reluctantly attached one clasp of the handcuff around his own left wrist while he snapped the other on the right wrist of Yates, who embarrassed him with kindly assistance. The two manacled men disappeared down the road, while the volunteers rapidly fell in, to continue their morning's march.

Young Howard beckoned to the professor from his place in the ranks. "I say, professor, how did you happen to be down this way?"

"I have been camping out here for a week or more with Yates, who is an old school-fellow of mine."

"What a shame to have him led off in that way! But he seemed to rather like the idea. Jolly fellow, I should say. But I wish I had known you were in this neighborhood. My folks live near here. They would only have been too glad to be of assistance to you."

"They have been of assistance to me, and exceedingly kind as well."

"What? You know them? All of them? Have you met Margaret?"

"Yes," said the professor, slowly, but his glance fell as it encountered the eager eyes of the youth. It was evident that Margaret was the brother's favorite.

"Fall back, there," cried the officer to Renmark.

"May I march along with them? or can you give me a gun and let me take part?"

"No," said the officer, with some *hauteur*; "this is no place for civilians." Again the professor smiled, as he reflected that the whole company, as far as martial experience went, were merely civilians dressed in uniform, and he became grave again when he remembered Yates's ominous prediction regarding them.

"I say, Mr. Renmark," cried young Howard, as the company moved off, "if you see any of them don't tell them I'm here,—especially Margaret. It might make them uneasy. I'll get leave when this is over and drop in on them."

The boy spoke with the hopeful confidence of youth, and had evidently no premonition of how his appointment would be kept. Renmark left the road and struck across country for the tent, which he reached without further molestation, finding it as he had left it.

Meanwhile, two men were tramping steadily along the dusty road towards Welland, the captor moody and silent, the prisoner talkative and entertaining. Yates's conversation often went beyond the entertainment, and became, at times, instructive. He discussed the affairs of both countries, showed a way out of all political difficulties, gave

reasons for the practical use of common sense in every emergency, passed opinions on the methods of agriculture adopted in various parts of the country, told stories of the war, gave instances of men in captivity murdering those who were in charge of them, deduced from these anecdotes the foolishness of resisting lawful authority lawfully exercised, and in general showed that he was a man who respected power and the exercise thereof. Suddenly branching to more practical matters, he exclaimed,—

"Say, Stoliker, how many taverns are there between here and Welland?"

Stoliker had never counted them.

"Well, that's encouraging, anyhow. If there are so many that it requires an effort of the memory to enumerate them, we will likely have something to drink before long."

"I never drink while on duty," said Stoliker, curtly.

"Oh, well, don't apologize for it. Every man has his failings. I'll be only too happy to give you some instructions. I have acquired the useful practice of being able to drink both on and off duty. Anything can be done, Stoliker, if you give your mind to it. I don't believe in the word 'can't,' either with or without the inverted comma."

Stoliker did not answer, and Yates yawned wearily.

"I wish you would hire a rig, constable. I'm tired of walking. I've been on my feet ever since three this morning."

"I have no authority to hire a buggy."

"But what do you do when a prisoner refuses to move?"

"I make him move," said Stoliker, shortly.

"Ah, I see. That's a good plan, and saves bills at the livery-stable."

They came to a tempting bank by the road-side, when Yates cried,—

"Let's sit down and have a rest. I'm tired out. The sun is hot and the road dusty. You can let me have half an hour; the day's young yet."

"I'll let you have fifteen minutes."

They sat down together. "I wish a team would come along," said Yates, with a sigh.

"No chance of a team, with most of the horses in the neighborhood stolen and the troops on the roads."

"That's so," assented Yates, sleepily.

He was evidently done out, for his chin dropped on his breast and his eyes closed. His breathing came soft and regular, and his body leaned towards the constable, who sat bolt upright. Yates's left arm fell across the knees of Stoliker, and he leaned more and more heavily against him. The constable did not know whether he was shamming or not, but he took no risks. He kept his grasp firm on the butt of the revolver. Yet, he reflected, Yates could surely not meditate an attempt on his weapon, for he had a few minutes before told him a story about a prisoner who escaped in exactly that way. Stoliker was suspicious of the good intentions of the man he had in charge; he

was altogether too polite and good-natured ; and, besides, the constable dumbly felt that the prisoner was a much cleverer man than he.

"Here, sit up," he said, gruffly. "I'm not paid to carry you, you know."

"What's that? What's that? What's that?" cried Yates, rapidly, blinking his eyes and straightening up. "Oh, it's only you, Stoliker. I thought it was my friend Renmark. Have I been asleep?"

"Either that or pretending,—I don't know which, nor do I care."

"Oh! I must have been pretending," answered Yates, drowsily ; "I can't have dropped asleep. How long have we been here?"

"About five minutes."

"All right." And Yates's head began to droop again.

This time the constable felt no doubt about it. No man could imitate sleep so well. Several times Yates nearly fell forward, and each time saved himself, with the usual luck of a sleeper or a drunkard. Nevertheless Stoliker never took his hand from his revolver. Suddenly with a greater lurch than usual Yates pitched head-first down the bank, carrying the constable with him. The steel band of the handcuff nipped the wrist of Stoliker, who, with an oath and a cry of pain, instinctively grasped the links between, with his right hand, to save his wrist. Like a cat Yates was upon him, showing marvellous agility for a man who had just tumbled in a heap. The next instant he held aloft the revolver, crying, triumphantly,—

"How's that, umpire? Out, I expect."

The constable, with set teeth, still rubbed his wounded wrist, realizing the hopelessness of a struggle.

"Now, Stoliker," said Yates, pointing the pistol at him, "what have you to say before I fire?"

"Nothing," answered the constable, "except that you will be hanged at Welland, instead of staying a few days in jail."

Yates laughed. "That's not bad, Stoliker, and I really believe there's some grit in you, if you *are* a man-catcher. Still, you were not in very much danger, as perhaps you knew. Now, if you should want this pistol again, just watch where it alights." And Yates, taking the weapon by the muzzle, tossed it as far as he could into the field.

Stoliker watched its flight intently, then putting his hand into his pocket he took out some small object and flung it as nearly as he could to the spot where the revolver fell.

"Is that how you mark the place?" asked Yates, "or is it some spell that will enable you to find the pistol?"

"Neither," answered the constable, quietly. "It is the key of the handcuffs. The duplicate is at Welland."

Yates whistled a prolonged note and looked with admiration at the little man. He saw the hopelessness of the situation. If he attempted to search for the key in the long grass the chances were ten to one that Stoliker would stumble on the pistol before Yates found the key, in which case the reporter would be once more at the mercy of the law.

"Stoliker, you're evidently fonder of my company than I am of yours. That wasn't a bad strategic move on your part, but it may cause you some personal inconvenience before I get these handcuffs filed

off. I'm not going to Welland this trip, as you may be disappointed to learn. I have gone with you as far as I intend to. You will now come with me."

"I shall not move," replied the constable, firmly.

"Very well, stay there," said Yates, twisting his hand around so as to grasp the chain that joined the cuffs. Getting a firm grip, he walked up the road down which they had tramped a few minutes before. Stoliker set his teeth and tried to hold his ground, but was forced to follow. Nothing was said by either until several hundred yards were thus traversed. Then Yates stopped.

"Having now demonstrated to you the fact that you must accompany me, I hope you will show yourself a sensible man, Stoliker, and come with me quietly. It will be less exhausting for both of us, and all the same in the end. You can do nothing until you get help. I am going to see the fight, which I feel sure will be a brief one, so I don't want to lose any more time in getting back. In order to avoid meeting people and having me explain to them that you are my prisoner, I propose we go through the fields."

One difference between a fool and a wise man is that the wise man always accepts the inevitable. The constable was wise. The two crossed the rail fence into the fields and walked along peaceably together, Stoliker silent as usual with the grim confidence of a man who is certain of ultimate success, who has the nation behind him with all its machinery working in his favor; Yates talkative, argumentative, and instructive by turns, occasionally breaking forth into song when the unresponsiveness of the other rendered conversation difficult.

"Stoliker, how supremely lovely and quiet and restful are the silent scented spreading fields! How soothing to a spirit tired of the city's din is this solitude, broken only by the singing of the birds and the drowsy droning of the bee erroneously termed 'bumble'! The green fields, the shady trees, the sweet freshness of the summer air, untainted by city smoke, and over all the eternal serenity of the blue and cloudless sky,—how can human spite and human passion exist in such a paradise? Does it all not make you feel as if you were an innocent child again, with motives pure and conscience white?"

If Stoliker felt like an innocent child he did not look it. With clouded brow he eagerly scanned the empty fields, hoping for help. But if the constable made no reply there was an answer that electrified Yates and put all thought of the beauty of the country out of his mind. The dull report of a musket far in front of them suddenly broke the silence, followed by several scattering shots and then the roar of a volley. This was sharply answered by the ring of rifles to the right. With an oath Yates broke into a run.

"They're at it!" he cried, "and all on account of your confounded obstinacy I shall miss the whole show. The Fenians have opened fire, and the Canadians have not been long in replying."

The din of the firing now became incessant. The veteran in Yates was aroused. He was like an old war-horse who again feels the intoxicating smell of battle-smoke. The lunacy of gunpowder shone in his gleaming eye.

"Come on, you loitering idiot!" he cried to the constable, who had difficulty in keeping pace with him,—“come on, or, by the gods, I'll break your wrist across a fence-rail and tear this brutal iron from it.”

The savage face of the prisoner was transformed with the passion of war, and for the first time that day Stoliker quailed before the insane glare of his eyes. But, if he was afraid, he did not show his fear to Yates.

"Come on, *you!*" he shouted, springing ahead and giving a twist to the handcuffs well known to those who have to deal with refractory criminals. "I am as eager to see the fight as you are."

The sharp pain brought Yates to his senses again. He laughed, and said, "That's the ticket. I'm with you. Perhaps you would not be in such a hurry if you knew that I am going into the thick of the fight and intend to use you as a shield from the bullets."

"That's all right," answered the little constable, panting. "Two sides are firing. I'll shield you on one side, and you'll have to shield me on the other."

Again Yates laughed, and they ran silently together. Avoiding the houses, they came out at the Ridge Road. The smoke rolled up above the trees, showing where the battle was going on, some distance beyond. Yates made the constable cross the fence and the road and take to the fields again, bringing him around behind Bartlett's house and barn. No one was visible near the house except Kitty Bartlett, who stood at the back, watching with pale and anxious face the roll of the smoke, now and then covering her ears with her hands as the sound of an extra loud volley assailed them. Stoliker lifted up his voice and shouted for help.

"If you do that again," cried Yates, clutching him by the throat, "I'll choke you."

But he did not need to do it again. The girl heard the cry, turned with a frightened look, and was about to fly into the house, when she recognized the two. Then she came towards them. Yates took his hand away from the constable's throat.

"Where is your father or brother?" demanded the constable.

"I don't know."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is over with Mrs. Howard, who is ill."

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I command you in the name of the queen to give no assistance to this prisoner, but to do as I tell you."

"And I command you in the name of the President," cried Yates, "to keep your mouth shut and not to address a lady like that.—Kitty," he continued, in a milder tone, "could you tell me where to get a file, so that I may cut these wrist-ornaments? Don't you get it. You are to do nothing. Just indicate where the file is. The law mustn't have any hold on you, as it seems to have on me."

"Why don't you make him unlock them?" asked Kitty.

"Because the villain threw away the key in the fields."

"He couldn't have done that."

The constable caught his breath.

"But he did. I saw him."

"And I saw him unlock them at breakfast. The key was on the end of his watch-chain. He hasn't thrown that away."

She made a move to take out his watch-chain, but Yates stopped her:

"Don't touch him. I'm playing a lone hand here." He jerked out the chain, and the real key dangled from it.

"Well, Stoliker," he said, "I don't know which to admire most, your cleverness and pluck, my stupidity, or Miss Bartlett's acuteness of observation.—Can we get into the barn, Kitty?"

"Yes, but you mustn't hurt him."

"No fear. I think too much of him. Don't you come in. I'll be out in a moment, like the medium from a spiritualistic dark cabinet."

Entering the barn, Yates forced the constable up against the square oaken post which was part of the framework of the building, and which formed one side of the perpendicular ladder that led to the top of the hay-mow.

"Now, Stoliker," he said, solemnly, "you realize, of course, that I don't want to hurt you, yet you also realize that I *must* hurt you if you attempt any tricks. I can't take any risks; please remember that; and recollect that by the time you are free again I shall be in the State of New York. So don't compel me to smash your head against this post." He, with some trouble, unlocked the clasp on his own wrist; then, drawing Stoliker's right hand around the post, he snapped the same clasp on the constable's hitherto free wrist. The unfortunate man, with his cheek against the oak, was in the comical position of lovingly embracing the post.

"I'll get you a chair from the kitchen, so that you will be more comfortable,—unless, like Samson, you can pull down the supports. Then I must bid you good-by."

Yates went out to the girl, who was waiting for him.

"I want to borrow a kitchen chair, Kitty," he said, "so that poor Stoliker will get a rest."

They walked towards the house. Yates noticed that the firing had ceased, except a desultory shot here and there across the country.

"I shall have to get over the border as quickly as I can," he continued. "This country is getting too hot for me."

"You are much safer here," said the girl, with downcast eyes. "A man has brought the news that the United States gunboats are sailing up and down the river, making prisoners of all who attempt to cross from this side."

"You don't say! Well, I might have known that. Then what am I to do with Stoliker? I can't keep him tied up here. Yet the moment he gets loose I'm done for."

"Perhaps mother could persuade him not to do anything more. Shall I go for her?"

"I don't think it would be any use. Stoliker's a stubborn animal. He has suffered too much at my hands to be in a forgiving mood."

We'll bring him a chair, anyhow, and see the effect of kindness on him."

When the chair was placed at Stoliker's disposal, he sat down upon it, still hugging the post with an enforced fervency that in spite of the solemnity of the occasion nearly made Kitty laugh, and lit up her eyes with the mischievousness that had always delighted Yates.

"How long am I to be kept here?" asked the constable.

"Oh, not long," answered Yates, cheerily; "not a moment longer than is necessary. I'll telegraph when I'm safe in New York State: so you won't be here more than a day or two."

This assurance did not appear to bring much comfort to Stoliker.

"Look here," he said, "I guess I know as well as the next man when I'm beaten. I have been thinking all this over. I am under the sheriff's orders, and not under the orders of that officer. I don't believe you've done anything anyhow, or you wouldn't have acted quite the way you did. If the sheriff had sent me it would have been different. As it is, if you unlock those cuffs I'll give you my word I'll do nothing more unless I'm ordered to. Like as not they've forgotten all about you by this time; and there's nothing on record, anyhow."

"Do you mean it? Will you act square?"

"Certainly I'll act square. I don't suppose you doubt that. I didn't ask any favors before, and I did what I could to hold you."

"Enough said," cried Yates. "I'll risk it."

Stoliker stretched his arms wearily above his head when he was released.

"I wonder," he said, now that Kitty was gone, "if there is anything to eat in the house?"

"Shake!" cried Yates, holding out his hand to him. "Another great and mutual sentiment unites us, Stoliker. Let us go and see."

CHAPTER X.

THE man who wanted to see the fight did not see it, and the man who did not want to see it saw it. Yates arrived on the field of conflict when all was over; Renmark found the battle raging around him before he realized that things had reached a crisis.

The result of the struggle was similar in effect to an American railway-accident of the first class. One officer and five privates were killed on the Canadian side, one man was missing, and many were wounded. The number of the Fenians killed will probably never be known. Several were buried on the field of battle, others were taken back by O'Neill's brigade when they retreated.

Although the engagement resulted as Yates had predicted, yet he was wrong in his estimate of the Canadians. Volunteers are invariably underrated by men of experience in military matters. The boys fought well, even when they saw their ensign fall dead before them. If the affair had been left entirely in their hands the result might have been different, as was shown afterwards, when the volunteers, unimpeded

by regulars, quickly put down a much more formidable rising in the Northwest. But in the present case they were hampered by their dependence on the British troops, whose commander moved them with all the ponderous slowness of real war and approached O'Neill as if he had been approaching Napoleon. He thus managed to get in a day after the fair on every occasion, being too late for the fight at Ridgeway and too late to capture any considerable number of the flying Fenians at Fort Erie. The campaign on the Canadian side was magnificently planned and wretchedly carried out. The volunteers and regulars were to meet at a point close to where the fight took place, but the British commander delayed two hours in starting, which fact the Canadian colonel did not learn until too late. These blunders culminated in a ghastly mistake on the field. The Canadian colonel ordered his men to charge across an open field and attack the Fenian force in the woods,—a brilliant but foolish move. To the command the volunteers gallantly responded, but against stupidity the gods are powerless. In the field they were appalled to hear the order given to form square and receive cavalry. Even the school-boys knew the Fenians could have no cavalry.

Having formed their square, the Canadians found themselves the helpless targets of the Fenians in the woods. If O'Neill's forces had shot with reasonable precision, they must have cut the volunteers to pieces. The volunteers were victorious if they had only known it, but, in this hopeless square, panic seized them, and it was every man for himself; and at the same time the Fenians were also retreating as fast as they could. This farce is known as the battle of Ridgeway, and would have been comical had it not been that death hovered over it. The comedy without the tragedy was enacted a day or two before, at a bloodless skirmish which took place near a hamlet called Waterloo, which affray is dignified in Canadian annals as the second battle of that name.

When Yates reached the tent he found it empty and torn by bullets. The fortunes of war had smashed the jug, and the fragments were strewn in front of the entrance, probably by some disappointed man who had tried to sample the contents and had found nothing. Yates was tired out. He flung himself down on one of the deserted bunks, and was soon sleeping almost as soundly as the man behind a log not six feet away with his face among the dead leaves.

When the Canadian forces retreated, Renmark, who had watched the contest with all the helpless anxiety of a non-combatant, sharing the danger but having no influence upon the result, followed them, making a wide *détour* so as to avoid the chance shots which were still flying. He expected to come up with the volunteers on the road, but was not successful. Through various miscalculations, he did not succeed in finding them until towards evening. At first they told him that young Howard was with the company and unhurt, but further inquiry soon developed the fact that he had not been seen since the fight. He was not among those who were killed or wounded, and it was nightfall before Renmark realized that opposite his name on the roll would be placed the ominous word "missing." Renmark remembered

that the boy had said he would visit his home if he got leave; but no leave had been asked for. At last Renmark was convinced that young Howard was either badly wounded or dead. The possibility of his desertion the professor did not consider for a moment, although he admitted to himself that it was hard to tell what panic of fear might come over a boy who for the first time in his life found bullets flying about his ears.

With a heavy heart, Renmark turned back and made his way to the fatal field. He found nothing on the Canadian side. Going over to the woods, he came across several bodies lying where they fell; but they were all strangers. Even in the darkness he would have had no difficulty in recognizing the volunteer uniform which he knew so well. He walked down to the Howard homestead, hoping yet fearing to hear the boy's voice,—the voice of a deserter. Everything was silent about the house, although a light shone through an upper window and also through one below. He paused at the gate, not knowing what to do. It was evident the boy was not here, yet how to find the father or brother without alarming Margaret or her mother puzzled him. As he stood there, the door opened, and he recognized Mrs. Bartlett and Margaret standing in the light. He moved away from the gate, and heard the older woman say,—

"Oh, she will be all right in the morning, now that she has fallen into a nice sleep. I wouldn't disturb her to-night, if I were you. It is nothing but nervousness and fright at that horrible firing. It's all over now, thank God. Good-night, Margaret."

The good woman came through the gate, and then ran with all the speed of sixteen towards her own home. Margaret stood in the doorway, listening to the retreating footsteps. She was pale and anxious, but Renmark thought he had never seen any one so lovely, and he was startled to find that he had a most un-professor-like longing to take her in his arms and comfort her, a feeling which had never assailed him in the dim educational corridors of the stately university building. Instead of bringing her consolation, he feared it would be his fate to add to her anxiety; and it was not until he saw that she was about to close the door that he found courage to speak.

"Margaret," he said.

The girl had never heard her name pronounced in that tone before, and the cadence of it went direct to her heart, frightening her with an unknown joy. She seemed unable to move or respond, and stood there with wide eyes and suspended breath, gazing into the darkness. Renmark stepped into the light, and she saw his face was haggard with fatigue and anxiety.

"Margaret," he said again, "I want to speak with you a moment. Where is your brother?"

"He has gone with Mr. Bartlett to see if he can find the horses. There is something wrong," she continued, stepping down beside him. "I can see it in your face. What is it?"

"Is your father in the house?"

"Yes, but he is worried about mother. Tell me what it is. It is better to tell me."

Renmark hesitated.

"Don't keep me in suspense like this," cried the girl, in a low but intense voice. "You have said too much or too little. Has anything happened to Henry?"

"No. It is about Arthur I wanted to speak. You will not be alarmed?"

"I *am* alarmed. Tell me quickly." And the girl in her excitement laid her hands imploringly on his.

"Arthur joined the volunteers in Toronto some time ago. Did you know that?"

"He never told me. I understand—I think so, but I hope not. He was in the battle to-day. Is he—has he been—hurt?"

"I don't know. I am afraid so," said Renmark, hurriedly, now that the truth had to come out, and he realized by the nervous tightening of the girl's unconscious grasp how clumsily he was telling it. "He was with the volunteers this morning. He is not with them now. They don't know where he is. No one saw him hurt, but it is feared he was, and that he has been left behind. I have been all over the ground."

"Yes, yes."

"But I could not find him. I came here hoping to find him."

"Take me to where the volunteers were," she sobbed. "I know what has happened. Come quickly."

"Will you not put something on your head?"

"No, no. Come at once." Then, pausing, she said, "Shall we need a lantern?"

"No; it is light enough when we get out from the shadow of the house."

Margaret ran along the road so swiftly that Renmark had some trouble in keeping pace with her. She turned at the side-road and sped up the gentle ascent to the spot where the volunteers had crossed it.

"Here is the place," said Renmark.

"He could not have been hit in the field," she cried, breathlessly, "for then he might have reached the house at the corner without climbing a fence. If he was badly hurt he would have been here. Did you search this field?"

"Every bit of it. He is not here."

"Then it must have happened after he crossed the road and the second fence. Did you see the battle?"

"Yes."

"Did the Fenians cross the field after the volunteers?"

"No; they did not leave the woods."

"Then if he was struck it could not have been far from the other side of the second fence. He would be the last to retreat; and that is why the others did not see him," said the girl, with confident pride in her brother's courage.

They crossed the first fence, the road, and the second fence, the girl walking ahead for a few paces. She stopped and leaned for a moment against a tree. "It must have been about here," she said, in a voice hardly audible. "Have you searched on this side?"

"Yes, for half a mile farther into the fields and woods."

"No, no, not there, but down along the fence. He knew every inch of this ground. If he were wounded here, he would at once try to reach our house. Search down along the fence. I—I cannot go."

Renmark walked along the fence, peering into the dark corners made by the zigzag of the rails, and he knew, without looking back, that Margaret with feminine inconsistency was following him. Suddenly she darted past him and flung herself down in the long grass, wailing out a cry that cut Renmark like a knife.

The boy lay with his face in the grass and his outstretched hand grasping the lower rail of the fence. He had dragged himself this far and reached an insurmountable obstacle.

Renmark drew the weeping girl gently away, and rapidly ran his hand over the prostrate lad. He quickly opened his tunic, and a thrill of joy passed over him as he felt the faint beating of the heart.

"He is alive," he cried. "He will get well, Margaret." This statement, however, was a somewhat premature one to make on so hasty an examination.

He rose, expecting a look of gratitude from the girl he loved. He was amazed to see her eyes almost luminous in the darkness, blazing with wrath.

"When did you know he was with the volunteers?"

"This morning,—early," said the professor, taken aback.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"He asked me not to."

"He is a mere boy. You are a man, and ought to have a man's sense. You had no right to mind what a boy said. It was my right to know and your duty to tell me. Through your negligence and stupidity my brother has lain here all day,—perhaps dying," she added, with a break in her angry voice.

"If you had known—I didn't know anything was wrong until I saw the volunteers. I have not lost a moment since."

"I should have known he was missing, without going to the volunteers."

Renmark was so amazed at the unjust accusation from a girl whom he had made the mistake of believing to be without a temper of her own that he knew not what to say. He was, however, to have one more example of inconsistency.

"Why do you stand there doing nothing, now that I have found him?" she demanded.

It was on his tongue to say, "I stand here because you stand there unjustly quarrelling with me," but he did not say it. Renmark was not a ready man, yet he did, for once, the right thing.

"Margaret," he said, sternly, "throw down that fence."

This curt command, delivered in his most schoolmastery manner, was instantly obeyed. Such a task may seem a formidable one to set to a young woman, but it is a feat easily accomplished in some parts of America. A rail fence lends itself readily to demolition. Margaret tossed a rail to the right, one to the left, and one to the right again, until an open gap took the place of that part of the fence. The pro-

fessor examined the young soldier in the mean time, and found his leg had been broken by a musket-ball. He raised him up tenderly in his arms, and was pleased to hear a groan escape his lips. He walked through the open gap and along the road towards the house, bearing the unconscious form of his pupil. Margaret silently kept close to his side, her fingers every now and then unconsciously caressing the damp curly locks of her brother.

"We shall have to have a doctor?" Her assertion was half an inquiry.

"Certainly."

"We must not disturb any one in the house. It is better that I should tell you what to do now, so that we need not talk when we reach there."

"We cannot help disturbing some one."

"I do not think it will be necessary. If you will stay with Arthur I will go for the doctor, and no one need know."

"I will go for the doctor."

"You do not know the way. It is five or six miles. I will ride Gypsy, and will soon be back."

"But there are prowlers and stragglers all along the roads. It is not safe for you to go alone."

"It is perfectly safe. No horse that the stragglers have stolen can overtake Gypsy. Now, don't say anything more. It is best that I should go. I will run on ahead and enter the house quietly. I will take the lamp to the room at the side, where the window opens to the floor. Carry him around there. I will be waiting for you at the gate, and will show you the way."

With that the girl was off, and Renmark carried his burden alone. She was waiting for him at the gate, and silently led the way around the house to where the door-window opened upon the bit of lawn under an apple-tree. The light streamed out upon the grass. He placed the boy gently upon the dainty bed. It needed no second glance to tell Renmark whose room he was in. It was decorated with those pretty little knick-knacks that are dear to the heart of a girl in a snuggerly which she can call her own.

"It is not likely that you will be disturbed here," she whispered, "until I come back. I will tap at the window when I come with the doctor."

"Don't you think it would be better and safer for me to go? I don't like the thought of you going alone."

"No, no. Please do just what I tell you to. You do not know the way. I shall be very much quicker. If Arthur should—should—wake, he will know you, and will not be alarmed, as he might be if you were a stranger."

Margaret was gone before he could say anything more, and Renmark sat down, devoutly hoping that no one would rap at the door of the room while he was there.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET spoke caressingly to her horse when she opened the stable door, and Gypsy replied with that affectionate low guttural whinny which the Scotch graphically term "nickering." She patted the little animal; and if Gypsy was surprised at being saddled and bridled at that hour of the night, no protest was made, the horse merely rubbing its nose lovingly up and down Margaret's sleeve as she buckled the different straps. There was evidently a good understanding between those two.

"No, Gyp," she whispered, "I have nothing for you to-night,—nothing but hard work and quick work. Now, you mustn't make a noise till we get past the house."

On her wrist she slipped the loop of a riding-whip which she always carried but never used. Gyp had never felt the indignity of the lash. The little horse was always willing to do what was required merely for a word.

Margaret opened the big gate before she saddled her horse, and there was therefore no delay in getting out upon the main road, although the passing of the house was an anxious moment. She feared that if her father heard the steps or the neighing of the horse he might come out to investigate. Half-way between her own home and Bartlett's house she sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Now then, Gyp."

The horse required no second word. Away they sped down the road towards the east, the mild June air coming sweet and cool and fresh from the distant lake, laden with the odors of the woods and the fields. The stillness was intense, broken only by the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, America's one-phrased nightingale, or the still more weird and eerie note of the distant loon.

The houses along the road seemed deserted; no lights were shown anywhere. The wildest rumors were abroad concerning the slaughter of the day, and the population, scattered as it was, appeared to have retired into its shell. A spell of silence and darkness was over the land, and the rapid hoof-beats of the horse sounded with startling distinctness on the harder portions of the road, emphasized by intervals of complete stillness when the fetlocks sank in the sand and progress was more difficult for the plucky little animal. The only thrill of fear that Margaret felt on her night-journey was when she entered the dark arch of an avenue of old forest-trees that bordered the road, like a great gloomy cathedral aisle in the shadow of which anything might be hidden. Once the horse with a jump of fear started sideways and plunged ahead: Margaret caught her breath as she saw, or fancied she saw, several men stretched on the road-side, asleep or dead. Once in the open again she breathed more freely, and if it had not been for the jump of the horse she would have accused her imagination of playing her a trick. Just as she had completely reassured herself, a shadow moved from the fence to the middle of the road, and a sharp voice cried,—

"Halt!"

The little horse, as if it knew the meaning of the word, planted its two front hoofs together and slid along the ground for a moment, coming so quickly to a stand-still that it was with some difficulty Margaret kept her seat. She saw in front of her a man holding a gun, evidently ready to fire if she attempted to disobey his command.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" he demanded.

"Oh, please let me pass," pleaded Margaret, with a tremor of fear in her voice. "I am going for a doctor—for my brother: he is badly wounded, and will perhaps die if I am delayed."

The man laughed.

"Oho!" he cried, coming closer; "a woman, is it? and a young one, too, or I'm a heathen. Now, miss or missus, you get down. I'll have to investigate this. The brother business won't work with an old soldier. It's your lover you're riding for at this time of the night, or I'm no judge of the sex. Just slip down, my lady, and see if you don't like me better than him; and remember that all cats are black in the dark. Get down, I tell you."

"If you are a soldier you will let me go. My brother is badly wounded. I must get to the doctor."

"There's no 'must' with a bayonet in front of you. If he has been wounded there's plenty of better men killed to-day. Come down, my dear."

Margaret gathered up the bridle-rein, but even in the darkness the man saw her intention.

"You can't escape, my pretty. If you try it, you'll not be hurt, but I'll kill your horse. If you move, I'll put a bullet through him."

"Kill my horse!" breathed Margaret, in horror, a fear coming over her that she had not felt at the thought of danger to herself.

"Yes, missy," said the man, approaching nearer and laying his hand on Gypsy's bridle. "But there will be no need of that. Besides, it would make too much noise, and might bring us company, which would be inconvenient. So come down quietly, like the nice little girl you are."

"If you will let me go and tell the doctor, I will come back here and be your prisoner."

The man laughed again, in low, tantalizing tones. This was a good joke.

"Oh, no, sweetheart. I wasn't born so recently as all that. A girl in the hand is worth a dozen a mile up the road. Now come off that horse, or I'll take you off. This is war-time, and I'm not going to waste any more pretty talk on you."

The man, who, she now saw, was hatless, leered up at her, and something in his sinister eyes made the girl quail. She had been so quiet that he apparently was not prepared for any sudden movement. Her right hand hanging down at her side had grasped the short riding-whip, and with a swiftness that gave him no chance to ward off the blow she struck him one stinging blinding cut across the eyes, and then brought down the lash on the flank of her horse, drawing the animal round with her left over her enemy. With a wild snort of astonish-

ment the horse sprang forward, bringing man and gun down to the ground with a clatter that woke the echoes; then, with an indignant toss of the head, Gyp sped along the road like the wind. It was the first time Gypsy had ever felt the cut of a whip, and the blow was not forgiven. Margaret, fearing further obstruction on the road, turned her horse's head towards the rail fence, and Gypsy went over it like a bird. In the field, where fast going in the dark had dangers, Margaret tried to slacken the pace, but the little horse would not have it so. It shook its head angrily whenever it thought of the indignity of that blow, while Margaret leaned over and tried to explain and beg pardon for her offence. The second fence was crossed with a clean-cut leap, and only once in the next field did the horse stumble, but quickly recovered and went on at the same break-neck gait. The next fence gallantly vaulted over brought them to the side-road half a mile up which stood the doctor's house. Margaret saw the futility of attempting a reconciliation until the goal was won. There, with difficulty, the horse was stopped, and Margaret struck the panes of the upper window, through which a light shone, with her riding-whip. The window was raised, and the situation speedily explained to the physician.

"I will be with you in a moment," he said.

Then Margaret slid from the saddle and put her arms around the neck of the trembling horse. Gypsy would have nothing to do with her, and sniffed the air with offended dignity.

"It *was* a shame, Gyp," she cried, almost tearfully, stroking the glossy neck of her resentful friend; "it was, it was, and I know it; but what was I to do, Gyp? You were the only protector I had, and you *did* bowl him over beautifully: no other horse could have done it so well. It's wicked, but I do hope you hurt him, just because I had to strike you."

Gypsy was still wrathful, and indicated by a toss of the head that the wheedling of a woman did not make up for a blow. It was the insult more than the pain; and from her,—there was the sting of it.

"I know; I know just how you feel, Gypsy dear, and I don't blame you for being angry. I might have spoken to you, of course, but there was no time to think, and it was really him I was striking. That's why it came down so hard. If I had said a word he would have got out of the way, coward that he was, and then would have shot you,—*you*, Gypsy. Think of it!"

If a man can be moulded in any shape that pleases a clever woman, how can a horse expect to be exempt from her influence, even if he is a superior animal to man? Gypsy showed signs of melting, whinnying softly and forgivingly.

"And it will never happen again, Gypsy,—never, never. As soon as we are safe home again I will burn that whip. You little pet, I knew you wouldn't——"

Gypsy's head rested on Margaret's shoulder, and we must draw a veil over the reconciliation. Some things are too sacred for a mere man to meddle with. The friends were friends once more, and on the altar of friendship the unoffending whip was doubtless offered as a burning sacrifice.

When the doctor came out, Margaret explained the danger of the road, and proposed that they should return by the longer and northern way,—the Concession, as it was called.

They met no one on the silent road, and soon they saw the light in the window.

The doctor and the girl left their horses tied some distance from the house, and walked together to the window with the stealthy steps of a pair of house-breakers. Margaret listened breathlessly at the closed window, and thought she heard the low murmur of conversation. She tapped lightly on the pane, and the professor threw back the door-window.

"We were getting very anxious about you," he whispered.

"Hello, Peggy," said the boy, with a wan smile, raising his head slightly from the pillow and dropping it back again.

Margaret stooped over and kissed him.

"My poor boy! what a fright you have given me!"

"Ah, Margery, think what a fright I got myself. I thought I was going to die within sight of the house."

The doctor gently pushed Margaret from the room. Renmark waited until the examination was over, and then went out to find her.

She sprang forward to meet him.

"It is all right," he said. "There is nothing to fear. He has been exhausted by loss of blood, but a few days' quiet will set that right. Then all you will have to contend against will be his impatience at being kept to his room, which may be necessary for some weeks."

"Oh, I am so glad! and—and I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Renmark!"

"I have done nothing,—except make blunders," replied the professor, with a bitterness that surprised and hurt her.

"How can you say that? You have done everything. We owe his life to you."

Renmark said nothing for a moment. Her unjust accusation in the earlier part of the night had deeply pained his over-sensitive nature, and he hoped for some hint of disclaimer from her. Belonging to the stupider sex, he did not realize that the words were spoken in a state of intense excitement and fear,—that another woman would probably have expressed her state of mind by fainting instead of talking, and that the whole episode had left absolutely no trace on the recollection of Margaret. At last Renmark spoke:

"I must be getting back to the tent, if it still exists. I think I had an appointment there with Yates some twelve hours ago, but to this moment I had forgotten it. Good-night."

Margaret stood for a few moments alone, and wondered what she had done to offend him. He stumbled along the dark road, not heeding much the direction he took, but automatically going the nearest way to the tent. Fatigue and the want of sleep were heavy upon him, and his feet were as lead. Although dazed, he was conscious of a dull ache where his heart ought to be, and he vaguely hoped he had not made a fool of himself. He entered the tent, and was startled by the voice of Yates:

"Hello! hello! Is that you, Stoliker?"

"No; it is Renmark. Are you asleep?"

"I guess I have been. Hunger is the one sensation of the moment. Have you provided anything to eat within the last twenty-four hours?"

"There's a bag full of potatoes here, I believe. I haven't been near the tent since early morning."

"All right, only don't expect a recommendation from me as cook. I'm not yet hungry enough for raw potatoes. What time has it got to be?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Seems as if I had been asleep for weeks. I'm the latest edition of Rip Van Winkle, and expect to find my moustache gray in the morning. I was dreaming sweetly of Stoliker when you fell over the bunk."

"What have you done with him?"

"I'm not wide enough awake to remember. I *think* I killed him, but wouldn't be sure. So many of my good resolutions go wrong that very likely he is alive at this moment. Ask me in the morning. What have you been prowling after all night?"

There was no answer. Renmark was evidently asleep.

"I'll ask *you* in the morning," murmured Yates, drowsily,—after which there was silence in the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

YATES had stubbornly refused to give up his search for rest and quiet, in spite of the discomfort of living in a leaky and battered tent. He expressed regret that he had not originally camped in the middle of Broadway, as being a quieter and less exciting spot than the place he had chosen, but, having made the choice, he was going to see the last dog hung, he said. Renmark had become less and less of a comrade. He was silent and almost as gloomy as Hiram Bartlett himself. When Yates tried to cheer him up by showing him how much worse another man's position might be, Renmark generally ended the talk by taking to the woods.

"Just reflect on my position," Yates would say. "Here I am dead in love with two lovely girls, both of whom are merely waiting for the word. To one of them I have nearly committed myself, which fact to a man of my temperament inclines me somewhat to the other. Here I am anxious to confide in you, and yet I feel that I risk a fight every time I talk about the complication. You have no sympathy for me, Renny, when I need sympathy, and I am bubbling over with sympathy for you and you won't have it. Now, what would you do if you were in my fix? If you would take five minutes and show me clearly which of the two girls I really ought to marry, it would help me ever so much, for then I would be sure to settle on the other one. It is the indecision that is slowly but surely sapping my vitality."

By this time Renmark would have pulled his soft felt hat over his eyes, and, muttering words that would have echoed strangely in the

silent halls of the University building, would plunge into the forest. Yates generally looked after his retreating figure without anger, but with mild wonder.

"Well, of all cantankerous cranks he is the worst," he would say, with a sigh. It is sad to see the temple of friendship tumble down about one's ears in this way. At their last talk of this kind Yates resolved not to discuss the problem again with the professor, unless a crisis came. The crisis came in the form of Stoliker, who dropped in on Yates as the latter lay in the hammock smoking and enjoying a thrilling romance belonging to the series then in vogue among brainless people, entitled "Beadle's Dime Novels." The camp was strewn with these engrossing paper-covered works, and Yates had read many of them, hoping to come across a case similar to his own, but to the time of Stoliker's visit he had not succeeded.

"Hello, Stoliker! how's things? Got the cuffs in your pocket? Want to have another tour across country with me?"

"No. But I came to warn you. There will be a warrant out to-morrow or next day, and if I were you I would get over to the other side; but you need never say I told you to. Of course if they give the warrant to me I shall have to arrest you; and although nothing may be done to you, still the country is in a state of excitement, and you will at least be put to some inconvenience."

"Stoliker," cried Yates, springing out of the hammock, "you are a white man! You're a good fellow, Stoliker, and I'm ever so much obliged. If you ever come to New York, you call on me at the *Argus* office,—anybody will show you where it is,—and I'll give you the liveliest time you ever had in your life. It won't cost you a cent, either."

"That's all right," said the constable. "Now, if I were you I would light out to-morrow at the latest."

"I will," said Yates.

Stoliker disappeared quietly among the trees, and Yates, after a moment's thought, began energetically to pack up his belongings. It was dark before he had finished and Renmark returned.

"Stilly," cried the reporter, cheerily, "there's a warrant out for my arrest. I shall have to go to-morrow at the latest."

"What! to jail?" cried his horrified friend, his conscience now troubling him, as the parting came, for his lack of kindness to an old comrade.

"Not if the court knows herself. But to Buffalo, which is pretty much the same thing. Still, thank goodness, I don't need to stay there long. I'll be in New York before I'm many days older. I yearn to plunge into the arena once more. The still calm peacefulness of this whole vacation has made me long for excitement again, and I'm glad the warrant has pushed me into the turmoil."

"Well, Richard, I'm sorry you have to go under such conditions. I'm afraid I have not been as companionable a comrade as you should have had."

"Oh, you're all right, Renny. The trouble with you is that you have drawn a little circle around Toronto University and said to your—

self, 'This is the world.' It isn't, you know. There is something outside of all that."

"Every man, doubtless, has his little circle. Yours is around the *Argus* office."

"Yes, but there are special wires from that little circle to all the rest of the world, and soon there will be an Atlantic cable."

"I do not hold that my circle is as large as yours; still, there is something outside of New York even."

"You bet your life there is; and, now that you are in a more sympathetic frame of mind, it is that I want to talk with you about. Those two girls are outside my little circle, and I want to bring one of them within it. Now, Renmark, which of those girls would you choose if you were me?"

The professor drew in his breath shortly, and was silent for a moment. At last he said, speaking very slowly,—

"I am afraid, Mr. Yates, that you do not quite appreciate my point of view. As you may think I have acted in an unfriendly manner, I will try for the first and final time to explain it. I hold that any man who marries a good woman gets more than he deserves, no matter how worthy he may be. I have a profound respect for all women, and I think that your light chatter about choosing between two is an insult to both of them. I think either of them is infinitely too good for you,—or for me either."

"Oh, you do, do you? Perhaps you think that you would make a much better husband than I. If that is the case, allow me to say you are entirely wrong. If your wife was sensitive, you would kill her with your gloomy fits. I wouldn't go off in the woods and sulk, anyhow."

"If you are referring to me, I will further inform you that I had either to go off in the woods or knock you down. I chose the lesser of two evils."

"Think you could do it, I suppose? Renny, you're conceited. You're not the first man who has made such a mistake and found he was barking up the wrong tree when it was too late for anything but bandages and arnica."

"I have tried to show you how I feel regarding this matter. I might have known I should not succeed. We will end the discussion, if you please."

"Oh, no. The discussion is just beginning. Now, Renny, I'll tell you what you need. You need a good sensible wife worse than any man I know. It is not yet too late to save you, but it soon will be. You will, before long, grow a crust on you, like a snail, or a lobster, or any other cold-blooded animal that gets a shell on itself. Then nothing can be done for you. Now let me save you, Renny, before it is too late. Here is my proposition. You choose one of those girls and marry her. I'll take the other. I'm not as unselfish as I may seem in this, for your choice will save me the worry of making up my own mind. According to your talk, either of the girls is too good for you, and for once I entirely agree with you. But let that pass. Now, who is it to be?"

"Good God, man, do you think I am going to bargain with you about my future wife?"

"That's right, Renny. I like to hear you swear. It shows you are not yet the prig you would have folks believe. There's still hope for you, professor. Now, I'll go further with you. Although I cannot make up my mind just what to do myself, I can tell instantly which is the girl for you, and thus we solve both problems at one stroke. You need a wife who will take you in hand. You need one who will not put up with your tantrums, who will be cheerful and who will make a man of you. Kitty Bartlett is the girl. She will tyrannize over you just as her mother does over the old man. She will keep house to the queen's taste and delight in getting you good things to eat. Why, everything is as plain as a pike-staff. That shows the benefit of talking over a thing. You marry Kitty, and I'll marry Margaret. Come, let's shake hands over it." Yates held up his right hand ready to slap it down on the open palm of the professor, but there was no response. Yates's hand came down to his side again, but he had not yet lost the enthusiasm of his proposal. The more he thought of it the more fitting it seemed.

"Margaret is such a sensible, quiet, level-headed girl that, if I am as flippant as you say, she will be just the wife for me. There are depths in my character, Renmark, that you have not suspected."

"Oh, you're deep."

"I admit it. Well, a good sober-minded woman would develop the best that is in me. Now, what do you say, Renny?"

"I say nothing. I am going into the woods again, dark as it is."

"Ah, well," said Yates, with a sigh, "there's no doing anything with you or for you. I've tried my best: that is one consolation. Don't go away. I'll let Fate decide. Here goes for a toss-up."

And Yates drew a silver half-dollar from his pocket. "Heads for Margaret!" he cried. Renmark clinched his fist, took a step forward, then checked himself, remembering that this was his last night with the man who had at least once been his friend.

Yates merrily spun the coin in the air, caught it in one hand, and slapped the other over it.

"Now for the turning-point in the lives of two innocent beings." He raised the covering hand and peered at the coin in the gathering gloom. "Heads it is. Margaret Howard becomes Mrs. Richard Yates. Congratulate me, professor."

Renmark stood motionless as a statue, an object-lesson in self-control. Yates set his hat more jauntily on his head, and slipped the epoch-making coin into his trousers-pocket.

"Good-by, old man," he said. "I'll see you later and tell you all the particulars."

Not waiting for the answer, which he probably knew there would have been little use in delaying for, Yates walked to the fence and sprang over it with one hand on the top rail. Renmark stood still for some minutes, then quietly gathered underbrush and sticks large and small, lighted a fire, and sat down on a log with his head in his hands.

CHAPTER XIII.

YATES walked merrily down the road, whistling "Gayly the Troubadour." Perhaps there is no moment in a man's life that he feels the joy of being alive more keenly than when he goes to propose to a girl of whose favorable answer he is reasonably sure, unless it be the moment he walks away an accepted lover. There is a magic about a June night, with its soft velvety darkness and its sweet mild air laden with the perfumes of wood and field. The enchantment of the hour threw its spell over the young man, and he resolved to live a better life and be worthy of the girl he had chosen, or, rather, that Fate had chosen for him. He paused a moment leaning over the fence near to the Howard homestead, for he had not yet settled in his own mind the details of the meeting. He would not go in, for in that case he knew he would have to talk, perhaps for hours, with every one but the person he wished to see. If he announced himself and asked to see Margaret alone, his doing so would embarrass her at the very beginning: Yates was naturally too much of a diplomat to commence awkwardly. As he stood there, wishing chance would bring her out of the house, there appeared a light in the door-window of the room where he knew the convalescent boy lay. Margaret's shadow formed a silhouette on the blind. Yates caught up a handful of sand and flung it lightly against the pane. Its soft patter evidently attracted the attention of the girl, for after a moment's pause the window opened carefully, and Margaret stepped quickly out and closed it, quietly standing there.

"Margaret," whispered Yates, hardly above his breath.

The girl advanced towards the fence.

"Is that *you*?" she whispered in return, with an accent on the last word that thrilled her listener. The accent told as plainly as speech that the word represented the one man on earth to her.

"Yes," answered Yates, springing over the fence and approaching her.

"Oh!" cried Margaret, starting back, then checking herself with a catch in her voice. "You—you startled me—Mr. Yates."

"Not Mr. Yates any more, Margaret, but Dick. Margaret, I wanted to see you alone. You know why I have come." He tried to grasp both her hands, but she put them resolutely behind her, seemingly wishing to retreat, yet standing her ground.

"Margaret, you must have seen long ago how it is with me. I love you, Margaret, loyally and truly. It seems as if I had loved you all my life. I certainly have since the first day I saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Yates, you must not talk to me like this."

"My darling, how else *can* I talk to you? It cannot be a surprise to you, Margaret. You must have known it long ago."

"I did not. Indeed I did not,—if you really mean it."

"Mean it? I never meant anything as I mean this. It is everything to me, and nothing else is anything. I have knocked about the world a good deal, I admit, but I never was in love before,—never knew what love was until I met you. I tell you that——"

"Please, please, Mr. Yates, do not say anything more. If it is really true, I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I hope nothing I have said or done has made you believe that—that——oh, I do not know what to say. I never thought you could be in earnest about anything."

"You surely cannot have so misjudged me, Margaret. Others have, but I did not expect it of you. You are far and away better than I am. No one knows that better than I. I do not pretend to be worthy of you, but I will be a good husband to you. Any man who gets the love of a good woman," continued Yates, earnestly, plagiarizing Renmark, "gets more than he deserves; but surely such love as mine is not given merely to be scornfully trampled under foot."

"I do not treat your—you scornfully. I am only sorry if what you say is true."

"Why do you say *if* it is true? Don't you know it is true?"

"Then I am very sorry,—very, *very* sorry, and I hope it is through no fault of mine. But you will soon forget me. When you return to New York——"

"Margaret," said the young man, bitterly, "I shall never forget you. Think what you are doing, before it is too late. Think how much this means to me. If you finally refuse me, you will wreck my life. I am the sort of man that a woman can make or mar. Do not, I beg of you, ruin the life of the man who loves you."

"I am not a missionary," cried Margaret, with sudden anger. "If your life is to be wrecked it will be through your own foolishness, and not from any act of mine. I think it cowardly of you to say that I am to be held responsible. I have no wish to influence your future one way or another."

"Not for good, Margaret?" asked Yates, with tender reproach.

"No. A man whose good or bad conduct depends on any one else but himself is not my ideal of a man."

"Tell me what your ideal is, so that I may try to attain it."

Margaret was silent.

"You think it will be useless for me to try?"

"As far as I am concerned, yes."

"Margaret, I want to ask you one more question. I have no right to, but I beg you to answer me. Are you in love with any one else?"

"No," cried Margaret, hotly. "How dare you ask me such a question?"

"Oh, it is not a crime,—that is, being in love with some one else is not. I'll tell you why I dare ask. I swear by all the gods that I shall win you, if not this year, then next, and if not next, then the year after. I was a coward to talk as I did; but I love you more now than I did even then. All I want to know is that you are not in love with another man."

"I think you are very cruel in persisting as you do, when you have had your answer. I say no. Never! never! never!—this year nor any other year. Is not that enough?"

"Not for me. A woman's 'no' may ultimately mean 'yes.'"

"That is true, Mr. Yates," replied Margaret, drawing herself up as one who makes a final plunge. "You remember the question you

asked me just now?—whether I cared for any one else? I said 'no.' That 'no' meant 'yes.'"

He was standing between her and the window, so she could not escape by the way she came. He saw she meditated flight, and made as though he would intercept her, but she was too quick for him. She ran around the house, and he heard a door open and shut.

He knew he was defeated. Dejectedly he turned to the fence, climbing slowly over where he had leaped so lightly a few minutes before, and walked down the road, cursing his fate. Although he admitted he was a coward in talking to her as he did about his wrecked life, yet he knew now that every word he had spoken was true. What did the future hold out to him? Not even the incentive to live. He found himself walking towards the tent, but, not wishing to meet Renmark in his present frame of mind, he turned and came out on the Ridge Road. He was tired and broken, and resolved to stay in camp until they arrested him. Then perhaps she might have some pity on him. Who was the other man she loved? or had she merely said that to give finality to her refusal? In his present mood he pictured the worst, and imagined her the wife of some neighboring farmer,—perhaps even of Stoliker. These country-girls, he said to himself, never believed a man was worth looking at unless he owned a farm. He would save his money and buy up the whole neighborhood; *then* she would realize what she had missed. He climbed up on the fence beside the road, and sat on the top rail, with his heels resting on a lower one, so that he might enjoy his misery without the fatigue of walking. His vivid imagination pictured himself as in a few years' time the owner of a large section of that part of the country, with mortgages on a good deal of the remainder, including the farm owned by Margaret's husband. He saw her now a farmer's faded wife coming to him and begging for further time in which to pay the seven per cent. due. He knew he would act magnanimously on such an occasion and grandly give her husband all the time he required. Perhaps then she would realize the mistake she had made. Or perhaps fame rather than riches would be his line. His name would ring throughout the land. He might become a great politician and bankrupt Canada with a rigid tariff law. The unfairness of making the whole innocent people suffer for the inconsiderate act of one of them did not occur to him at the moment, for he was humiliated and hurt. There is no bitterness like that which assails the man who has been rejected by the girl he adores,—while it lasts. His eye wandered towards the black mass of the Howard house. It was as dark as his thoughts. He turned his head slowly around, and like a bright star of hope there glimmered up the road a flickering light from the Bartletts' parlor window. Although time had stopped as far as he was concerned, he was convinced it could not be very late, or the Bartletts would have gone to bed. It is always difficult to realize that the greatest of catastrophes are generally over in a few minutes. It seemed an age since he walked so hopefully away from the tent. As he looked at the light the thought struck him that perhaps Kitty was alone in the parlor. She at least would not have treated him so badly as the other girl; and—and she was pretty, too,

come to think of it. He always did like a blonde better than a brunette.

A fence-rail is not a comfortable seat. It is used in some parts of the country in such a manner as to impress the sitter with the fact of its extreme discomfort, and as a gentle hint that his presence is not wanted in that immediate neighborhood. Yates recollected this with a smile as he slid off and stumbled into the ditch by the side of the road. His mind had been so preoccupied that he had forgotten about the ditch. As he walked along the road towards the star that guided him, he remembered he had recklessly offered Miss Kitty to the callous professor. After all, no one knew about the episode of a short time before except himself and Margaret, and he felt convinced she was not a girl to boast of her conquests. Anyhow, it didn't matter. A man is surely master of himself.

As he neared the window he looked in. People are not particular about lowering the blinds in the country. He was rather disappointed to see Mrs. Bartlett sitting there knitting, like the industrious woman she was. Still, it was consoling to note that none of the men-folks were present, and that Kitty, with her fluffy hair half concealing her face, sat reading a book he had lent to her. He rapped at the door, and it was opened by Mrs. Bartlett with some surprise.

"For the land's sake, is that you, Mr. Yates?"

"It is."

"Come right in. Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your best friend. Ah, I see how it is,"—Yates started:—"you have run out of provisions, and are very likely as hungry as a bear."

"You've hit it first time, Mrs. Bartlett. I dropped around to see if I could borrow a loaf of bread. We don't bake till to-morrow."

Mrs. Bartlett laughed.

"Nice baking you would do if you tried it. I'll get you a loaf in a minute. Are you sure one is enough?"

"Quite enough, thank you."

The good woman bustled out to the other room for the loaf, and Yates made good use of her temporary absence.

"Kitty," he whispered, "I want to see you alone for a few minutes. I'll wait for you at the gate. Can you slip out?"

Kitty blushed very red and nodded.

"They have a warrant out for my arrest, and I'm off to-morrow before they can serve it. But I couldn't go without seeing you. You'll come, sure?"

Again Kitty nodded, after looking up at him in alarm when he spoke of the warrant. Before anything further could be said, Mrs. Bartlett came in, and Kitty was absorbed in her book.

"Won't you have something to eat now before you go back?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Bartlett. You see, the professor is waiting for me."

"Let him wait, if he didn't have sense enough to come."

"He didn't. I offered him the chance."

"It won't take us a moment to set the table. It is not the least trouble."

"Really, Mrs. Bartlett, you are very kind. I am not in the slightest degree hungry now. I am merely taking some thought of the morrow. No; I must be going, and thank you very much."

"Well," said Mrs. Bartlett, seeing him to the door, "if there's anything you want, come to me, and I will let you have it if it's in the house."

"You are too good to me," said the young man, with genuine feeling, "and I don't deserve it; but I may remind you of your promise—to-morrow."

"See that you do," she answered. "Good-night."

Yates waited at the gate, placing the loaf on the post, where he forgot it, much to the astonishment of the donor in the morning. He did not have to wait long, for Kitty came around the house somewhat shrinkingly, as one who was doing the most wicked thing that had been done since the world began. Yates hastened to meet her, clasping one of her unresisting hands in his.

"I must be off to-morrow," he began.

"I am very sorry," answered Kitty, in a whisper.

"Ah, Kitty, you are not half so sorry as I am. But I intend to come back, if you will let me. Kitty, you remember that talk we had in the kitchen when we—when there was an interruption, and when I had to go away with our friend Stoliker?"

Kitty indicated that she remembered it.

"Well, of course you know what I wanted to say to you. Of course you know what I want to say to you now."

It seemed, however, that in this he was mistaken, for Kitty had not the slightest idea, and wanted to go into the house, for it was late, and her mother would miss her.

"Kitty, you darling little humbug, you know that I love you. You must know that I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you, when you laughed at me. Kitty, I want you to marry me and make something of me, if that is possible. I am a worthless fellow, not half good enough for a little pet like you, but, Kitty, if you will only say yes I will try, and try hard, to be a better man than I have ever been before."

Kitty did not say "yes," but she placed her disengaged hand warm and soft upon his, and Yates was not the man to have any hesitation about what to do next. To practical people it may seem an astonishing thing that the object of the interview being happily accomplished there should be any need of prolonging it, yet the two lingered there, and he told her much of his past life, and of how lonely and sordid it had been because he had no one to care for him,—at which her pretty eyes filled with tears. She felt proud and happy to think she had won the first great love of a talented man's life, and hoped she would make him happy and in a measure atone for the emptiness of the life that had gone before. She prayed that he might always be as fond of her as he was then, and resolved to be worthy of him if she could. Strange to say, her wishes were amply fulfilled, and few wives are as happy or as

proud of their husbands as Kitty Bartlett that was. The one woman who might have put the drop of bitterness in her cup of life merely kissed her tenderly when Kitty told her of the great joy that had come to her, and said she was sure she would be happy; and thus for the second time Margaret told the thing that was not, but for once Margaret was wrong in her fears.

Yates walked to the tent a glorified man, leaving his loaf on the gate-post behind him. Few realize that it is quite as pleasant to be loved as to love. The verb "to love" has many conjugations. The earth he trod was like no other ground he had ever walked upon. The magic of the June night was never so enchanting before. He walked with his head and his thoughts in the clouds, and the Providence that cares for the intoxicated looked after him and saw that the accepted lover came to no harm. He leaped the fence without even putting his hand to it, and then was brought to earth again by the picture of a man sitting with his head in his hands beside a dying fire.

CHAPTER XIV.

YATES stood for a moment regarding the dejected attitude of his friend.

"Hello, old man," he cried, "you have the most 'hark-from-the-tombs' appearance I ever saw. What's the matter?"

Renmark looked up.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Of course it's I. Been expecting anybody else?"

"No. I have been waiting for you, and thinking of a variety of things."

"You look it. Well, Renny, congratulate me, my boy. She's mine, and I'm hers,—which is two ways of stating the same delightful fact. I'm up in a balloon, Renny. I'm engaged to the prettiest, sweetest, and most delightful girl there is from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What d'ye think of that? Say, Renmark, there's nothing on earth like it. You ought to reform and go in for being in love. It would make a man of you. Champagne isn't to be compared to it. Get up here and dance, and don't sit there like a bear nursing a sore paw. Do you comprehend that I am to be married to the darlingest girl that lives?"

"God help her!"

"That's what I say. Every day of her life, bless her! But I don't say it quite in that tone, Renmark. What's the matter with you? One would think you were in love with the girl yourself, if such a thing were possible."

"Why is it not possible?"

"If that is a conundrum I can answer it the first time. Because you are a fossil. You are too good, Renny, therefore dull and uninteresting. Now, there is nothing a woman likes so much as to reclaim a man. It always annoys a woman to know that the man she is interested in has a past with which she has had nothing to do. If he is

wicked and she can sort of make him over, like an old dress, she revels in the process. She flatters herself she makes a new man of him, and thinks she owns that new man by right of manufacture. We owe it to the sex, Renny, to give 'em a chance at reforming us. I have known men who hated tobacco take to smoking merely to give it up joyfully for the sake of the woman they loved. Now, if a man is perfect to begin with, what is a dear ministering angel of a woman to do with him? Manifestly, nothing. The trouble with you, Renny, is that you are too evidently ruled by a good and well-trained conscience, and naturally all women you meet intuitively see this and have no use for you. A little wickedness would be the making of you."

"Do you think, then, that if a man's impulse is to do what his conscience tells him is wrong, he should follow his impulse and not his conscience?"

"You state the case with unnecessary seriousness. I think that an occasional blow-out is good for a man. But if you ever have an impulse of that kind, I think you should give way to it for once, just to see how it feels. A man who is too good gets conceited about himself."

"I half believe you are right, Mr. Yates," said the professor, rising. "I will act on your advice, and, as you put it, see how it feels. My conscience tells me that I should congratulate you and wish you a long and happy life with the girl you have—I won't say chosen, but tossed up for. The natural man in me, on the other hand, urges me to break every bone in your worthless body. Throw off your coat, Yates."

"Oh, I say, Renmark, you're crazy."

"Perhaps so. Be all the more on your guard, if you believe it. A lunatic is sometimes dangerous."

"Oh, go away. You're dreaming. You're talking in your sleep. What? fight? To-night? Nonsense!"

"Do you want me to strike you before you are ready?"

"No, Renny, no. My wants are always modest. I don't wish to fight at all, especially to-night. I'm a reformed man, I tell you. I have no desire to bid good-by to my best girl with a black eye to-morrow."

"Then stop talking, if you can, and defend yourself."

"It's impossible to fight here in the dark. Don't flatter yourself for a moment that I am afraid. You just spar with yourself and get limbered up while I put some wood on the fire. This is too ridiculous."

Yates gathered up some fuel and managed to coax the dying embers into a blaze.

"There," he said, "that's better. Now let me have a look at you. In the name of wonder, Renny, what do you want to fight me for, to-night?"

"I refuse to give my reason."

"Then I refuse to fight. I'll run, and I can beat you in a foot-race any day in the week. Why, you're worse than her father. He at least let me know why he fought me."

"Whose father?"

"Kitty's father, of course,—my future father-in-law. And that's another ordeal ahead of me. I haven't spoken to the old man yet, and I need all my fighting grit for that."

"What are you talking about?"

"Isn't my language plain? It usually is."

"To whom are you engaged? As I understand your talk, it is to Miss Bartlett. Am I right?"

"Right as rain, Renny. This fire is dying down again. Say, can't we postpone our fracas until daylight? I don't want to gather any more wood. Besides, one of us is sure to be knocked into the fire and thus ruin whatever is left of our clothes. What do you say?"

"Say? I say I am an idiot."

"Hello! reason is returning, Renny. I perfectly agree with you."

"Thank you. Then you did not propose to Mar—to Miss Howard?"

"Now you touch upon a sore spot, Renmark, that I am trying to forget. You remember the unfortunate toss-up; in fact, I think you referred to it a moment ago, and you were justly indignant about it at the time. Well, I don't care to talk much about the sequel, but, as you know the beginning, you will have to know the end, because I want to wring a second promise from you. You are never to mention this episode of the toss-up or of my confession to any living soul. The telling of it might do harm, and it couldn't possibly do any good. Will you promise?"

"Certainly. But do not tell me unless you wish to."

"I don't exactly yearn to talk about it, but it is better you should understand how the land lies, so you won't make any mistake. Not on *my* account, you know, but I would not like it to come to Kitty's ears. Yes, I proposed to Margaret—first. She wouldn't look at me. Can you credit that?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I——"

"Exactly. I see you *can* credit it. Well, I couldn't at first, but Margaret knows her own mind, there's no question about *that*. Say! she's in love with some other fellow. I found that much out."

"You asked her, I presume."

"Well, it's my profession to find things out; and, naturally, if I do that for my paper it is not likely I am going to be behindhand when it comes to myself. She denied it at first, but admitted it afterwards, and then bolted."

"You must have used great tact and delicacy."

"See here, Renmark, I'm not going to stand any of your sneering. I told you this was a sore subject with me. I'm not telling you because I like to, but because I have to. Don't put me in fighting humor, Mr. Renmark. If I talk fight I won't begin for no reason and then back out for no reason. I'll go on."

"I'll be discreet, and beg to take back all I said. What else?"

"Nothing else. Isn't that enough? It was more than enough for me—at the time. I tell you, Renmark, I spent a pretty bad half-hour sitting on the fence and thinking about it."

"So long as that?"

Yates rose from the fire indignantly.

"I take that back too," cried the professor, hastily. "I didn't mean it."

"It strikes me you've become awfully funny all of a sudden. Don't you think it's about time we took to our bunks? It's late."

Renmark agreed with him, but did not turn in. He walked to the friendly fence, laid his arms along the top rail, and gazed at the friendly stars. He had not noticed before how lovely the night was, with its impressive stillness, as if the world had stopped as a steamer stops in mid-ocean. After quieting his troubled spirit in the restful stars, he climbed the fence and walked down the road, taking little heed of the direction. The still night was a soothing companion. He came at last to a sleeping village of wooden houses, and through the centre of the town ran a single line of rails, an iron link connecting the unknown hamlet with all civilization. A red and a green light glimmered down the line, giving the only indication that a train ever came that way. As he went a mile or two farther, the cool breath of the great lake made itself felt, and after crossing a field he suddenly came upon the water, finding all farther progress in that direction barred. Huge sand dunes formed the shore, covered with sighing pines. At the foot of the dunes stretched a broad beach of firm sand dimly visible in contrast with the darker water, and at long intervals on the sand fell the light ripple of the languid summer waves running up the beach with a half-asleep whisper that became softer and softer until it was merged in the silence beyond. Far out on the dark waters, a point of light, like a floating star, showed where a steamer was slowly making her way, and so still was the night that he felt, rather than heard, her pulsating engines. It was the only sign of life visible from that enchanted bay, —the bay of the silver beach.

Renmark threw himself down on the soft sand at the foot of a dune. The point of light gradually worked its way to the west, following, doubtless unconsciously, the star of empire, and disappeared around the headland, taking with it a certain vague sense of companionship. But the world is very small, and a man is never quite as much alone as he thinks he is. Renmark heard the low hoot of an owl among the trees, which cry he was astonished to hear answered from the water. He sat up and listened. Presently there grated on the sand the keel of a boat, and some one stepped ashore. From the woods there emerged the shadowy forms of three men. Nothing was said, but they got silently into the boat, which might have been Charon's craft for all he could see of it. The rattle of the rowlocks and the splash of oars followed, while a voice cautioned the rowers to make less noise. It was evident that some belated fugitives were eluding the authorities of both countries. Renmark thought with a smile that if Yates were in his place he would at least give them a fright. A sharp command to an imaginary company to load and fire would travel far on such a night, and would give the rowers a few moments of great discomfort. Renmark, however, did not shout, but treated the episode as part of the mystical dream, and lay down on

the sand again. He noticed that the water in the east seemed to feel the approach of day even before the sky. Gradually the day dawned, a slowly-lightening gray at first, until the coming sun spattered a filmy cloud with gold and crimson. Renmark watched the glory of the sunrise, took one lingering look at the curved beauty of the bay shore, shook the sand from his clothing, and started back for the village and the camp beyond.

The village was astir when he reached it. He was surprised to see Stoliker on horseback in front of one of the taverns. Two assistants were with him, also seated on horses. The constable seemed disturbed by the sight of Renmark, but he was there to do his duty.

"Hello!" he cried, "you're up early. I have a warrant for the arrest of your friend: I suppose you won't tell me where he is?"

"You can't expect me to give any information that will get a friend into trouble, can you?—especially as he has done nothing."

"That's as may turn out before a jury," said one of the assistants, gravely.

"Yes," assented Stoliker, winking quietly at the professor. "That is for judge and jury to determine,—not you."

"Well," said Renmark, "I will not inform on anybody, unless I am compelled to, but I may save you some trouble by telling where I have been and what I have seen. I am on my way back from the lake. If you go down there you will still see the mark of a boat's keel on the sand, and probably footprints. A boat came over from the other shore in the night and a man got on board. I don't say who the man was, and I had nothing to do with the matter in any way except as a spectator. That is all the information I have to give."

Stoliker turned to his assistants, and nodded. "What did I tell you?" he asked. "We were right on his track."

"You said the railroad," grumbled the man who had spoken before.

"Well, we were within two miles of him. Let us go down to the lake and see the traces. Then we can return the warrant."

Renmark found Yates still asleep in the tent. He prepared breakfast without disturbing him. When the meal was ready he roused the reporter and told him of his meeting with Stoliker, advising him to get back to New York without delay.

Yates yawned sleepily.

"Yes," he said, "I've been dreaming it all out. I'll get father-in-law to tote me out to Fort Erie to-night."

"Do you think it will be safe to put it off so long?"

"Safer than trying to get away during the day. After breakfast I'm going down to the Bartlett homestead. Must have a talk with the old folks, you know. I'll spend the rest of the day making up for that interview by talking with Kitty. Stoliker will never search for me there, and now that he thinks I'm gone he will likely make a visit to the tent. Stoliker is a good fellow, but his strong point is duty, you know, and if he's certain I'm gone he'll give his country the worth of its money by searching. I won't be back for dinner: so you can put in your time reading my dime novels. I make no reflections

on your cooking, Renny, now that the vacation is over, but I have my preferences, and they incline towards a final meal with the Bartletts. If I were you I'd have a nap. You look tired out."

"I am," said the professor.

Renmark intended to lie down for a few moments until Yates was clear of the camp, after which he determined to pay a visit; but Nature, when she got him locked up in sleep, took her revenge. He did not hear Stoliker and his satellites search the premises, just as Yates had predicted they would, and when he finally awoke he found, to his astonishment, that it was nearly dark. But he was all the better for his sleep, and he attended to his personal appearance with more than ordinary care.

Old Hiram Bartlett accepted the situation with the patient and grim stolidity of a man who takes a blow dealt him by a Providence which he knows is inscrutable. What he had done to deserve it was beyond his comprehension. He silently hitched up his horses, and for the first time in his life drove in to Fort Erie without any reasonable excuse for going there. He tied his team at the usual corner, after which he sat at one of the taverns and drank strong waters that had no apparent effect on him. He even went so far as to smoke two native cigars; and a man who can do that can do anything. To bring up a daughter who would deliberately accept a man from "the States," and to have a wife who would aid and abet such an action, giving comfort and support to the enemy, seemed to him traitorous to all the traditions of 1812 or any other date in the history of the two countries. At times, wild ideas of getting blind full and going home to break every breakable thing in the house rose in his mind, but prudence whispered that he had to live all the rest of his life with his wife, and he realized that his scheme of vengeance had its drawbacks. Finally he untied his patient team, after paying his bill, and drove silently home, not having returned, even by a nod, any of the salutations tendered to him that day. He was somewhat relieved to find no questions were asked, and that his wife recognized the fact that he was passing through a crisis. Nevertheless there was a steely glitter in the eye he uneasily quailed under, which told him a line had been reached which it would not be well for him to cross. She forgave, but it mustn't go any further.

When Yates kissed Kitty good-night at the gate he asked her, with some trepidation, whether she had told any one of their engagement.

"No one but Margaret," said Kitty.

"And what did she say?" asked Yates, as if, after all, her opinion was of no importance.

"She said she was sure I should be happy, and she knew you would be a good husband."

"She's rather a nice girl, is Margaret," remarked Yates, with the air of a man willing to concede good qualities to a girl other than his own, but indicating, after all, that there was but one on earth for him.

"She is a lovely girl," said Kitty, enthusiastically. "I wonder, Dick, when you knew her, why you ever fell in love with me."

"The idea! I haven't a word to say against Margaret; but, compared with my girl——"

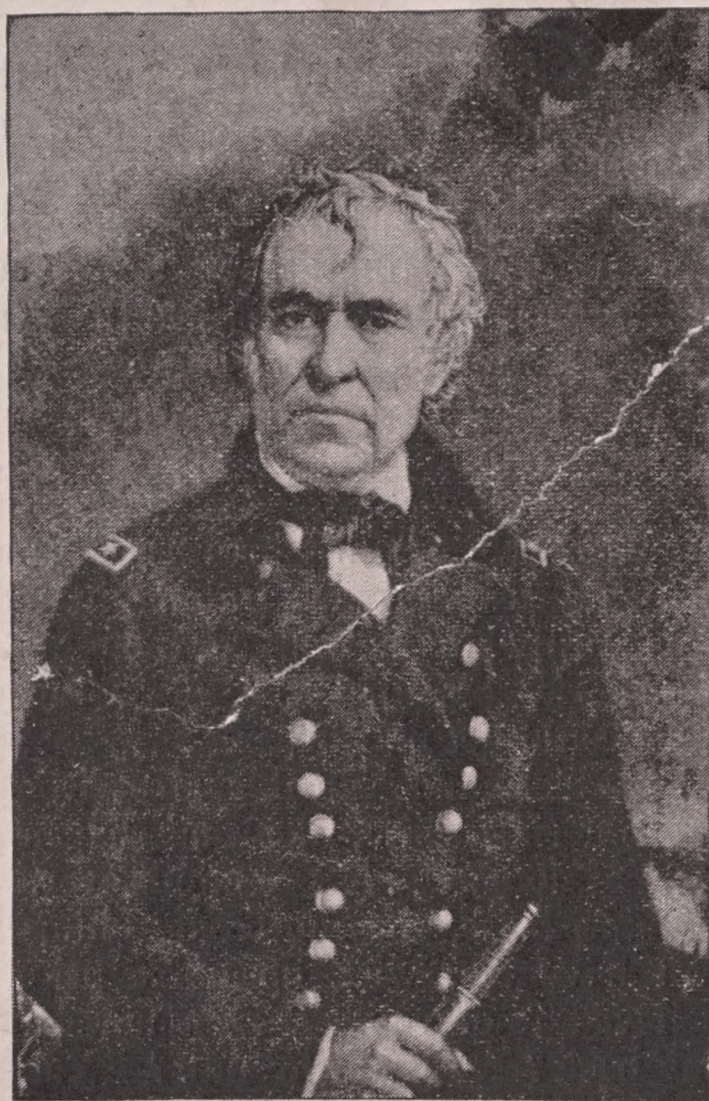
And he finished his sentence with a practical illustration of his frame of mind.

As he walked alone down the road he reflected that Margaret had acted very handsomely, and he resolved to drop in and wish her good-by. But as he approached the house his courage began to fail him, and he thought it better to sit on the fence, near the place where he had sat the night before, and think over it. It took a good deal of thinking. But as he sat there it was destined that Yates should receive some information which would simplify matters. Two persons came slowly out of the gate in the gathering darkness. They strolled together up the road past him, absorbed in themselves. When directly opposite, Renmark put his arm around Margaret's waist, and Yates nearly fell off the fence. He held his breath until they were safely out of hearing, then slid down and crawled along in the shadow until he came to the side-road, up which he walked, thoughtfully pausing every few moments to remark, "Well, I'll be——" but speech seemed to have failed him; he could get no further.

He stopped at the fence and leaned against it, gazing for the last time at the tent glimmering white, like a misshapen ghost, among the sombre trees. He had no energy left to climb over.

"Well, I'm a chimpanzee," he muttered to himself at last. "The highest bidder can have me, with no upset price. Dick Yates, I wouldn't have believed it of you. *You* a newspaper-man? *You* a reporter from 'way back? *You* up to snuff? Yates, I'm ashamed to be seen in your company. Go back to New York, and let the youngest reporter in from a country newspaper scoop the daylight out of you. To think that this thing has been going on right under your well-developed nose and you never saw it,—worse, never had the faintest suspicion of it,—thrust at you twenty times a day,—nearly got your stupid head smashed on account of it,—and yet bleated away like the innocent little lamb that you are, and never even suspected! Dick, you're a three-sheet-poster fool in colored ink. And to think that both of them know all about the first proposal!—*both* of them! Well, thank heaven, Toronto is a long way from New York."

THE END.



Z Taylor

*ZACHARY TAYLOR, HIS HOME AND FAMILY.**

IT is a notable fact that while the hero of the Black Hawk and Mexican wars is well known as a military leader, while the details of his many triumphs are familiar to all, little has been said of his civic or domestic virtues, small insight has been given into his real character, and not much has been told of the race to which he belonged.

Among the English gentry who came to America in earliest times were the Taylors from Carlisle. They are said to have descended from the Earls of Hare, and the motto emblazoned upon their arms was "Ready and Faithful."

In 1658 James Taylor reached the New World; he died in 1682, leaving a large family. His son, Colonel James Taylor, married

* The writer of this paper is a grand-daughter of Hancock Taylor, Zachary's brother.

Martha Thompson, and died in 1727, after having located in Orange County, Virginia, eleven thousand acres of land. His son Zachary married Elizabeth Lee, sister of the Revolutionary patriot Richard Henry Lee, and cousin of Robert E. Lee's father. One of the sons of Zachary and Elizabeth Lee Taylor, Colonel Richard Taylor, married Sarah Strother. He received his commission with the first regiment raised in his native State, and served with distinction throughout the Revolutionary war. Soon after peace was declared he left the Virginia home, Hare Forest, and turned his face westward.

He was a man of unusual cultivation, was intimately acquainted with the classics, and knew "by heart" long passages from the old English poets. These he was in the habit of repeating to his children in their hours of companionship. In the veins of these children flowed the blood of heroes. The Lees are known for ages back in the annals of English history; the Strothers are said to have come to the British Isles from Scandinavia in the time of the vikings, in the ninth or tenth century. The name was then Straathor, but Chaucer gives it in its present form.

Colonel Taylor and President Madison were first-cousins once removed; the Pendletons, Gaineses, Conways, Taliaferros, and many other well-known Virginia families were nearly allied to him by blood, and his numerous descendants are now to be found in almost every State of the Union.

Winding in and out of the wild mountains, across the trackless forests where trees blazed by hardy pioneers marked the road westward, Colonel Richard Taylor with his family and servants journeyed to the new home in Kentucky. The year 1787 found them there, and later when the family circle was completed the children numbered nine,—Elizabeth Lee, Zachary, Hancock, Sarah, Emily, George, Joseph, William, and Strother.

The children were cradled, as it were, in war. The crack of the rifle, the wild whoop of the Indian, the cry of fierce beasts, furnished the music to which their young ears were attuned, and it is not strange that, with their inherited traits and this environment, the boys became soldiers, the girls vigorous, well-poised, intellectual women.

George died young; William became a surgeon in the army; Joseph and Hancock both took part in the Indian warfare of their time; Zachary, best known of them all, did this and more.

Zachary Taylor's wife was Margaret Smith, of Maryland. Her ancestor, Richard Smith, was appointed attorney-general of that province by Oliver Cromwell. The children of this marriage were four. Ann, the eldest, married Dr. Robert Wood, a courtly gentleman of the old school and surgeon in the army: their daughter Nina married some years since the Prussian Consul, Baron Guido von Grabo, and lived abroad until her recent death. Richard was educated at Yale College, was a gallant Southern soldier throughout the civil war, wrote one of the best and most striking books upon that epoch, "Destruction and Reconstruction," and died in New York in 1879, while correcting its last proof-sheets. Among the brilliant women who have graced the White House, the second daughter of Zachary Taylor, "Betty Bliss,"

will not soon be forgotten. Her grace, ready wit, and varied accomplishments fitted her well for the high position to which she was called. Knox, the only remaining child, married Lieutenant Jefferson Davis.

Much has been said of this marriage, and many statements utterly untrue have been circulated regarding it. Knox Taylor was accomplished and beautiful, with both inherited and acquired mental gifts. The children of Zachary Taylor were all sent to the best schools in the East, and knew little of the hardships and privations of frontier life to which he was exposed. For this reason the suit of the young lieutenant was not favored, General Taylor feeling that his daughter would probably not be surrounded by the luxuries to which she had been accustomed.

In 1835 she was visiting the various country-places of her family near Louisville, Kentucky, and her father wrote Mrs. Gibson Taylor, his sister, that if Knox still wished to marry Lieutenant Davis he would not longer withhold his consent. Some time elapsed before the matter was decided, then a day was appointed for the marriage.

When the members of the family and guests began to assemble, Lieutenant Davis himself arrived, in considerable perplexity. The clerk of the court had declined to issue the marriage license, upon the plea that the bride-elect was under age. Hancock Taylor, her uncle, immediately returned to the city with Lieutenant Davis and procured the license: on their return the ceremony was performed by Mr. Ashe, an Episcopal minister. Dr. and Mrs. Wood were the nearest relatives of the bride present. Nicholas Lewis Taylor, son of Hancock, and Sally, daughter of Mrs. Gibson Taylor, at whose home the bride was then sojourning, were the only attendants. It was an afternoon wedding, and the bride wore a travelling gown and bonnet. A short time after the service she left with her husband for his plantation near Vicksburg, and here the young bride in less than a year passed away.

Mr. Davis, in a letter regarding the article "Zachary Taylor" contributed by him to Appletons' "Cyclopædia of American Biography," says, "I found the article had been expanded by the addition of matter in regard to his family which was so inaccurate that I was sorry to have it annexed to what I had written, my consolation being that no member of the Taylor family would believe me to be the author of the addition. I found in the Jefferson Davis article the baseless scandal of a romantic elopement revived and reprinted."

After this marriage General Taylor and Lieutenant Davis did not meet until both were soldiers on the battle-fields of Mexico. Here they met as friends and comrades, and the most cordial relations existed between them, as later between the Taylor family and the lady who became Mr. Davis's second wife.

The student of human nature is frequently impressed with the fact that in each family there is one who combines within himself the most decided traits and characteristics of his race. Be they good or bad, in him they are pre-eminent. So it was with Zachary Taylor; he summed up in his own strongly-marked individuality the characteristics of his people.

"Old Rough and Ready" he was called during those early days

when Indian warfare meant conflict in primeval forests of the Western frontier, through swamps and underbrush, with the fleetest and most treacherous of foes, and battle with the pestilent climate in the marshes and under the tropic sun of Florida. But this *sobriquet* has been to a certain extent misleading. The emergencies presenting themselves



THE TAYLOR HOUSE TO-DAY (THE WEST WING HAS BEEN TORN DOWN).

during the most trying experiences found him ever *ready* for their demands. A slow fever of five weeks' duration did not keep him from the saddle a single day. With the heaviest odds in favor of the adversary, he was always *ready* for the fray, and, despite the odds, always held the field victorious.

But *rough* he was not. He was utterly indifferent to pomp and ceremony, to gaudy regalia or dress uniform. He was quiet in expression, strong in action, firm in purpose, unostentatious and modest in manner, dress, and personal belongings,—of the most incorruptible integrity and the most persistent loyalty to duty. He constantly evinced great quickness of perception and fertility of resource, remarkable wisdom and foresight in laying plans, unflagging energy and promptness in executing them. When he had once, after due deliberation, “adopted a resolution or formed a friendship, no earthly power could make him abate the one or desert the other.”

He shared every hardship and participated in every danger that came to his men, and was so ready, so well disciplined, that no emergency threw him off his guard or disturbed his calm self-possession.

He was a man of high ideals, and with unflinching rectitude lived up to them. It was one of his sayings that "the man who cannot be trusted without pledges cannot be confided in merely on account of them." One who knew him well remarked that "he was as incapable of surrendering a conviction as an army." General Humphrey Marshall, who served under him, declared, "The more closely his life is examined, the greater beauties it discloses." General Grant wrote, "It was my good fortune to serve under General Taylor and very near him for a year before hostilities in the war with Mexico began, and during the first year of that war. There was no man living whom I admired and respected more highly."

Even his enemies, save in the heat of the fight, did not find him "rough." Their wounded, their dying and dead, were treated with the same tenderness, the same respect, as the troops he loved so well. His heart was full of sensibility, and he constantly manifested the keenest sympathy for those who were unfortunate or suffering.

Many good-natured but groundless jests have been current during the last fifty years in regard to his education. Some have said that his chirography resembled the result of dipping a fence-rail in ink and trailing it zigzag across paper. Some asserted that his orthography was even worse.

His education was conducted by Elisha Ayers, of Connecticut, who came to Kentucky to open a school for the Virginia colony of which the Taylors were the centre. Aside from this, Zachary Taylor was a careful and persistent reader, and one who assimilated and profited by the wisdom of the best authors. His public speeches and despatches bear favorable comparison with similar documents of his day, and in their sentiments of patriotism are excelled by none. He urged the government to pursue such policy as would avoid the creation of "geographical parties," and insisted upon the most intense and unswerving loyalty to the Union.

In politics he was decided, but never aggressive. He said, "I am a Whig, and shall ever be devoted in individual opinion to that party." He was an American, and his views were not circumscribed by State or sectional boundaries.

He was ever actuated by the purest Christian principles. His family were Episcopalians, and when in Washington attended old St. John's Church.

His home letters, many of which are still preserved among his descendants, not only express the tenderest affection and solicitude for his family, but furnish the most vivid pictures of the border warfare in which he was engaged.

From Fort Brooks, Tampa Bay, Florida, in August, 1838, he thus writes to his brother Hancock:

"I have returned to this place after an absence of six weeks. Most of this time I was daily on horseback, which, in the tropical sun, and with the worst of water imaginable for drinking, made the fatigues and privations of no ordinary character. The Indians are now broken up in small parties and scattered over this immense country, secreting themselves in their almost impenetrable swamps and hammocks, from

which they sally, murdering the first unsuspecting traveller or defenceless family they fall upon. Had they towns, or even habitations, to defend, or could we force them to join battle with us, the war would be brought to a close in a very short time. Unfortunately for us, the enemy have determined to use their legs instead of their arms, leaving the climate to battle for them. This has proved much more fatal to us and is more to be dreaded than their rifles or scalping-knives. If nature has made them fleet of foot than the white man and given them a country where they leave no tracks when they fly, it is our misfortune, and not our fault.

“The war may yet continue for many years, unless the government should employ blood-hounds to aid the troops to ferret them out. Their hammocks are sunken or overflowed lands scattered at short intervals over the whole country, which is covered with bushes and vines of various kinds so thick that you cannot see five steps ahead, and interspersed with lakes and impassable swamps.

“I last April received, unsolicited, the appointment of brigadier-general, at the same time being assigned to the command in Florida. I had made up my mind to leave the country last spring, or as soon as the campaign was brought to a close, and, if any objections were made to my doing so, to have retired to civil life. I wish I may not have cause to regret changing that determination, but I was unexpectedly placed in such a situation that I could not well have acted otherwise. I can assure you that my days, or dreams, of ambition, if they ever existed, are passed; both age and inclination admonish me to sigh for ease, quiet, and retirement on a snug little farm of a hundred or two acres in a healthy climate. Take the greater portion of this territory



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED BY LOUISIANA AFTER THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGNS (HALF SIZE).

that I have been over, and it is certainly the most miserable country I have ever seen. Even should we succeed in driving out the Indians, it would not be settled in all probability by the whites for several centuries.”

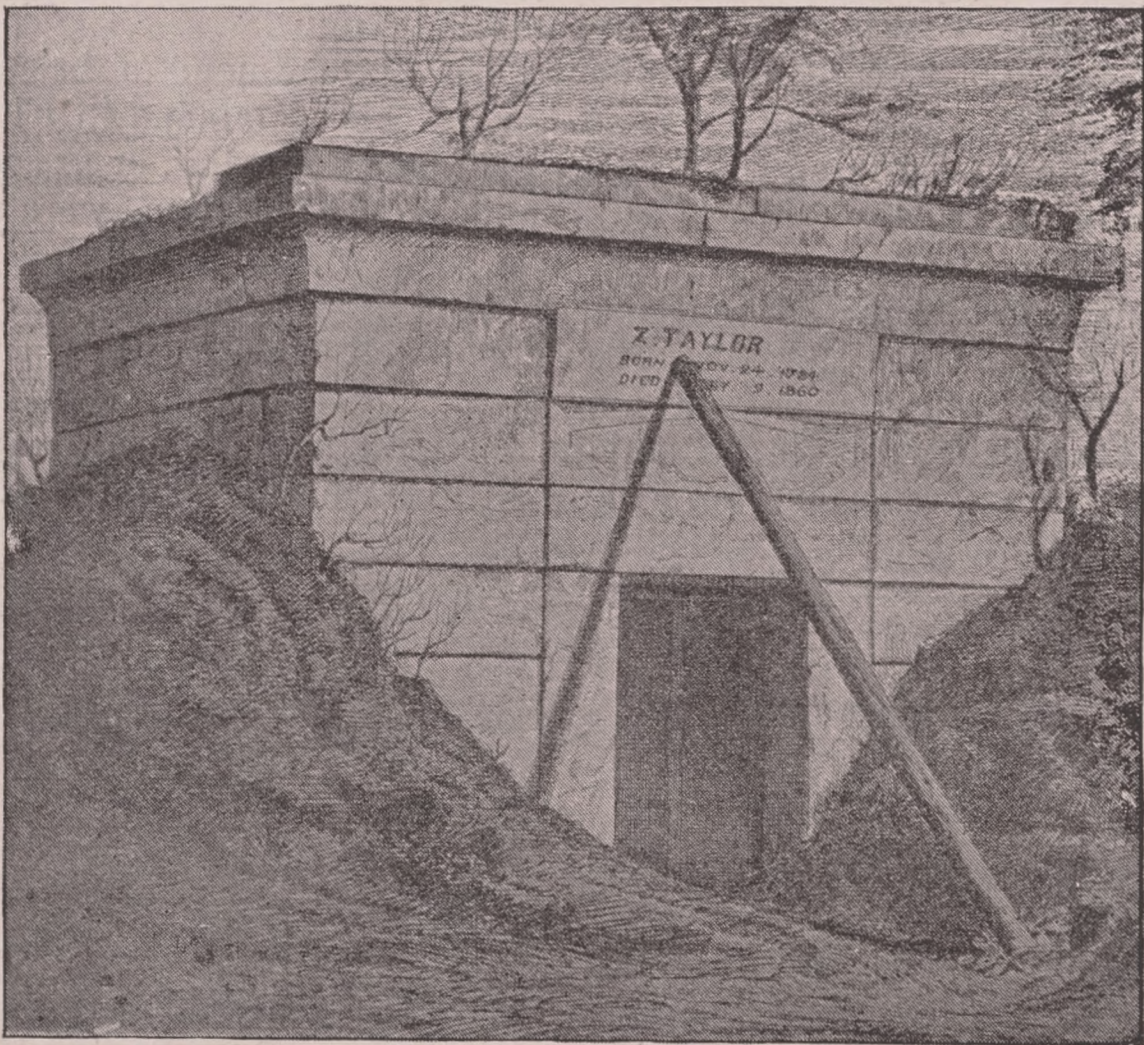
The suggestion regarding blood-hounds was made by him to the War Department, and caused some criticism. In this connection he wrote the adjutant-general of the army,—

"I wish it distinctly understood that my object in employing dogs is to ascertain where the Indians can be found, not to injure them."

There are many strong points of resemblance between General Taylor and his second-cousin once removed, Robert E. Lee. Each was modest and unassuming, yet possessed of indomitable will. Each was marked by unswerving devotion to duty and notable for consideration and courtesy towards his inferiors, and each was a military leader with no superior in the annals of American history.

On the night of February 23, 1847, when the battle of Buena Vista had been fought, and it was supposed that hostilities would be resumed in the morning, a council of officers was held, and all advised General Taylor to fall back to a more advantageous position. "No," he replied: "my wounded lie behind me. I will not pass them alive."

It was Taylor's strong personality, his ability to inspire his men



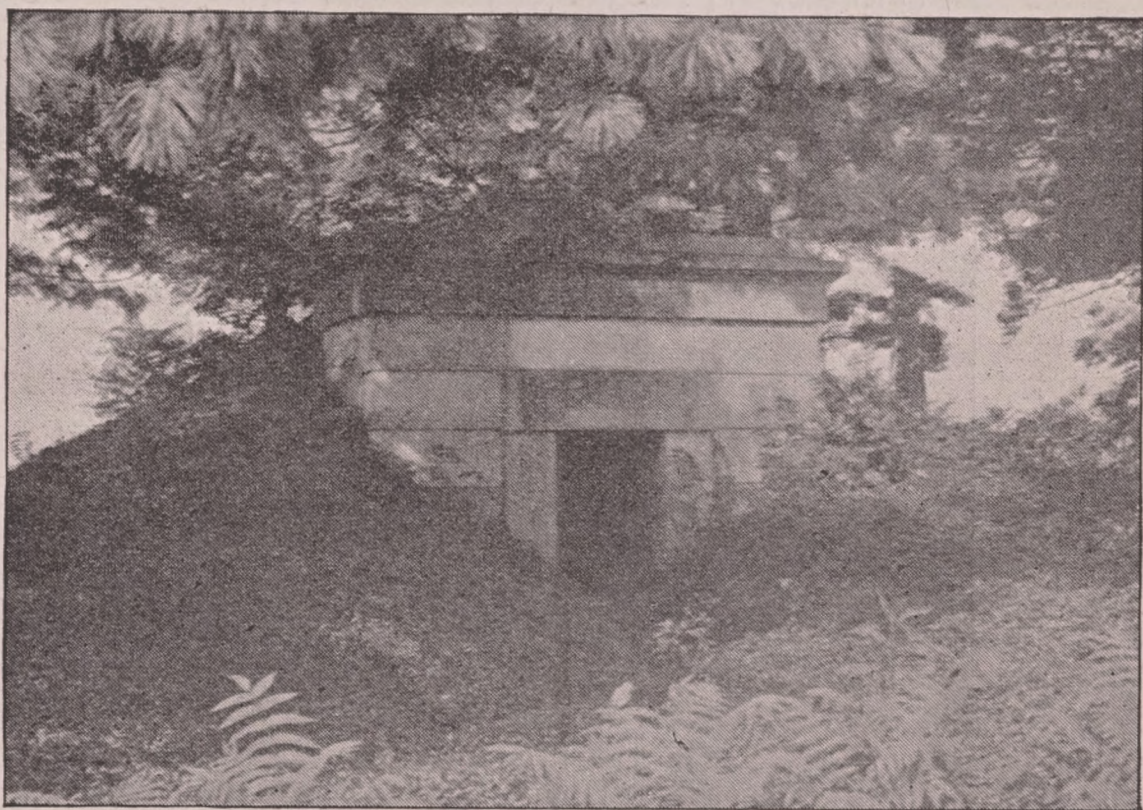
THE SARCOPHAGUS, 1883.

with his own spirit, to lift them above the paralyzing influences of their surroundings, that made possible the victory of six thousand over ten thousand protected in a fortified city,—of four thousand five hundred mixed troops over twenty-two thousand trained, picked, and splendidly-equipped soldiers fighting on their own soil.

Some one has said that "Zachary Taylor was probably the only President to whom the office was an uncoveted and unsought boon." This high honor was conferred in 1848, and was accepted by him as simply another trust for which in the last day he would be called to account.

The portals of the Executive Mansion opened for its new occupant,

and only sixteen months had passed when the last great enemy challenged the old warrior. This, too, found him ready. In the presence of death there was no quailing in the eye, no shrinking in the fearless heart, of the intrepid old chief. With his characteristic simplicity and dignity he said, calmly, "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am not afraid to die. My only regret is for the friends I leave behind." And so the old hero died, a gleam of glory resting upon the furrowed brow, the silvered hair.



THE TOMB AS IT IS NOW.

The man of nineteenth-century culture has, it may be, "larger insight into the loom of physical forces, but in most instances he has much feebler spiritual vision." So has said a latter-day philosopher. It is rare indeed to find in him when death, the test-hour, comes, a sublimity of character superior to that manifested by an earlier generation.

To his brother Hancock the old home had passed, and to the quiet city of the dead, crowning the hill near by, the old soldier was carried.

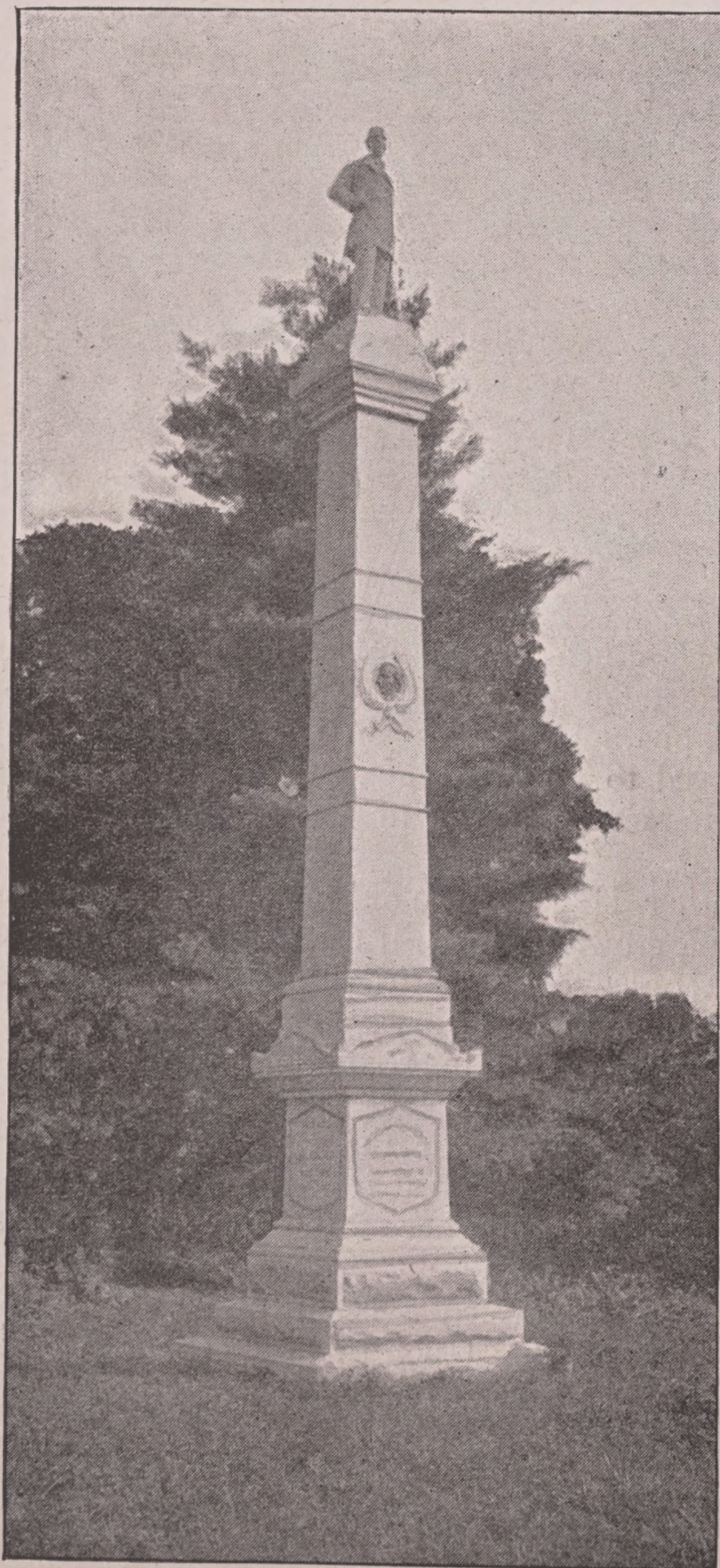
Many of his race had preceded him. The paths were overgrown with close-clinging myrtle vines, and blue-grass, soft and velvety, covered the mounds. An unostentatious sarcophagus of gray stone was erected, containing a spacious room, where a marble bust of the dead chieftain was placed near the casket. Heavy stone walls surrounded the enclosure, and great iron gates barred the entrance; these were locked, save when another of the line came to his last resting-place.

In 1883 Congress erected a beautiful monument of gray granite thirty-four feet in height. Upon this rests the capital, surmounted by a colossal statue of Italian marble representing the old veteran standing "at rest."

Martin Farquhar Tupper's lines attest the appreciation of the mother-country for her American son:

"I am prepared to die, for I have tried
To do my duty!"—Was it Nelson's twin
Who spoke so like a hero when he died?
A Christian hero, with forgiven sin?—
Yes! it is one, Columbia's honest pride
(And Mother England's joy—we claim him too),
Who now is gone far other spoils to win
Than late of Palo Alto,—higher meed,
Trophies of nobler fame, and praise more true
Than those a grateful country well decreed
To her best son; her best and bravest son,
Rough for the fight, but Ready heart and hand
To make it up again with victory won,
In war—and peace—the glory of his land!

Annah Robinson Watson.



THE MONUMENT.



NORTON B. YOUNG.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

OF all the athletic games played by the English-speaking races,—and I say English-speaking races because, while every race the world has known has been proficient at some athletic game, the Anglo-Saxon is more addicted to athletic sports, better fitted by disposition therefor, and more proficient thereat, than any other,—of the many tests of muscle, eye, nerve, and brain, base-ball is the most popular. I recognize the familiarity of the British with cricket and foot-ball, shown by the vast number of clubs to be found in the United Kingdom and the many thousands of players. Almost every lad can wield the willow or kick the ball, and many continue to exhibit their prowess through years of maturity. I recognize the familiarity of the young people of America with field and track sports, foot-ball, tennis, the oar, and the bicycle, and still can claim that there is no game so generally and so thoroughly known as base-ball. From Maine to Texas and from Florida to Oregon base-ball is the game. Is there a village in

this broad land that does not pin its faith to a ball club of some kind? There may be a few, but few indeed they are, if there be a dozen able-bodied young men in that village. The cities contain clubs by the legion. Take Philadelphia for instance. It has about three hundred clubs. Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis are other great centres. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York,

Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri are studded with the diamonds of amateur clubs. On a Saturday afternoon one cannot enter any of the railroad stations or ferries without brushing up against an army of bats and masks, or seeing base-ball enthusiasm exhibited in some of its many forms. The street-cars, too, are carrying base-ball clubs to suburban diamonds of more or less pretensions. These wielders of the willow will average from twelve to thirty years in age,—the children and the men. They are going to play clubs, possibly from an adjoining street, possibly from miles away. Wherever there is a



LEWIS GRAFF.

contest there is rivalry, excitement, antagonism. These qualities are more fully seen when neighboring and rival towns oppose each other on the diamond. Then it is that partisanship is given full play and the most intense excitement prevails.

Amateur ball is seen in its perfection as played by the leading college nines. When such teams as those of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania come together, thousands are attracted to the scene. Then it is that the densely-packed seats around a field and the wildly-waving banners present a grand sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. Then it is that the game is played in desperation. The college player on such occasions cares little for his limbs. It is all for "Old Nassau" or "Old Yale" or "Fair Harvard." Who that have seen a great college game can forget it?

Yes, base-ball is our popular game. So general is it that one can hardly find man or boy who cannot play the game with more or less proficiency. Not to understand base-ball is a sign of almost as dense ignorance as to be unable to write or read.

Base-ball is played by two classes, amateurs and professionals, and for two purposes, sport and the making of money. Of the professional side of the game this article will not treat. It is of the amateurs, the class that outnumbers the professionals by one hundred to one. It is to the masses, the amateurs, that we must look for the perpetuation of

the game. Among them is its cradle and its nursery, and among them must every star serve his apprenticeship. To be strictly an amateur a man must never have received any kind of remuneration, directly or indirectly, for playing the game; but how few such are there in the land! Hence in speaking of amateurs I refer not to those who are strictly such, but to those whose sole means of support is not ball-playing, and who are not members of any of the many professional leagues. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when one could find purely amateur players by the hundreds and many amateur clubs. Now they are scarce, so scarce that I can recall no purely amateur clubs of any merit and but few players. Of course there are some purely amateur clubs, but none where the players are much over eighteen years of age. When a young man who can play ball at all well reaches that age, he can get two or three dollars per game if he is an in- or out-fielder. If he is a pitcher or catcher he can command all the way from three to fifteen dollars per game.

There are probably but few first-class pure amateurs in this region, and that which is true of Philadelphia is also true of Boston, New York, and Chicago; the same conditions that exist in Pennsylvania are to be found in Massachusetts, Ohio, and Missouri. And to what is this state of professional amateurism due? To the inordinate desire to win by hook or crook, by fair means or foul.

Take two evenly-matched rival clubs. One manager thinks he will steal a march on his opponents, and engages a crack pitcher for the game. The other manager thinks his nine is not as strong behind the bat as it should be, and imports some strong catcher. This is the way the weed of professionalism in amateur ranks took root. It did not take it long to grow, and now we can scarcely find an amateur nine any where. The managers began paying men right and left, and the men, finding that their services



HALLOWELL, OF HARVARD.

had a pecuniary value, refused to play unless paid. It is not so long since that one of the best second-basemen and hardest hitters in this vicinity said to me, "I don't want money for playing ball; I love the sport, and have played it for years without receiving a cent; but I do not propose to stand here on second base and look around at the other positions and see them all occupied by paid players, unless I receive something myself."

In the winter of 1891 I was manager of the nine of the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, and was endeavoring to get together a strong team. My orders from the directors were to remunerate no one, either directly or indirectly. A strong team was got together, but only after exceptionally hard work. Why did it take so long, and why was the work so hard? Simply because it was almost impossible to secure players without remuneration. I remember when the Young America and Riverton clubs, names indelibly stamped on the history of the game, were purely amateur clubs. What are they now? The Young America Club is but a memory, rendered so by bankruptcy brought about by paying many players. The Riverton Club only last season withdrew from the Philadelphia Suburban League. Why? Secretary Flanagan in his letter of resignation answers the question. He says, "We have decided to play strictly amateur ball and nothing else. The team as it now stands is very expensive, and the club's treasury cannot afford it; consequently five or six enthusiastic

members have put their hands away down in their pockets and paid for the fun, and they are about tired. We, however, retire from the semi-professional arena with a good record, and our players will be paid in full. We regret very much that this action was necessary, but good ball-players won't allow you to look at them unless you pay them for the sight."

The only feasible way in which to remedy the evil seems to be a general league of all the clubs, not necessarily for the playing of games together, but to investigate



JOHN MCFETRIDGE.

doubtful cases, with power to act thereon and allow or prohibit suspects to play. Even with such an organization a certain amount of trickery would exist, but it would be lessened and the sport greatly purified.

Are there any particular requisites to success in base-ball? It is true, we find men of all qualities of brain, heart, and body playing ball: the quick to see and plan, the slow of thought and comprehension; the plucky and daring, the easily discouraged, and the man who is never beaten till the game is over; the large, the small, the strong, the weak, the active, and the slow. And all may make successful players. The most desirable physical qualities, however, are activity and quickness. The man who starts quickly and moves rapidly is the man who covers the largest territory and makes the most runs. It goes without saying that the most desirable quality of heart is that displayed by the man who never gets disconcerted. He does not mind an error, he works with all his might to win till the last man has been

put out, no matter how far ahead his opponents may be. And how few such there are! How often we see a team beaten after some early disastrous inning! The player stops. He tries neither at the bat nor in the field, but sits around and grumbles. An able manager will discharge all such men from his team. It is the good-natured, hard worker from start to finish who comes out far ahead in the long run.

As to the brain qualities, you want a man quick to see all the points in the game, a careful watcher, one able quickly to size up an opposing team and then play on the weakness discovered. Put such a man at the head of a nine as captain, and that team should make a creditable record. E. O. Wagonhurst is such a man, and to his abilities as captain the many victories of the University of Pennsylvania nine in '90 and '91 were due, also the great record of the Cape Mays in those years.

The greatest "coach" in the country is Arthur Irwin. In the spring of 1892 he took hold of a team of green youngsters at Pennsylvania, and by able tactics caused them to surprise the college world by defeating Yale, Harvard, and Princeton in the same month.

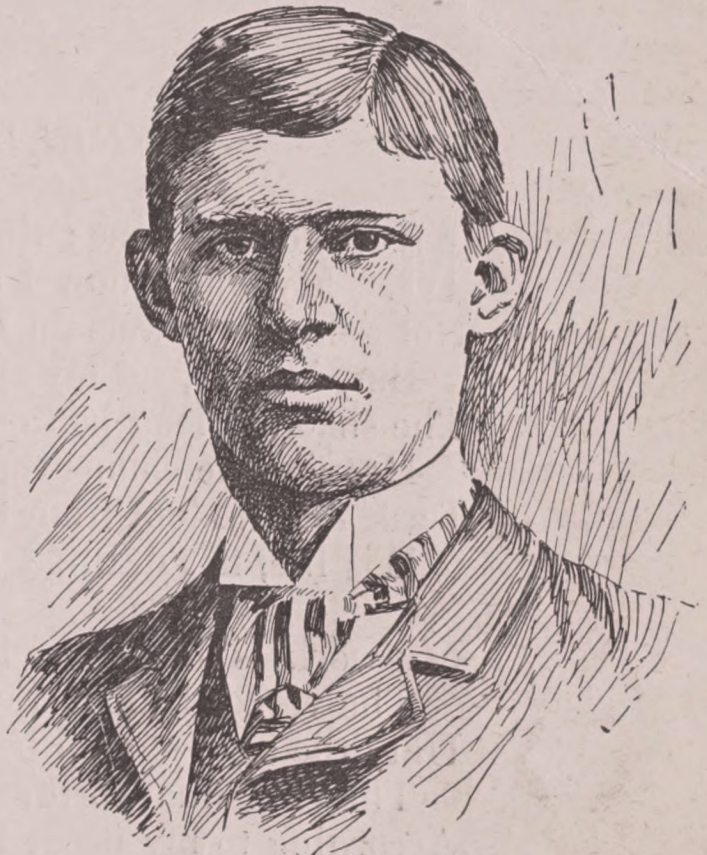
Then he left them, and although at the end of that month they were much better players than when he first took hold of them, their record subsequent to his departure was not nearly as good as when he was with them.

"What quality of man makes the best player?" I asked Mr. Irwin one day.

"Give me the nervous man," said he, "for he is always on the jump; he is alert, and that is the way to win."

"What is the first thing you teach a young player you are coaching?" I continued.

"I teach him to start quickly and to know when to start. There is many a game won by the start and many a one lost by failure to judge quickly in this particular. Then, again, a player must learn to use his head, for he can win more games with that organ than with any other. A pitcher must study his batsmen, a captain his opponents, a batsman his pitcher, and all energies must be exercised on the weaknesses discovered. Furthermore, a man must not be discouraged if he makes an error or strikes out. Get the boys to keep at it ding-dong from start to finish, and they'll get there in the end. Two of the chief things a 'coach' must aim at are to cure young men of the



JOSEPH SHANNON.

inordinate desire to knock the cover off the ball, and to make them willing to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their side. By teaching some of the U. P. players to do that this year I helped them to win many games."

With all its evils,—and they are many,—base-ball is a noble game, which develops the best qualities of brain and body. It is America's game.

Norton B. Young.

FREEDOM.

MY work is done ; the eventide is here ;
 My wages now I ask of Thee.
 Not gold nor jewels do I crave, my Lord,
 But, Master, set my spirit free !
 The shadows lengthen on my glacier path,
 Heavier the chains that fret me here ;
 I ask for freedom from their crushing weight.
 'Tis life, not death, I hold in fear !

My work is done ; the hour of rest draws near ;
 The vesper-bells toll clear and sweet.
 Unto the aged should be spared, my Lord,
 The pains that torture tired feet.
 According to my need, I ask of Thee
 That Thou bestow the promised wage.
 If faithful I have been in small and great,
 Wilt Thou not now my pangs assuage ?

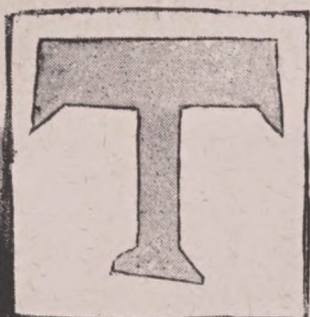
My work is done ; take me within the gate
 Where enter only those Thou wilt ;
 A city lighted by Thy glory great,
 The city not by mortals built.
 Come quickly, I beseech, and freely give
 The guerdon in its full degree,
 Which Thou hast promised unto every man
 According as his work shall be.

Yet, Master, not my will, but Thine, be done.
 On Thee I wait ; forgive my prayer !
 Thou knowest best if here I'm needed still,
 Thou knowest if I'm needed there.
 The wages are not due till work is done :
 Submissive to the end I'll be,
 Knowing Thy precious promise never fails,
 That my reward still rests with Thee !

Clara Jessup Moore.

JANE'S HOLIDAY.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES.—NO. VI.*]



HE afternoon sun shone down the little glen, but with a softened and subdued lustre, as if it knew it was shining in a lonely place. The door of the one small cabin in sight was closed; the occupants were outside.

From somewhere out of sight, children's voices could be heard, and where the waters of the little run collected in a pool beneath some beech-trees, a woman was washing. No longer comely, if indeed she had ever been so, her arms, bared to the elbow, were lean and brown, her hands hardened by labor; and when she bent over the pool the face she saw was sunburnt and wrinkled, and



A WOMAN WAS WASHING.

the eyes had that dull apathetic look so often seen in the eyes of the women of those hill-regions.

* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

Jane Sheplas was no better off than were her neighbors,—rather, worse, owing to the “onstiddy” habits of Jim. As she sometimes said, with a mixture of family pride and resignation, “her mother had been to a camp-meeting once, but she had never been nowhere.”

The sun was low when she hung out her washing; she did it deliberately, noting, as she shook out each garment, where the patches



“I ’LOW YE AN’ THE YOUNG ’UNS TO GO.”

were needed worst: then she must get supper and milk the cows. To-morrow would be like to-day, save that she would iron the clothes instead of washing them.

Presently her husband came in sight. Slipping the bag of meal from his shoulder to the top rail of the fence, he sat with one leg over it and watched her at her work.

Something, it may be, in her languid movements sent his thoughts in sluggish retrospect through her long years of service and servitude

to him. In some way, altogether apart from any process of reasoning, it came to him that Jane deserved something better than she had ever yet received at his hands. To assist a dawning idea, he took a chew of tobacco and meditated. Jim was not unkind; only "onstiddy."

He waited till Jane had sifted the meal and mixed the dough for the homely bread of the mountains, and then began to impart a piece of news.

"What do you think is coming to Reedville next week?" he questioned, triumphantly.

"Mebbe a tin-peddler," answered Jane, slowly. She could think of nothing grander; she had never even seen that representative of



THEY LEFT THEIR HOME EARLY.

worldly splendor; but she had heard of him, and was proud of the knowledge.

"It's somethin' you never sot eyes on," chuckled Jim, "no, nor your ma'am neither. What do you think o' that?" and he spread out a yellow poster where lions, giraffes, and elephants disported themselves and gymnasts vaulted through space. The crowding children gazed in speechless wonder, and Jane asked what it meant.

"It means," explained Jim, proudly, "that thar's to be a nanimal show, where every tarnal beast you ever heerd on is on ex-er-bition," with an eye on the printed word. "An', Jane, I 'low ye an' the young 'uns to go."

"But, Jim, kin ye?" gasped Jane.

Jim slapped his pocket.

"I've got a good job o' corn-shuckin' fur Jake Westfall, an' we'll go, ev'ry chick an' child."

Far into the night Jane patched and contrived, with that new, wonderful hope guiding her fingers. She even produced one or two faded ribbons, relics of wedding finery, and sighed as she pinned them on, thinking how faded, too, was the face above them.

The day was hot, and they left their home early, "so's to git our money's wuth," said Jim. The children huddled around their mother, almost stupefied with admiration at the street parade.

"Jes' wait!" insinuated Jim.

From the summit of the great pavilion to a point within a few feet of the ground a rope was stretched, and a wonderfully-apparelled female began to descend the perilous causeway. Jane watched with painful absorption.

"I'm glad it's over," she said.

But Jim had disappeared.

"Pap's gone to git us in," said one of the children.

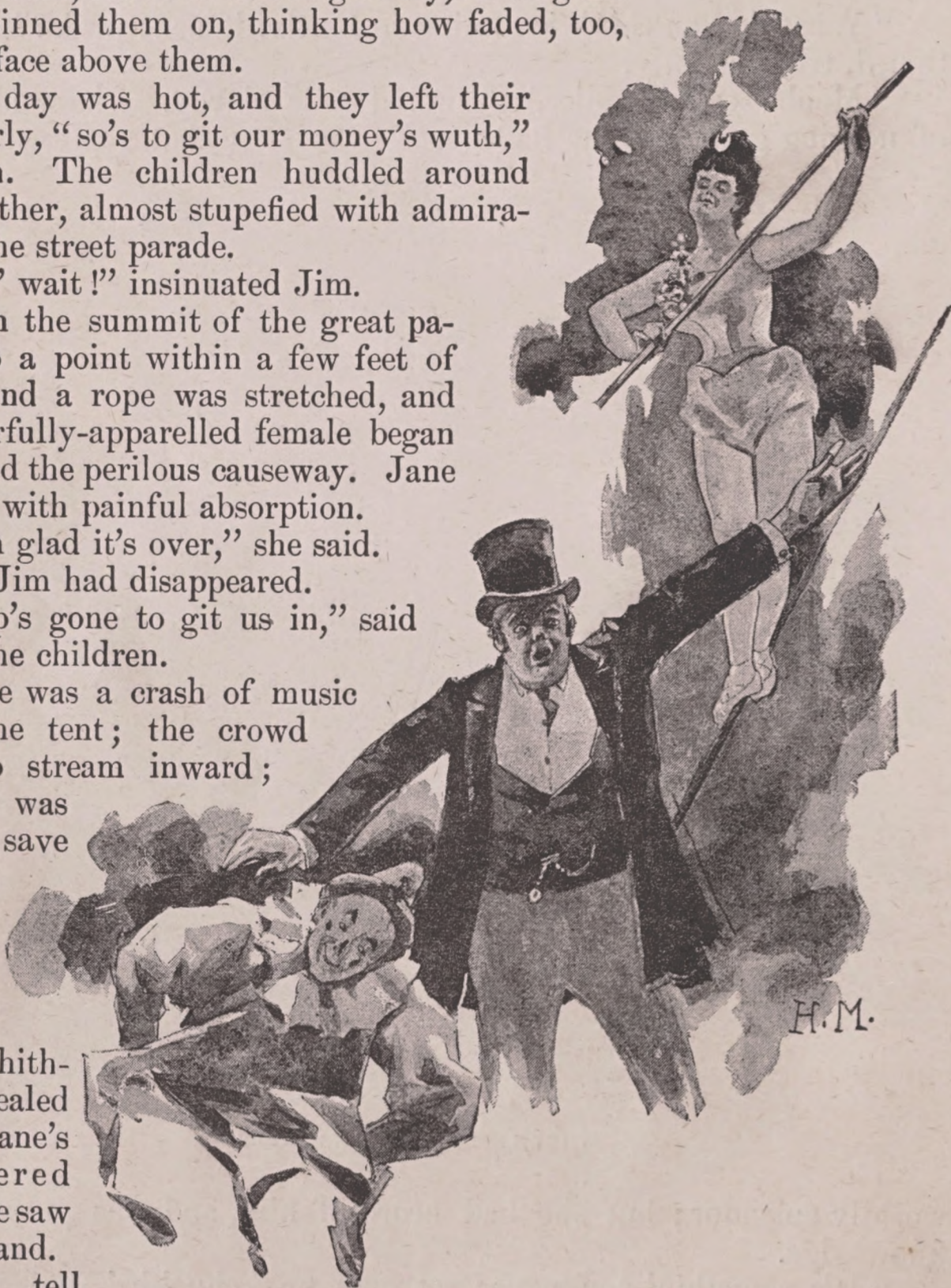
There was a crash of music inside the tent; the crowd began to stream inward; the field was deserted, save for a group of men gathered around a table, hitherto concealed from Jane's bewildered eyes. She saw her husband.

"Go tell pap it's time fur us to go

in," she said, and, breathless, watched the child speed on his errand. He returned alone.

"Pap's treatin' the crowd," said the boy, his words drowned in a vociferous burst of applause from the tent.

"Stay here," commanded Jane, and went towards the hilarious group.



A WONDERFULLY-APPARELLED FEMALE BEGAN TO DESCEND THE PERILOUS CAUSEWAY.

"Come, Jim," she said, coaxingly, "an' take us into the show."

"I'll be along—plenty o' time," answered her husband, with benignant good humor.

But he was deaf to her repeated entreaties. She stood, silent, watching him till the last dime was spent. Then she went back to the children. Something in her face awed them, and they only whispered among themselves.

"Your pap's drunk, and the money's all gone," said Jane, with an air of indifference, and sat down on the grass again.

The people were streaming out of the tent; the crowd was dispersing. One of the animal vans drew near. Jane crept to the driver.

"Mister," she said, in trembling tones, "won't you let the children take a peep? They never saw nuthin' in their lives."

"Boss wouldn't let me," answered the man, yet not unkindly.

A white monkey thrust its paw through the slats of the cage.

The children were in ecstasies of delight. The driver started his horses.

"Come, children, let's go home," said Jane.

It was dark when they reached the cabin. A whippoorwill sang from the thicket, and its wail was to Jane Sheplas the knell of hope.

Valerie Hays Berry.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

A BLUE and golden ocean, a blue and golden sky,
 A ship with white sails filling as the summer breeze blows by,
 A ship that is laden with pleasures, with hopes that are foolish and fond,
 That sails from the port of Nowhere and is bound for the great Beyond.
 On board are lovely women and noble and clever men,
 Who never before were together and never will meet again;
 Their faces fade and alter with the thoughts of him who beholds,
 As the pennon at the mast-head is shifting its airy folds,
 But in their midst, more distinctly, are ever visible two,—
 A man who, for once, is happy,—a woman, for once, who is true.
 An afternoon stolen from Lotos-Land this radiant voyage might seem,
 But the ship and the man and the woman are but part of a waking dream.

M. H. G.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

AT THE FAIR.

THIS title I apply to the enchanting personage who sits on a sort of curule chair, with high, semicircular back, on the poop of the vessel which, propelled by eight maidens only less lovely than the Lady herself, seems to speed forward from the head of the Lagoon at the World's Fair.

I cannot enough admire this creation of the sculptor's genius. The Lady's attire consists of a robe or toga, worn round the body, and supplemented by a light scarf, to envelop the neck and head. But the disposition of this simple costume has been modified by circumstances.

You are to understand that the Old World has just arrived at the Fair, and is at this moment making its entry by way of the triumphal arch in the centre of the great marble colonnade fronting on the Lake. Descrying them from afar, the Lady has cried out "Forward!" to her eight oarswomen,—or gondoliers, rather; for they ply their long oars standing,—and the boat has leaped onward responsive to the impulse given it. At the same moment, the Lady, inspired with emotions of welcome and lofty excitement, has lifted her head and erected her whole body in the chair. Her left arm lies along the high back of it; her right hand holds her emblem of divinity; her bosom is expanded, and her crossed feet just touch the deck. Meanwhile, her toga has slipped down, leaving her white body bare as far as below her loins; and the scarf, in the breeze of her going, flutters far out behind, and will be gone altogether in another moment. The figure thus fully and unconsciously revealed is divinely beautiful, and its extraordinary erectness gives it a special charm,—the charm of immortal life, youth, and vigor. Seen from whatever point of view, it develops fresh delightfulness; I can recall no ancient or modern statue which seems at once more alive, more severely statuesque, and more beautiful. The little vessel dashes onward; the tritons with their steeds of the sea disport themselves around it; on the prow, a damsel sets a trumpet to her lips; the Lagoon, with its marble margins, and the surrounding cliffs of snowy architecture, extend before it; the blue sky is above, the free air all about it. I have no fault to find with the composition: it is worthy of its place, as the central feature of the most superb architectural scene that was ever—I am bold to affirm—beheld in this world. I know no other design of a fountain that is to be for a moment compared with this, and glad am I to have lived to see it.

At the other end of the Lagoon stands the colossal golden figure of the Republic, with uplifted hands. It is a work on which any artist might be content to rest his reputation. It is massive, stately, simple, and severe. The heavy robe falls in straight folds, like those of the early Greek statues. The pose is at once the simplest possible, and the most impressive. So should stand the human symbol of the mightiest of nations. It is as dignified as a tower, and as splendid as a goddess.

I regret only that the head and the arms are gilded. In the great Grecian statue of Pallas the garments were golden, but the face was of ivory. These golden features of the Republic are marred in their effect by the incident and reflected lights, and much of their beauty is lost.

Most of the open-air statuary in this magnificent quadrangle is good, though I think the groups that ornament the pavilions of the Administration Building are somewhat too much like the violent, acrobatic conceptions of old Bernini,—he who designed the Fountain of Trevi in Rome. And the array of figures that surmount the colonnade on the Lake suffer by the discovery that they are all thrice or four times repeated. The same criticism applies to the groups of yoked oxen and drivers which are multiplied over the Agricultural Building. They are identical; and they also are devoid of artistic interest or merit. No such creatures as these horned beasts were ever seen in life. But, to atone for it, the gigantic figures of bulls and horses on the margins of the Lagoon are finely done. On the various bridges, as I have remarked elsewhere, are the matchless creations of Edward Kemeys,—the bears, the bison, and the panthers. The more one studies these, the more marvellous seem the art and knowledge that gave them existence. Kemeys is less sensational than his only rival, Barye, and more true to nature, and more subtle in the expressions he conveys. By the bye, it seems to me little less than deliberate cruelty on the part of the Art Directory to place side by side with these masterpieces by Kemeys the amorphous and anomalous concoctions of the unfortunate young man who got the commission for the polar bear, the elk, and the jaguar. It would be cruelty in me to comment further upon them. Kemeys is a great artist: the kindest thing to be done for the other gentleman is to forbear mentioning his name.

I am glad I first came here in winter, while the interior of the Buildings was as yet clear of "exhibits." Those who have never seen their stupendous emptiness have lost a unique sensation. Those illimitable, bare floors, stretching away to horizons on all sides, with only insignificant atomies of men crawling over them here and there, have now disappeared under the piled-up confusion of the minor structures. The impression now conveyed is that of little cities, walled in and roofed over. Necessarily, all architectural harmony is at an end. You must give that up, and apply your mind to detail. Of course, no conceivable "exhibit" could compare in beauty with the vast white palaces which house them. They are on another plane altogether. But, when you have adapted yourself to the situation, there is no denying that the "exhibits" are of absorbing interest. They grow upon you; they exhaust you, and yet they lead you on. You cover miles of ground without knowing it—until you get home! On a careful calculation, I found that I walked certainly not less than fifteen miles during each day of my visits to the Fair. You can be wheeled in a chair, if you like; but no one who has both a soul and legs will endure to do that. Many who have only legs, or only a soul, do.

The fact is, the Fair is both too large, and too small. It is too

small for the exhibitors, and too large for the visitors. No one pair of eyes can even see it all in six months: as to digesting what you see, that is out of the question. For here are amassed samples of everything that the civilized world produces. There is too much of it; but it cannot be helped, for the reason is that the civilized world has grown too large. It is so large that the barest epitome of it is practically unmanageable. In future years it will be worse still; and the only solution of the difficulty that I can propose is, that a continuous World's Fair should be established, in some convenient place, permanently accessible to the public, and to be enlarged and modified as occasion may demand. When our flying-machines are perfected, we can get to the central point easily, and the only precaution to be observed will be to select a site where the Fair can indefinitely expand.

I am unqualified to judge as to the comparative excellence or deficiency of any particular display. But I am sure the Art Building is well stocked. No galleries that I have heretofore seen have so many good pictures in them. By "good" I mean interesting,—works which show an intelligent effort on the artists' part, conscientiously carried out. It is curious to study painting in its present transition-stage. The actual results are often indeterminate; but the purpose is almost always important. It indicates an era of experiment. This experiment is in the direction, not of composition, nor, especially, of subject, but of color. Whether it will be successful or not, I cannot tell; but I incline to think it may be. Meanwhile, it is striking, stimulating, and at times wonderfully telling. It is also quite new. The science of color is being thoroughly overhauled, and investigated afresh. None of the old smooth, conventional effects are any longer trusted. The departure is chiefly observed in landscape and in studies of the nude. Some of these affect one, at a first glance, as strange, unreasonable, or even grotesque and impossible. Nevertheless, seen from a different point of view, or in another light, they occasionally shine forth like life itself. The theory seems to be that the artist shall prepare the conditions of a problem which shall, literally viewed, appear as meaningless as a face of rock on a mountain-side, when seen near-to. But given the right combinations of light, position, and atmospheric peculiarity, together with sympathetic imagination on the spectator's part, and it all at once kindles into a startling and delicious reality. In a room in the East Pavilion there are several large canvases of the nude which arrest attention and compel criticism. One represents a group of drunken nymphs and fauns romping in boisterous nakedness through the glades of a summer forest. There is great vigor in the design: but the color seemed inexplicable until, turning as I was leaving the room by the opposite door, I caught a glimpse which gave me the impression that the whole rout of wild creatures were plunging forward through the frame of the canvas in living abandonment. Another picture, of sea-nymphs dancing on the sands of a sun-steeped ocean, is remarkable for its tone. It is easier to see than the other, but less powerful. Elsewhere, there is a really tremendous portrait of Ellen Terry, as Lady Macbeth, holding the blood-stained crown over her head. The whole composition, with the exception of the ghastly white

face and arms, is a study of peacock blues and greens. It is so intensely rich and strong that everything else in the room looks feeble and colorless. You cannot look long at it without exhaustion.

Some of the most novel attempts in landscape are in the western wing of the great building. The artists of Northern Europe (with the general exception of the Germans themselves, who are uniformly academical and monotonous) are singularly bold and independent in their methods of color. They paint things which cannot be painted. But the attempts are salutary nevertheless. They are an advance. These suns, these waters, these meadows and rocks, have thought and meaning in them, in spite of their rainbow audacity. We shall hear more of these painters, or their successors: the crudities will disappear, and the lusty, vital truth shine out unveiled.

No one can help noticing the frankness and more than pagan unreserve with which contemporary artists are treating the nude, both in painting and in sculpture. It is a wholesome change. Self-consciousness only can be immodest. "Beauty," says Emerson, "doth limbs and flesh enough invest." Veils do but call attention to what is veiled. We do not want our delight in art, which is a pure delight of the soul, vitiated by the intrusion of conventional prurience and prudery. Make the expression clean, and let the rest go.

Touching contemporary sculpture, there is a word to be said. It is often beautiful, graceful, and clever; but it is seldom or never so satisfactory as the best antique. We get tired of it sooner or later; whereas we grow up to the antique, and never grow beyond it. The Venus of Milo, the Discobolus, the Borghese Achilles, and many others, rest, educate, and invigorate us forever. This cannot be said to be the case with modern statues. Why not?

The reason, it seems to me, is, that modern statues express too much. The sculptor tries to import into his marble what that medium of thought is not qualified to convey. Even the ancient Egyptians were nearer right than we are.

The face is the key-note of modern statuary. The action of the figure follows the meaning of the features. Until we see the latter, we do not understand the figure. This is asking too much of marble: it should be reserved for canvas. A statue never should portray a mental problem or condition, and its action should never be progressive. It should be so posed that it might retain that pose forever: the pose should be a consummation, never a transition. The ancients were right, too, in neglecting the face, and making the mere contours and attitude of the body satisfy the spectator's need. They wrought in an age when the soul was far more harmoniously interwoven with the body than is the case now, and when, consequently, the body could express all that sculpture should attempt to indicate. The point may seem subtle, but it is of profound significance,—is far too significant, indeed, to be more than noted in an essay mainly discursive, like this.

The Midway Plaisance is a sort of curiosity-shop, in which the curiosities are mainly men and manners. There are also booths, cafés, lath-and-plaster "villages" and temples, and various shows of a more

or less seductive aspect. The value of the Plaisance—save as a mere lounging-ground and beer-garden—lies in its Oriental and East Indian features. We Westerners cannot help being interested in Turks, Arabs, Numidians, Cingalese, Javanese, Syrians, and even in Chinese and Japanese, when they are not naturalized American citizens, or “cheap labor.” There are plenty of all these here, in their own dirty, beautiful costumes; with their brown faces, their dark, shining, impenetrable eyes, their queer shoes, sashes, caps, turbans, their shrugs and gestures, their incomprehensible grunts, gutturals, gurglings, clucking, and chattering. In the recesses of a shadowy Aladdin’s Cave of a booth in the Turkish Bazar you may see Ali Baba Mustapha Ben Edin, with a dirty white turban, dirty gold-embroidered caftan, dirty crimson silk girdle, dirty voluminous trousers, dirty up-curving slippers, dirty old face and hands and long gray beard, and an expression in the wrinkled eyes and long nose of world-weary, fatalistic, Mohammedan sagacity. There he squats, at the receipt of custom, prepared to charge you fifty dollars for a ten-cent necklace, and to chaffer about it, amidst hookahs and coffee, from dawn to sunset. In the Temple of Luxor, in the Cairo Street, twenty-five cents will admit you not only to the presence of twenty or thirty Pharaonic mummies, made of wood, rigid in their sarcophagi, but to that of a soft-eyed, soft-skinned, Oriental maiden, Scheherazade by name, who plays with tapering brown fingers on a lute, and answers questions courteously, smiling with a delicate, voluptuous mouth. In the Javanese village, which is a *bona-fide* Javanese village, with bamboo huts built on the spot by the natives themselves, you may see and exchange signs and sounds with the latter, as they dawdle about in the sunshine with their dusky bare legs, and feet scuffling miraculously in shoes which have nothing but the scuffle to hold them on withal. Across the way, half a dozen Asiatic lions are roaring in an open cage, and a knot of Arabs stand watching them, with the regretful, sentimental air of wandering pilgrims to whom a chance strain of music brings back thoughts of home and mother. Yonder undulates a Constantinople palanquin, containing a fat daughter of the West, and supported by a couple of swarthy, grinning Mohammedans. And through all, dominating all, alien, investigating, push and throng the shrewd, humorous, curious, earnest, frivolous Americans, to whom the mighty past is a fairy-tale, and the mysterious future a game of brag.

There has been much palaver about management, conveniences, abuses, Sunday opening, and so forth. Some complaints are justified, others are not: such abuses as exist are mostly the result of inevitable inexperience or accident, and will probably have been done away with by the time these words reach the reader. Other criticisms, such as the statement that any other expense than the fifty cents admission is involved in seeing the Fair, are wholly without foundation. Except that it costs twenty-five cents extra to take the elevator to the top of the main building, and fifty cents for a ride in a gondola, the whole exhibition, including the music and the illuminations, is free. As for the Midway Plaisance, though connected with the Fair, it is in the nature of a private enterprise; you must pay half or a quarter of a

dollar to go into the various peep-shows ; and whatever merchandise you buy, you pay for as a matter of course. But a five-dollar bill will cover all expenses necessary to enable you to see everything, even here. And you can see enough without paying anything at all.

On the other hand, there is no denying that some of the gatemen and guards are ruffians, some are thieves, and some are both combined. But these are being removed as fast as they are found out. Games at cross-purposes occasionally occur between the Directors and the Commissioners, and between separate officials, but that is only because both sides are anxious to do their duty, and lack, not good will, but instruction. Again, the completion of the Buildings and the exhibits was much behindhand, and heaps of rubbish and forests of scaffoldings do at the present writing (June 1) mar the beauty and convenience of the spectacle. But the entire enterprise is so stupendous and unprecedented that the only wonder is, it should be ever completed at all ; and in a month from now it will probably be entirely ready. In fact, the only serious objection I can think of is restricted to the character of the Chicago climate. This is entirely at the mercy of the winds. The winds blow, and blow hard, nearly all the time, and the air is apt to be so full of dust that breathing and seeing become difficult. But the worst of it is, that as soon as the wind begins to blow from the Lake, the temperature sinks from twenty to forty degrees, and loses no time about it either : in an hour or two you may change from perspiration to shivering. Moreover, the heat, when it is hot, is very hot, and is apt to be muggy ; while the cold is the very most comfortless and exasperating cold that I ever experienced. Yet days do intervene which are nearly perfect, and which make you willing to forget all the hard things you have felt about the Chicago climate. And it is perhaps unjust, while this exceptional spring is as yet hardly over, to grumble about the weather. Other places besides Chicago have suffered this year. The coming summer may redeem the reputation of the year.

But let us forget all our troubles, and solace ourselves with the incomparable loveliness of the illuminations.

The illumination lasts from eight o'clock till eleven, and occurs thrice a week. I went on a Saturday. It was a soft and luxurious evening, with scarce a breath of wind, and what there was from the south. The moon, nearly full, hung aloft in mid-heaven, silvery in a dark-blue velvet sky. The grounds were well filled : about one hundred thousand persons were present, according to the next morning's papers. But most of this crowd was, of course, assembled in the great court or quadrangle containing the Lagoon, and bounded by the Manufactures and Electrical Buildings on one side, the Agricultural on the opposite side, the colonnade on the Lake end, and the Administration facing it.

The manner of the illumination was simple and almost severe, not erring on the side of profusion ; and yet the effect, as enhanced by the Lagoon, was rich in the extreme. A line of incandescent electric lamps followed the long cornices of the buildings entirely round the quadrangle, rising to define the angles of the pediments and entablatures,

and curving over the arched entrance of the Electrical Building. Another long line of these lamps completely encircled the margin of the Lagoon, at a height of four or five feet above the surface of the water. On the broad esplanade, between these two lines of light, stood an unbroken array of tall lamp-posts, each supporting a Brush electric lamp. These, too, formed a ring round the Lagoon.

The vertical ribs of the great dome of the Administration Building were marked by incandescent lamps, and the dome was surmounted by a crown of them. On slender pillars surrounding its base were flaring torches of gas. Electric lamps likewise defined the main architectural features of the façade. Finally, beneath the arch of the colonnade on the Lake, red calcium lights were kept constantly burning, shedding over the interior of the passage a rosy glow. The interiors of all the Buildings were also faintly luminous, and a white light shone softly through the glass roof of the great Manufactures structure. The Palace of Agriculture, which has a colonnade running all along it, was furnished with lights within the line of columns, but invisible to the spectator. The walls beyond the columns are tinted a pale salmon hue, which was illumined by these lights, and against which the white pillars defined themselves. On the dome of this building stands the golden Diana, ravished from the tower of the New York Madison Garden : at her feet was a ring of lamps, which cast a gleam upwards over her graceful figure.

Such was the arrangement, easily described ; but the effect can be realized only by seeing it. The Lagoon, which cannot be less than a quarter of a mile long and about two hundred yards wide, was filled with gondolas and electric and steam launches, which circulated round and round, disturbing the otherwise placid surface of the water, and silhouetting their dark, graceful forms against the omnipresent brightness. Some of them were hung with many-colored Japanese lanterns. They were filled with people, and one carried a chorus of male voices, singing delectably. As you walked round the broad terraces surrounding the Lagoon, the ruffled water made a confused splendor of the reflected lights. The incandescent lamps, which looked like threaded beads of living gold, mingled there with the silvery reflections of the Brush lamps, so that the shining surface seemed to flash and ripple with the welded metals. The massive golden statue of the Republic which rises majestic at the lower end of the Lagoon caught the radiance upon its stately sides, and, as I stood gazing up at it, the moon stood just above its head, and seemed to make the figure also a denizen of the sky. From every point of view the long level lines of light charmed and enchanted the eye, and led the gaze onward to the splendid dome, whence it fell again to the fluctuating glory of the Lagoon, with its movements and its song. The harmony was on a scale so vast that the mind had to exert itself to compass it.

This, however, was not all. From the two stands on either side of the Administration Building, orchestras discoursed triumphant music in alternation, and the multitude gathered round, walking from one to the other as each took up the strain. The throbbing melody filled the mighty space, and was re-echoed from the marble cliffs, and

swept in lovely pulsations over the Lagoon. And while it sounded, the architecture looked nobler and more beautiful, as if the music had given it a soul, or it were the visible embodiment of the music. And now, as if in response to a summons, the three fountains which crown the Lagoon leaped into rushing and up-reaching life; those to the right and left were illuminated from within by electric lights, which changed their hue from white to rose, and thence to azure. From various high coignes of vantage the long, keen rays of search-lights struck across the dark, and lit upon the golden Diana on her dome, and upon the seated figure in the barge of the fountain, and upon the heights of the Administration Building, and wandered over the masses of the crowd, and over the flitting gondolas. Point after point awoke to life and distinctness as it passed.

I got into a boat, and steamed through the rosy arch of the colonnade, and out on the broad, dark expanse of the boundless Lake. The water was smooth, and lit only by the quivering image of the moon. As we got our offing, the group of buildings on the shore assumed dim shapes of beauty; and other boats, beyond us and on either side, and lighted with many-colored lamps from stem to stern, hung like enormous jewels on the cheek of night. A search-light from the east, plunging at hazard through the transparent gloom, discovered here a ship and there a barge which the darkness had hidden. They started into sudden, intense visibility, and the next moment vanished again, like ghosts that illude the eye and then are no more.

It was a banquet of royal beauty. Returning at last to the Lagoon, I mounted flight after flight of stairs to the base of the Administration dome. Here, an undefined horizon, twinkling afar with lights, spread round on every side: below, in front, were the crowds, and the lines of lamps, the fountains and the music. I stayed and looked and listened long; for never have I beheld a fairer scene: unsentient matter seemed to dissolve and flow into poetry, and to vibrate with the spiritual beauty which we believe in, but can never grasp.

Julian Hawthorne.

MORTALITY.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?
Job.

I KNOW that time will thwart me,—I shall love
And lose, soar and sink back, aspire and fail.
Why mourn because Decay is throned above
Indomitable Desire? will it avail?
Does Death incline its ear to catch man's wail?
My heart may yearn with might to move the world:
The powerful Silence hears not: futile, frail
My cry. Not by man's skill is flower impearled
With dew, not by man's strength the flying spheres are whirled.

Man has no throne o'er Earth—he cannot climb.
 Did he point out the Moon her way? she rolled
 Long cycles ere his race transpired of time.
 Not as he nods blow the flowers blue or gold;
 They sink their roots into his quiet mould
 And o'er his docile dust laugh into light.
 Not his the thunder's rugged voice; of old
 He scattered not, all beautiful and bright,
 The stars like shining seeds in the broad field of Night.

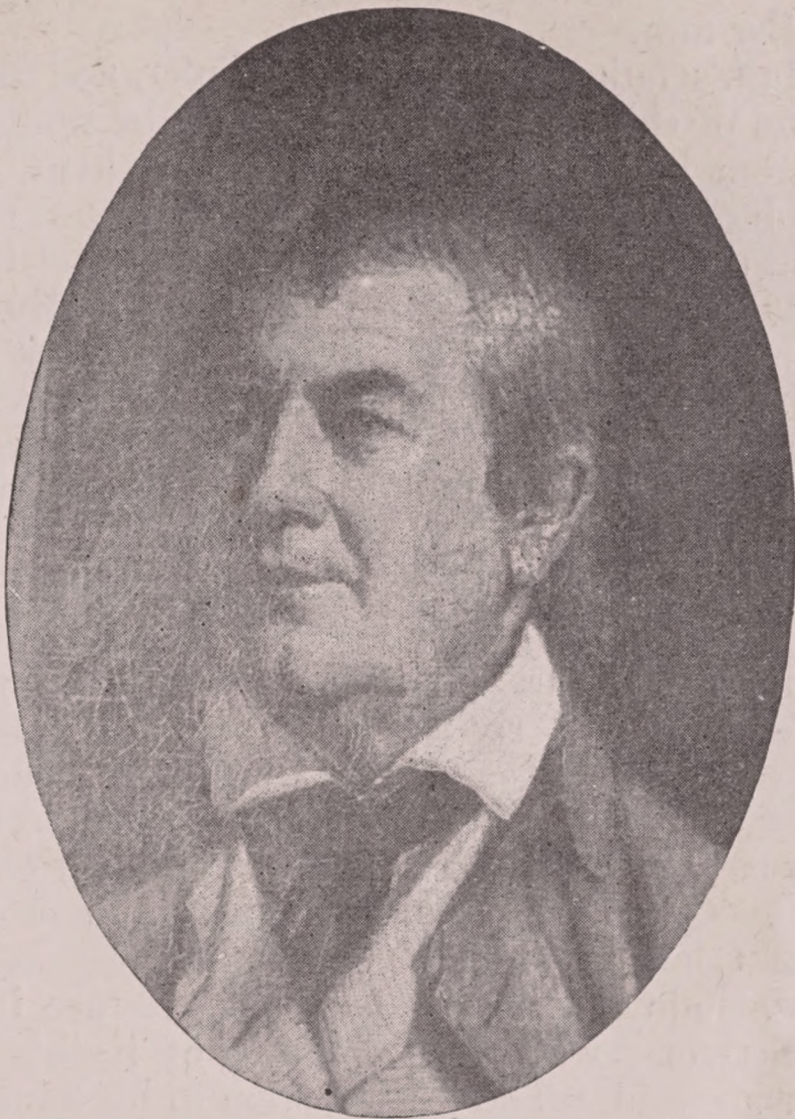
From out the glacier's path he steps aside.
 Can he meet glance for glance the sun's great eye
 O'er many a ruined empire opened wide?
 Decay doth beard him—can he fight or fly,
 Do aught but curl his carcass up and die?
 Because he oversleeps do meteors stray?
 By his might were the mountains heaped on high?
 He has some vast yearnings—what are they?
 They span immensity, and then—converge to clay.

The stars have never heard his voice; they rush
 Austere and lonely. The prismatic arc
 He bends not 'neath the misty blue, nor blush
 The rosy cheeks of Morning through the dark
 By his weak wish. Did he bid soar the lark
 Dizzy against the sun? With rapture rife
 She revels heavenward—to her singing hark!
 He has no part in Nature's stir and strife.
 Not his the voice that spake the Universe to life.

The lightnings scorch him, and the careless earth
 Upheaves and swallows him. The seas o'erclose
 And shut him from the light. Fate gives him birth,
 Her facile playmate, and dismissed he goes
 Unto ignoble, impotent repose.
 His breath is not the imperious hurricane,
 Nor by his will rude oak from acorn grows.
 His life is formed for pleasure, filled with pain.
 The earth drinks up his tears and knows them not from rain.

When he would sleep does he dismiss the sun,
 Or does he whirl the seasons like a wheel?
 Do avalanches on his errands run,
 Or does his biting glance their snows congeal?
 Him Nature knows not; for he cannot feel
 The full sense of her. When her depths rejoice
 And her heights glow with godhead, let him steal
 Away and hide. His life endures by choice
 Of chance. And hath he pride, and doth he lift his voice?

Howard Hall.



WILLIAM RUSH.

A PHILADELPHIA SCULPTOR.

DURING the latter part of the last century and the early days of this there lived in Philadelphia a notable and well-known sculptor and carver in wood, of whom it is said, "He surpassed in ability any other ship-carver in the world." That he prospered at the early period of our history in which he lived was due to his great talent alone, as his time was one when the plastic art was little appreciated in the United States. In fact, William Rush, who was born in Philadelphia some twenty years before the Revolutionary War, was the creator of the plastic art in America. Although thus distinguished, his life-story has never been told, and to this day his is a neglected corner in the history of art in America, a bit of canvas still uncovered. Let us then tell the story, cover the canvas, and fill this corner.

Rush received but a very slight artistic education. Indeed, when he started out to model in clay and wood, he possessed merely the knowledge he had gained in the shop of Edward Cultush, an eminent London ship-carver, to whom he was apprenticed at an early age. But the young American sculptor had talent sufficient to surmount the enormous difficulties which must have arisen from his lack of technical knowledge. As early as 1787 he had commenced to model in Phila-

delphia. The first bust in clay of any importance which he executed was that of William Bartram, son of the famous early American botanist John Bartram.

William Rush's father was a ship-carpenter, and from his youth the son was fond of ships. Often when a boy he would cut out miniature vessels from blocks of wood, and exercise his artistic talent in drawing upon boards figures in chalk and paints. When he commenced work in this country there was no demand for the productions of native sculptors; consequently to make a living Rush was obliged to carve prow-heads for vessels, then in common use. By 1800 he had attained considerable reputation as a sculptor and carver in wood, and time matured his talents. At an early date in his career his figure-heads began to be noticed in foreign ports. The figure of an Indian trader on the ship *William Penn* was much admired in London. The wood-carvers there, it is reported, would come in boats and lie near the ship to sketch designs of the figure-head. This was but a few years after the Revolutionary War. Another notable prow-head which Rush carved was the figure of a river-god for the ship *Ganges*. So well known abroad did his work at last become that the house of Nicklin and Griffeth, of Philadelphia, received many orders from England for figure-heads to be made by Rush to adorn ships built on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the most celebrated of these carvings was a female figure of Commerce.

In 1811 Benjamin H. Latrobe delivered a lecture in Philadelphia before the Society of Artists. In speaking of Rush's figures for the prows of vessels, he said, "There is a motion in his figures which is incontrovertible. They seem rather to draw the ship after them than to impel the vessel. Many of them are of exquisite beauty. I have not seen one on which there is not the stamp of genius."

Among other ship-carvings executed by Rush were two emblematic statues nine feet high adorning the prows of the American frigates *United States* and *Constellation*. For the latter the subject was Nature, her forehead crested with fire and her hair and drapery loose and flowing. The zone was ornamented with the signs of the zodiac. The figure stood on a pyramid of stones, emblematic of the United States. The other figure, the Genius of the United States, was a female figure in classic drapery with appropriate ornaments and national emblems.

A life-like portrait of John Quincy Adams was made for the United States sloop of war bearing the name of that distinguished statesman, and busts and figures of Rousseau, Voltaire, and other Frenchmen and philosophers were carved by Rush for the vessels of Stephen Girard. Besides these, a head of Fingal, a full-length figure of William Penn and another of Benjamin Franklin, a figure of an Indian orator, and a magnificent statue of Montezuma in full Aztec costume, were good illustrations of Rush's artistic skill in reproducing the peculiar facial and other characteristics of different races, as well as of his creative genius in purely imaginary subjects.

From the first the young American sculptor looked upon ship-carving as secondary to his other work, and thus when the opportunity offered he produced some excellent statues. "Winter," represented by

a child shrinking from the cold, won well-merited admiration and praise. So did his figures of "Exaltation" and "Praise," two cherubim encircled by glory, which he sculptured for old St. Paul's Church, Third Street below Walnut, Philadelphia, as ornaments for the organ. A graceful figure of a nymph with a swan, representing the tradition of Leda and the Swan, has for many years stood in Fairmount Park upon a rocky perch opposite the Water-Works. This figure was executed by Rush in 1809. From the throat of the bird issues a jet of water, and smaller jets spring up from the foot of the figure. Rush's model for this figure was the beautiful Miss Nancy Vanuxem, daughter of James Vanuxem, a well-known merchant of the Quaker City. Miss Vanuxem was afterwards married to Nathan Smith, and died in 1874 at an advanced age. To the tastes of the present generation this figure seems unusually artistic and chaste in design, but when it was first erected it was not appreciated, and was even denounced as immodest.

Two reclining figures crowning the wheel-house of the Water-Works at Fairmount Park were also designed and executed by Rush. The male figure represents the Schuylkill River in its improved state, controlled by locks and dams; beside the figure of bearded Old Age is an eagle with wide-spread wings, apparently about to take flight and abandon the artificial innovations of civilization. The female figure pictures the Schuylkill in chains. These fine figures were made especially for the Water-Works, and placed in position about 1825. The figures of Justice and Wisdom to be seen to-day in the reception-room adjoining the wheel-house of the Water-Works were executed by the same artist for decorating the triumphal arch which was erected in front of the State-House on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Philadelphia in 1824.

On the grounds of the Edwin Forrest Home for Aged Actors in the suburbs of Philadelphia, two fine female figures, heroic in size, representing Comedy and Tragedy, are to be seen. These figures were carved by Rush during the early part of this century, and adorned for many years the old Chestnut Street Theatre. Some of Mr. Rush's



LEDA AND THE SWAN.

best figures have, unfortunately, been destroyed by fire, among them a fine recumbent figure of Agriculture, which adorned the entrance to the old Market Street Bridge. The "Crucifixion," a piece of life-size carving which was regarded by the master as his *chef-d'œuvre*, was destroyed by fire in St. Augustine's Church during the riots which devastated Philadelphia in 1844. Persons who remember this figure say that in beauty, force, and accuracy of execution it could not have been surpassed. But the most famous of all statues made by Rush was his full-length Washington. This figure was first placed on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in May, 1815. At once it attracted great attention; indeed, this one piece of work would have sufficed to establish permanently the reputation of the sculptor had he lived to-day. In modelling the figure Rush was aided by his own personal recollections of the great general, and by a study of the portraits of Stuart, Pine, Peale, and also of that admirably executed bust by the French sculptor Houdon. Rush's statue of Washington was first placed in a conspicuous position in Independence Hall upon the occasion of the reception of Lafayette in 1824, and it was then highly praised by Washington's faithful friend and ally. From that time to this the statue has remained within the hallowed precincts of the old State-House. During Lafayette's visit to Philadelphia he one day took breakfast with Rush and presented him with a copy of a fine full-length engraving of himself which had then but recently been published. Rush invited Lafayette to a meal that he might show the distinguished Frenchman a plaster bust of him which he had executed from memory. Lafayette expressed himself as pleased with this work, and remarked that the likeness was excellent. This bust is still in existence, belonging to Mr. Rush's grandson, Dr. William Dunton, of Philadelphia.

A model in clay was made by this sculptor of the features of Samuel Morris, Jr. This artistic piece of work is now owned by the celebrated Fish-House Club, or, as it is generally known, the State in Schuylkill Fishing Company, of Philadelphia. Rush also executed a bust of himself carved out of a block of pine, which is remarkable for its originality and character and entitled to a prominent place in the records of American sculpture. This bust is now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr. Rush's studio was a two-story frame building, No. 172 North Front Street, Philadelphia. Unfortunately, this old house was destroyed by fire some years ago. Mr. Abraham Ritter, in his "Merchants of Philadelphia," in speaking about Mr. Rush's workshop, says, "There was a large log under the front window, upon which we little boys on our way to school climbed and peeked under his window, wondering at the transformation of unwrought timber into the form and appearance of human beings. Mr. Rush was rather below middle height, but well formed, genteel in appearance, and very intelligent in countenance. He died at the age of seventy-six, on the 17th of January, 1833, and is buried in Woodlands Cemetery." His portrait was painted by Peale, and hung for many years in Peale's Museum: it is now on exhibition in Independence Hall.

It is worthy of special notice that when Rush began to model in

clay, not one of the artists who have given celebrity to our native sculpture had seen the light of day. Frazer was not born until 1790, nor Ezekiel Augur, of New Haven, until 1791. The latter was originally in the grocery trade, but, failing in that, took up modelling and wood-carving without any guide except his natural instincts; but, like the majority of our early sculptors, with the exception of Rush, his efforts are interesting only as evidence of what talent entirely unin-



COMEDY.



TRAGEDY.

structed can accomplish. It was not until 1805, long after Copley, West, Malbone, Allston, and Stuart had demonstrated our capacity for pictorial art, that Hiram Powers was born. The same year Horatio Greenough first saw the light of day. In the remote wilds of Kentucky Hart was brought into this world in 1810, and Clevenger, Crawford, and Mills followed in 1812, 1813, and 1815. Thus we see that without hereditary genius or predecessors from whom to copy, Rush achieved his artistic results, and succeeded in winning for himself a European renown which made him the equal of some of the leading foreign carvers and sculptors of his age, and at the same time well earned the title of the Father of American Sculpture.

E. Leslie Gilliams.

THE SUPERMUNDANE IN FICTION.

ONE feels like lingering for a moment over the parallel repeatedly drawn on both sides of the Atlantic between R. L. Stevenson in his supernatural vein, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, Brockden Brown, and Edgar Poe. It is well to distinguish a little more clearly between the various methods of these writers. Brown tells wonder-tales whose marvels merely await explanation to cease to be miraculous. This he supplies in a business-like manner. For example, one whole series of seemingly diabolic visitations and communications is shown to be merely the result of ventriloquism with certain impressive accompaniments. This is obviously the easiest and crudest way of dealing with terrifying and awe-inspiring topics,—unless we except bald child-like hobgoblin narrative, such as was popular in the Middle Ages. Lord Lytton and other rather mechanical composers are given to using it as well as Brown.

Poe does not explain. Except where he deals in allegory, as in “William Wilson,” or in perfectly credible physical or psychological phenomena, he bends his wizard-like energies to tempting you a little farther into the region of the seemingly impossible than he is willing to go avowedly, or weaves a spell of subtle association, rich word-music and gorgeous dreamy background, which makes you doubt where to find the limits of credence. One of his favorite tricks is to insist that the magical or mystical interpretation or experience which he wishes you to credit *cannot* be real; so that his negative emphasis drives you by way of contradiction much farther toward the predetermined goal than any amount of luring could have brought you.

Hawthorne does not set out on any such necromantic mission. There is no savor of the charlatan about him. Dealing with topics of that shadow-land which lies between what we all know and what we all, at least sometimes, feel possibly might be, he is careful to set before you the two paths with perfect or admirably simulated neutrality. If you go further in the direction of the occult, it is on your own responsibility. He does not argue his mysteries away into prosaic materialism, like Brown; nor does he tempt you to wild ventures, like Poe, with a dare and witch-woven glamour. A strain of undeniable scientific insight, often of astonishing scientific foresight,—very different from Poe’s humbugging erudition,—runs through much of his work. Nearly all the events which make up his marvellous romances may really have happened. The supernaturalism is not so much in them as in the subtle unearthly haze through which they loom.

Stevenson in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde”—for the “Treasure Island” is rather a study of extravagant human wickedness and picturesque adventure than anything above or below them, and the “New Arabian Nights” tales are avowedly mere fancy play, though at times rather Shelley-like in brilliancy—has given us his only sally as yet into the field I have been considering. In Jekyll and Hyde he has reverted to something like the earlier methods. Like, yet not quite the same; for he not only, like Brown, explains his horror, but explains it impossibly, which Brown never did. Again, he borrows from Hawthorne a moral element, but he gives it a grotesque embodiment and a dramatic action which are not at all Hawthorne-like. Finally, he takes sides distinctly. Thus his treatment may fairly be termed composite, yet so composed as to be markedly

individual, like everything else which we owe to his versatile genius and deftness of touch. Even the central conception is novel. The idea of a dual or multiple personality in one man is old enough—being found, for example, in such diverse sources as “William Wilson” and “Dynamic Sociology.” Spenser, too, wrote long ago, “Soul is form, and doth the body make.” But the combination of these two old conceptions in another one—grotesquely impossible but very effectively handled—may fairly be claimed by Stevenson.

W. H. Babcock.

MEN OF THE DAY.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is a short-necked, thick-set, beetle-browed man, with curly black hair, moustaches, and side whiskers, and is somewhat stilted as to manner. He is one-and-fifty years of age, and has been composing during five-and-thirty of them. In his song-writing, which is extensive, his popularity has been greater perhaps than that of any other English composer. In addition to his ballads, he has composed some of the best known of modern hymns. His oratorios, too, have been uniformly successful; but he is perhaps best known to fame as the joint author with Gilbert of that long line of comic operas out of which they made about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece. His enemies say that he is rarely civil to anybody who has not a handle to his name, yet withal he is not utterly destitute of humor, and he can tell a good story on occasion. He has hitherto failed to marry, but he has been decorated with degrees and orders innumerable. He was improved into a knight some ten years since, and, having amassed a comfortable competence, passes a pleasant life and is tolerably popular.

General Porfirio Diaz, who is serving his fourth term as President of Mexico, is a tall-built, Indian-eyed, profoundly determined-looking man, of portly frame and sallow complexion, with closely-cropped blue-black hair and drooping moustache that is tinged with gray, and is never seen without a smile on his face. He looks younger than his years, which are three-and-sixty. He is a hard worker, and has a hobby for collecting fire-arms of all ages and nations. He is a practical mechanic, having constructed all the furniture in his bedroom with implements of his own make, and he has recently invented and patented many implements, including a new-fangled corkscrew. He has been twice married, his present wife being the beautiful daughter of his Secretary of the Interior, and, though not so rich by many figures as is reported, has amassed a considerable fortune during his three terms of office. He is an ambitious man, of iron will, and likes to play the dictator,—a rôle in which he has hitherto achieved remarkable success.

Sir John Everett Millais, the famous painter, is a tall, broad-shouldered, curly-haired man, with a ruddy face clean shaven as to lip and chin, framed in silvern side-whiskers of the mutton-chop pattern, and has the bluffest of unæsthetic manners. He has been on exhibition for three-and-sixty years. He is one of the few infant prodigies who have achieved something in after-life. As a child of five, when staying with his mother in Brittany, his rough sketches of the French garrison at Dinan were pronounced marvellous, and when he

gained his first medal of the Society of Arts he was scarcely more than a boy. Before he was of age he had carried off all possible honors from the Royal Academy Schools. He became the youngest associate of the Academy at the age of twenty-four, and the youngest Academician on record at the age of twenty-six. His first attempt at portrait-painting was a picture of Charles Reade. Ruskin, whose opinion he asked as to its merits, said that it was not a failure but a *fiasco*, and in his anger kicked a hole through it, which by the way is still to be seen. Millais revenged himself by marrying Ruskin's divorced wife. This was in 1855. Fame came as the result of painting her portrait, which was exhibited in the same year. Since then he believes, but is not sure, that he has painted some hundred and thirty-odd pictures. He once did portraits for fifteen dollars each, but he now asks something like fifteen thousand dollars for one, and he gets what he asks. His more famous pictures are familiar to every one. He is perhaps chiefly distinguished for his exquisite delineation of child faces. As is well known, he was one of the founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite" movement. His house is accounted one of the glories of London, yet withal he prefers working out of doors to his studio, and is never quite so happy as when sketching from nature in Scotland. Seated beside some wimpling burn with an old pipe in his mouth, he will work all day long without eating. He long ago learned the art of painting in the rain, and a well-known American artist who painted with him for two seasons says that they sat in their wet clothes, drenched to the skin by the thick Scotch mist, day after day, wholly engrossed in reproducing the greens and browns of mosses and the grays and reds of trees. Sir John was baronettèd somewhat tardily eight years since by Mr. Gladstone, his portrait of whom is by many considered his finest effort. He is an enthusiastic angler.

Philip D. Armour is a short-set, broad-built, prosperous-looking man, with a ruddy open face, darkly side-whiskered. He is severely self-made. Six-and-forty years ago he drove a mule-team across the plains of California, and invested what little capital he had in the grain business in Milwaukee. Then he bought an interest in a pork-packing establishment, and to-day his fortune is estimated at something like fifty million dollars. He is now perhaps the most conspicuous of all Chicago's multi-millionaires, and is growing richer every day; yet withal he is as modest as the proverbial school-boy ever was, and is one of the plainest and most quiet-going of men both as to manner and mode of life. Of late ill health has obliged him to restrict his diet to bread and milk. This would be a sad affliction to some rich men, but Mr. Armour has never cultivated his palate to an appreciation of ortolans and truffles, and he likes a baked apple for breakfast as much as Beecher or Jay Gould used to. His recent gift of a million and a half of dollars to the University of Chicago brought him into prominence as a practical philanthropist. "He is the hardest man to go against in a grain or provision deal that I know of," said a friend of his recently, "but in an emergency where 'money talks' he will cough up a cool million as indifferently as another man would order a chop in a restaurant." Withal he is at his desk daily, summer and winter alike, before the clock strikes seven, and he habitually wears a red, red rose in his button-hole.

M. Crofton.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Hoyden. By
Mrs. Hungerford
(The Duchess).

A summer novel should have quick movement, plenty of sloping lawns and latticed arbors, a plot that never flags, and men and women who, under the spell of the summer air, make day-and-night-long oblation to the wingéd god.

While one lounges below the leaves or drifts by the shore, such a book—not too deep in meaning nor too difficult in style—is as necessary as the light and breeze, and the present issue in *Lippincott's Select Novels* is so full of both these that it will be especially in request by the sex which makes the summer its own.

Mrs. Hungerford, known the world round as The Duchess, has never put forth a more stirring bit of fiction than *The Hoyden*. It is the contagious kind of book which compels a reading, and the people who move through it are the high-class English dames and men whom all of us like to know about, if only to indulge in a gentle smile at the contrast between ourselves and them. The story tells of the rise, the decline, and the final triumph of the love-affairs of Tita Bolton, the Hoyden, who, being an heiress of the tradesman order of life, becomes essential to the fortunes of Lady Rylton, whose family estates are badly involved. This gentlewoman invites Tita to her country-seat,—the whole summery episode takes place amid tennis-courts and country dances,—and succeeds in forming a match between her and her son Sir Maurice, who is already deeply in love with his handsome widowed cousin, Mrs. Bethune. What arises from this situation, how Tita passes through two courtships from the same lover, and finally outwits the beautiful widow, must be left for an afternoon's development when the reader's mind needs a lazy pleasure.

The Ghost World.
By T. F. Thiselton
Dyer.

There is a sort of books, always welcome, widely read, perennially delightful, in which some scholarly author filters for us the fine essence of his reading, and makes a brand-new work out of myriad old ones, knowing, with a

fine sense of taste, just what to keep and what to cast away. This saves the hurried reader, who has not time, nor perhaps the talent, to be a specialist in many branches, from a wearying duplication and from gathering a houseful of books; and, better than all, it gives a concise view of the subject up to date.

Such is this admirable volume from the pen of T. F. Thiselton Dyer, entitled *The Ghost World*, which has just come forth through the J. B. Lippincott Co. in a substantial dress and appropriately clear type. Mr. Dyer is an English folk-lorist who has, with great industry, covered the whole field of that fascinating pursuit as it applies to the soul and apparitions, and in the present volume, as well as in his previous *Church-Lore Gleanings*, he shows the skill and discrimination of an intelligent enthusiast. He has drawn extensively, as was necessary, from such older works as Glanvil and Aubrey; from Tylor, and Dorman, and Sir Walter Scott; but so thoroughly in touch is he with what is being written in his own time, that many of his most pleasing instances are taken from American writers, such as Whittier and Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, whose *Myths of the New World* is a source of much that is novel in this very full book.

The chapters are devoted to every aspect of the subject, and their titles alone will give the reader a sufficiently comprehensive idea of the contents. Some of these are: The Soul's Exit at Death, The Nature of the Soul, The Unburied Dead, Why Ghosts Wander, Ghosts of the Murdered, Phantom Birds, Animal Ghosts, Phantom Lights, The Headless Ghost, Phantom Butterflies, Second-Sight, Compacts between the Living and Dead, The Banshee, Haunted Houses, Phantom Music, and Phantom Sounds.

Aunt Johnnie. By John Strange Winter.

Romeo and Juliet done into modern fiction and made real as every-day life by a skilful pen, is *Aunt Johnnie* by John Strange Winter. The reviewer has often wondered why novelists in search of a plot did not take up some old story at the finish and carry it on with new people and in a new day, as Thackeray did with *Ivanhoe* in *Rebecca and Rowena*. And here, in a slightly different vein, is a brave attempt to make a modern tale out of the very elements of a famous old one. It has succeeded beyond expectation in being as readable a story of contemporary English life as this cleverest of *genre* artists in fiction has yet produced; and, more than this, there is really lasting character in Captain Bannister and his Meg, in the Capulets and Montagues: Mr. Bannister and Mr. Stoner, and above all in Aunt Johnnie Durham, who has no counterpart in the great play and who is therefore all Mrs. Stannard's own.

Captain Jack falls in love before he asks questions, and hence he finds his sweetheart to be the daughter of his father's arch-enemy. To placate this father, who sets his face against the marriage, Aunt Johnnie invents the neatest of social devices, which works to a charm. Then Mr. Stoner has also to be dealt with; but just how it all comes out must not be revealed; yet that it comes out happily and naturally will be a source of pleasure to every one who picks up *Aunt Johnnie*, latest of the diverting *Lippincott's Select Novels*.

A Medical Handbook: for the Use of Practitioners and Students. By R. S. Aitchison. With Illustrations.

A very simple, serviceable, and complete handbook for the use of medical practitioners and students is this prepared by R. S. Aitchison, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.P.E., late Medical Officer of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, which, with its numerous illustrations, its clear and carefully edited text, and its utilities of size and shape, forms a little library of medical knowledge all by itself.

It is often necessary for young doctors, and even old ones, to have at hand a source of instant reference, and it is essential that it should be a standard. With this in view Mr. Aitchison has prepared an accurate, compendious, and exceedingly valuable *Medical Handbook*, filling the same want in medicine that is supplied in surgery by Caird and Cathcart's well-known *Surgical Handbook*. The book is as condensed and practical as possible, and is arranged on a plan intelligible to doctors, which groups the various diseases together so that they can be referred to in the most direct manner. The classification of diseases, the author tells us, is entirely clinical, and has been framed for clinical purposes alone, while the whole arrangement of the volume has been made with a view to assisting the diagnosis by bringing allied affections closer to each other, and thus suggesting a comparison and exclusion of different diseases.

Royal Unfermented Bread

As endorsed and recommended by
the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread.

1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder,* cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk.

* Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly.

Cyrus Edson, M. D.
Com'r of Health, New-York City.

JAPAN'S PETROLEUM.—Although Japan is one of the oldest countries in the world, it has just begun to produce petroleum in large quantities. Two expert drillers of oil-wells in Pennsylvania have been in Japan for a year sinking wells for the Japanese government. Oddly enough, these wells are drilled under the waters of the Japan Sea, on the northern coast of the empire. For at least twelve hundred years the Japanese have known of the existence of petroleum along the shore, but the native wells were dug by hand, and the oil slowly filled the bottoms, when it was scooped up in buckets, a few gallons at a time. Now the Japanese government is talking of pipe lines and railroads for distributing the products of the wells which the Americans are digging. Labor is very cheap in Japan, and natives work for seven yen a month, and board themselves, a yen being about seventy-six cents. They are not organized, have no such things as labor unions, and strikes are unknown. They have no set time for a day's work, which is practically during daylight, they frequently beginning work at the wells at four o'clock in the morning. In consequence, digging wells in Japan is not expensive.—*Harper's Young People*.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BABY.—"The art of confusing one thing with another flourishes in every country in the world," says *The Argonaut*. "It was in Canada, for instance, that a newspaper advertisement of a nursing-bottle concluded as follows: 'When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled.'"

AN ATTORNEY'S SPEECH.—A colored attorney practising in a court not a thousand miles from Richmond, Va., animadverting strongly upon the testimony of an adverse witness, used the following somewhat remarkable language:

"Gentermens ob de jury, yo dun heard all dat bal-haded conterband dun said. But, gentermens, he didn' tell de trufe. Ef he had er ben swore lak he would er ben swore thirty yeahs ago, ef he had er ben tole that unless'n he tole de trufe his ears would er ben cut off smack up ter his hade, he would er tole de trufe. But stidder doin' dat he kim heah an frejerdis dis jury gin de prisner at de bah, dat po', ignunt, discomposed, and eluded man."—*The Green Bag*.

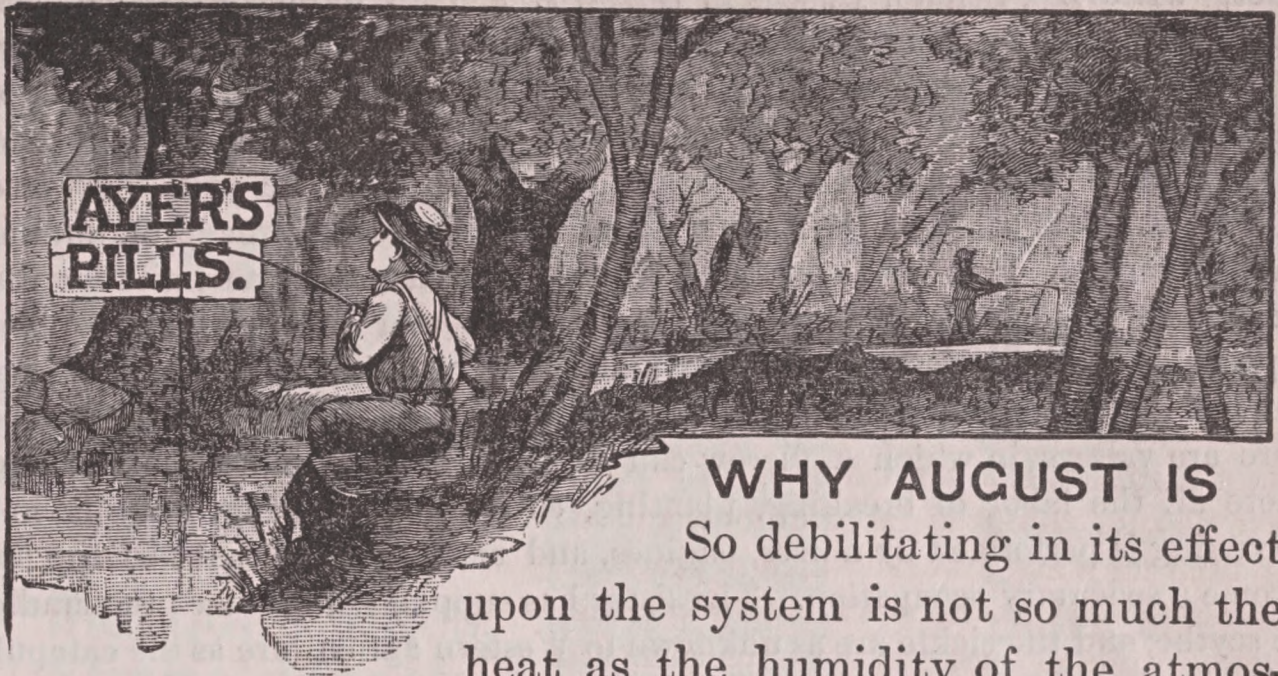
A HARD SUBJECT.—The constitutional inability of some people to grow fat under the most favorable circumstances found an excellent example in the person of Mr. Ezra Sprawley, of Alderville. His wife's comical distress over the fact at last found vent in a remark which has passed into a by-word in that New England town.

"I used t' think," said the good, energetic woman and admirable house-keeper in a pensive mood one day, "I *used* to think that food, cooked proper an' dealt out liberal, couldn't help puttin' some flesh on folks's bones.

"An' I c'nsidered, previous to weddin' with Ezry, that 'twas owin' to the fact that his sister Jane was a scant pervider that he looked so terrible peaked; but I misjeded her—an' him, that's the truth.

"Why, jest look at him now," said Mrs. Sprawley, dolefully, directing her visitor's gaze to the figure of her gaunt spouse as he stood in the barn door-way; "jest look at him, thin as a match. Why, my land!"—here she passed to the portion of her remark which became historical:

"I've fed three hearty meals a day, reg'lar, to that man, for up'ards of fifteen years, an' he ain't ever give the *just evidence* of 'em."—*Youth's Companion*.



WHY AUGUST IS

So debilitating in its effect upon the system is not so much the heat as the humidity of the atmosphere. The life-sustaining gases seem to be diluted, and hence that languid, "all gone," exhausted feeling, so characteristic of this month. To vitalize the blood, sharpen the appetite, correct the liver and kidneys, expel scrofulous humors, and tone up the nerves, no other preparation equals **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**. It goes right to the spot, and is just the kind you need. Taken during your vacation, at the seaside or in the country, it will prevent malaria, and cause a more speedy restoration to sound and vigorous health.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others, Will Cure You

AYER'S Cathartic Pills

Are better known and more generally used than any other cathartic. Sugar-coated, purely vegetable, and free from mercury or any other injurious drug, this is the ideal family medicine. Prompt and energetic in their action, the use of these Pills is attended with only the best results. Their effect is to strengthen and regulate the organic functions, being especially beneficial in the various derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. They cure sick headache, biliousness, constipation, and dyspepsia. Tourists and travelers should not fail to be supplied with

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

A LAND FOR THE FARMER.—“The farms of Kansas were not made to order,” writes Ex-Senator Ingalls in *Harper's*. “They waited for the plough. There were no forests to fell, no stumps to extract, no rocks to remove, no malaria to combat. These undulating fields are the floors of ancient seas. These limestone ledges underlying the prairies and cropping from the foreheads of the hills are the cemeteries of the marine insect life of the primeval world. This inexhaustible humus is the mould of the decaying herbage of unnumbered centuries. It is only upon calcareous plains in temperate latitudes that agriculture is supreme, and the strong structure and the rich nourishment imparted essential to bulk, endurance, and speed in animals, to grace, beauty, and passion in women, and in man to stature, courage, health, and longevity. Here are valleys in which a furrow can be ploughed a hundred miles long, where all the labor of breaking, planting, cultivating, mowing, reaping, and harvesting is performed by horses, engines, and machinery, so that farming has become a sedentary occupation. The lister has supplanted the hoe; the cradle, the scythe, and the sickle are as unknown to Western agriculture as the catapult and culverin to modern warfare. The well-sweep and windlass have been supplanted by the windmills whose vivacious disks disturb the monotony of the sky. But for these labor-saving inventions the pioneers would still linger in the valleys of the Ohio and Sangamon, and the subjugation of the desert would have been indefinitely postponed.”

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.—“In the week immediately preceding her death, Elizabeth Fudge, while suffering under the illness of which she died and *in the immediate expectation of death who was then staying at Weston-super-Mare for her health*, told Mary Fisher to take the keys of the dressing case and box and to keep the same.”

A Pennsylvania testator recently provided that an interest in land devised to his daughter should, in case of her death without issue, be “reversible to my right consanguinary heirs.”—*General Digest*.

EXCLUSIVE COMMUNITIES.—The number of ants dwelling together in a community, according to Sir John Lubbock, is sometimes as great as five hundred thousand. They are always friendly towards each other, no quarrel ever having been observed between two ants members of the same community. They are, however, very exclusive, and regard an immigrant with horror. When an ant of the same species belonging to another nest appears among them, he is promptly taken by the leg or antenna and put out. It would naturally be surmised that this distinction was made by means of some communication. To test whether they could recognize each other without signs, attempts were made to render them insensible, first by chloroform and afterwards by whiskey. “None of the ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk.” Finally, fifty ants were taken, twenty-five from one community and twenty-five from another, and dipped into whiskey until intoxicated. They were then appropriately marked with a spot of paint and placed on a table where the ants from one nest were feeding. The sober ones noticed the drunkards and seemed much perplexed. At length they took the interlopers to the edge of the moat surrounding the table and dropped each one into the water. Their comrades, however, they carried home and placed in the nest, where they slept off the effects of the liquor.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

POND'S EXTRACT

Sunburn,
Chafings,
Eruptions,
Sore Eyes,
Sore Feet,
Mosquito Bites,
Stings of Insects,
Inflammations,
Hemorrhages,

WILL CURE



FAC-SIMILE OF
BOTTLE WITH
BUFF WRAPPER.

Piles,
Cuts,
Boils,
Burns,
Wounds,
Bruises,
Catarrh,
Soreness,
Lameness.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

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QUINA-LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron
AND
Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.



Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,
INDIGESTION,
FEVER and AGUE.
NEURALGIA,
LOSS of APPETITE,
POORNESS of BLOOD,
WASTING DISEASES,
and
RETARDED
CONVALESCENCE.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

A BIG GUN.—One of the most interesting exhibits at the Chicago Exposition is a cannon made at the famous Krupp Works in Germany. It is forty-seven feet long, has a sixteen-and-one-half-inch bore, is five feet through at its largest part, and fires a shell weighing two thousand two hundred pounds. This cannon is a very different affair from the guns with which all the battles the world ever saw were fought. It is intended for forts, and could not be used anywhere else, as the discharge of such a gun would ruin a man-of-war, and would be about as useless a piece of artillery as ever played havoc with its friends on a battle-field. It is handled by machinery, and the derrick-like shears with which it is moved about like a pistol in the hands of a cowboy is one hundred feet tall.

A PRECARIOUS EXISTENCE.—He.—“No, the boss doesn't pay me more than I'm worth.”

She.—“How in the world do you manage to live on it?”—*Life*.

THE Boston Advertiser learns that a French photographer lately invented a process by which a bit of ordinary paper—the leaf of a book, for example—can be made sensitive to the light without affecting the rest of the page. Acting on this hint, the French War Minister has begun to take the portraits of conscripts and recruits on the paper which gives their height, complexion, age, etc.; and the cheapness and swiftness of the operation, which is already in use in the French army, is something remarkable. It costs only one cent to get two copies of a portrait of Jacques Bonhomme,—one for his individual register and the other for his muster-roll,—and so rapid is the process that in a few hours a whole regiment can be so photographed. The soldiers file along one by one, and each sits for three seconds in the photographic chair, and the thing is done. They even mark the man's regimental number on his breast with chalk, and thus get a complete identification of him in case of desertion or death, or when a discharged soldier presents his claim for pay or a pension. If such a system had been in use during our civil war the Pension Bureau would not now be paying out so many thousand dollars a quarter to deserters, bounty-jumpers, and other sham heroes of the Union army.

INTERESTING.—Mrs. Peachblow.—“Who is that dreadful man my daughter is talking to?”

Mrs. Seteway (angrily).—“Why, that is my son!”

Mrs. Peachblow (in confusion).—“Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. I thought it was your husband.”—*Truth*.

A FINE BEQUEST.—The following very whimsical bequest is taken from a Scotch newspaper. Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in one-pound bank-notes. A finer pair of paper-weights was never heard of, for the oldest got £51,200, and the younger £57,344.

QUICK TACT.—Regnier, the French actor, had once to call out to a fellow-actor, who was expected to enter from the right wing, “Ha, ha—there you are!” For some unaccountable reason, however, the actor came on the stage on the left side, and Regnier, without being in the least disconcerted, gave his call, and added, with a smile, “I saw you in the looking-glass.”—*The Wasp*.

TURN OVER IN YOUR MIND

How many articles of food require lard in their preparation. Then think for a moment of all the repellent properties of hog fat, and of its general unwholesomeness as an article of diet. How many times have you declined a tempting looking dish with the remark "It looks nice, but I'm afraid to try it," simply because you knew it was reeking with lard, and because from sad experience you have learned that lard is not a good thing to put into your stomach. We are all



fond of pie, however, and human nature has a very decided weakness for food that is fried—oysters, potatoes, doughnuts, and cakes (there are some who will even fry a beefsteak). This being the case, why not have your pastry and fried food wholesome and digestible? When you could get nothing better than lard, or the so called "cooking butter," which is quite as bad, you had some excuse for using these articles. Now that a perfect substitute is offered there is no reason why they should ever be brought into your kitchen.

The substitute is CORTOLENE, a pure sweet vegetable oil, in combination with the choicest beef suet. It is wholesome and digestible and never fails to give satisfaction both for shortening and frying purposes. Its popularity is a matter of history, and its introduction into a home means better food and better health. Will you try it in yours?



Sold in three and five pound pails. Made only by

N. K. Fairbank & Co.,

Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston,
Philadelphia, San Francisco, &c.

A PROPER DISINFECTANT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.—It is, at least, always wise to be on the safe side, if that side can be gained, and in no instance is this of more concern than the health of the family.

Proper disinfectants, properly used at frequent periods, certainly do tend to prevent many diseases, and the expense attending their frequent use is so trivial that it would seem as if in every well-managed household their use would be second to nothing but soap.

Chemical science has proven that the best disinfectants and germ-destroyers are entirely odorless, and the popular preparation known as Platt's Chlorides is the best exponent of this class. This solution has for many years commanded the praise of thousands of physicians and of hundreds of thousands of careful housekeepers, and its cheapness and freedom from every objectionable feature commend its use to every one.

REFINED TASTES.—A rather pointed story is told of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and the late Senator Beck, which we give without varnish.

Upon one occasion it was necessary to test some old Bourbon whiskey before shipping the Simon Pure to a fastidious customer. The anxious dealer bethought him of these two great men, who were universally admitted to be connoisseurs in the article, and begged their indulgence in the matter of tasting the liquor. Blackburn swallowed a sip, smacked his lips, looked a little bit critical, tried it again, and then said, "It is fair,—very fair,—but," again smacking his lips, "it seems to me I taste iron in it." The dealer looked discouraged.

Beck went through the same process of tasting and trying, at last exclaiming, "That's good,—very good,—but I think I detect a taste of leather."

The dealer's face fell. But, feeling sure he had a superior article, he investigated. After diligent search, he found a *carpet-tack with a leather cap* in the bottom of the cask.—*Harper's Magazine*.

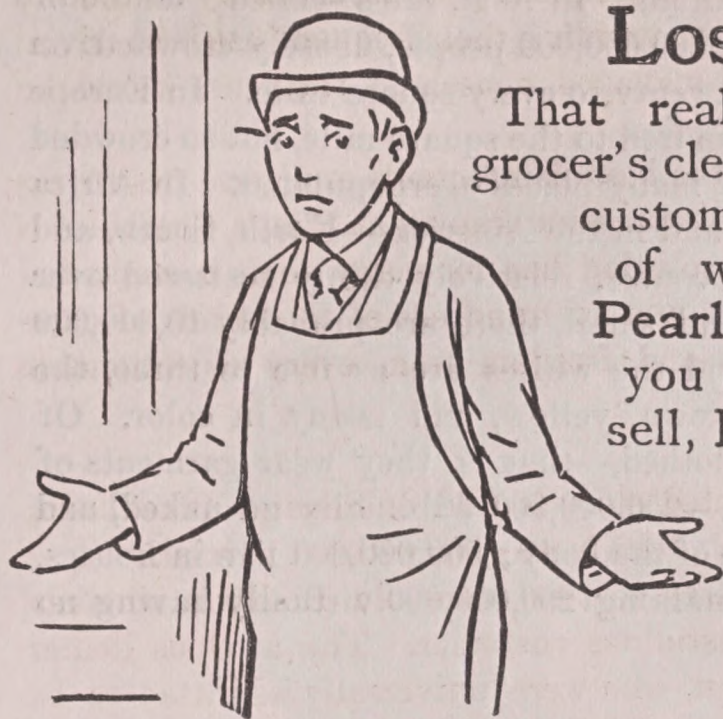
THE ETERNAL QUESTION.—"This day's gone: where's it gone to?" asked four-year-old Johnnie one night. "Into eternity," said mamma. "Yes," continued Johnnie, thoughtfully, "but what's behind it?"—*Good Form*.

HOW A COLD AFFECTED HIM.—A little boy caught a very severe cold while his mamma was out of the city, and on her return rushed up to her, and, throwing his arms around her, cried, "Oh, mamma, both of my eyes is rainin' and one of my noses won't go."—*Demorest's Magazine*.

"SOMEBODY has written a story," says *The Wasp*, "called 'The Little Toe of the Right Foot,' in evident imitation of Ambrose Bierce's story of a similar name. All of the other toes will now undoubtedly follow."

A MODEL FOR CUPID.—"Well," said the artist, sharply, to the tramp who had entered, "what do you want here? Hurry with what you have to say."

"Sir," replied the tramp, with inborn dignity, "I did not come here to be insulted. I merely thought to step in and inquire if you had any model for your valentine Cupid. If not, I desire to apply for the position."



Lost his Position.

That really happened to a certain grocer's clerk, because he couldn't induce customers to take an inferior brand of washing powder in place of **Pearline**. The grocer said, "If you can't sell what I want you to sell, I don't want you."

Now it doesn't take a very wise woman to decide whether this was an honest grocer. And a woman wise enough for that, would be likely to insist upon having nothing but **Pearline**. There is nothing "as good as" or "the same as" **Pearline**, the original—in fact, the only—washing-compound. If they send you something else, send it back.

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JAMES PYLE, New York.

ANOTHER PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER.—"As I have already argued, the practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence."—**PROFESSOR HUXLEY**, Oxford.

As nearly as can be ascertained, there were in force on January 1, 1893, 1,406,000 policies of life insurance, representing, approximately, 1,127,500 insured lives, in this country.

The total amount of insurance under these policies was upwards of three thousand nine hundred and twenty millions of dollars.

This vast sum is secured by annual premiums exceeding \$225,000,000 and by well-invested assets amounting to more than nine hundred millions of dollars.*

Here is a something the motive to which may be enlightened selfishness, but which is so far ethical that no individual seeks any good for himself which he has not planned to confer upon others under like circumstances. The individual contribution is exactly proportioned to the individual risk considered in relation to the sum insured.

This is a superb scheme, bewildering in its immensity, theoretically perfect, administered conscientiously, producing results which have evoked the admiration and approval of the entire civilized world.

Professor Huxley doesn't seem to know it. He should be inventoried with that diminishing class which affects to believe there is no honor in business, no gain for some which is not a loss to others, no virtue, no sacrifice, no generosity, no provident thrift,—naught but debasing selfishness which secures "cosmic success."

What a single life insurance company has done and is doing—its principles, methods, results—you may know by addressing the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

No obligation imposed.

* These figures embrace only those of the legitimate companies,—the kind which knows that two and two make four, not five or nine as claimed in the legerdmain of Assessmentism.

THE human family living on earth to-day, says an exchange, consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls,—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded, on an average of about one hundred and twenty to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging one hundred to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense, and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas—North, South, and Central—110,000,000, these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as five to three, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown, yellow, and tawny in color. Of the entire race 500,000,000 are well clothed,—that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness,—250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

OLD SUBSCRIBER (to editor).—"Can you lend me five dollars?"

Editor.—"We cannot."

Old Subscriber.—"Paper not doin' much, eh?"

Editor.—"Well, we're holdin' our own."

NOT INTERESTED IN THE WAR.—I was riding up through Arkansas with Price's army. We were on our way back to Missouri. The Yankees had let us alone so long we thought maybe they had quit fighting or had forgotten us. We were getting anxious about it. Along towards night I met a man who lived up there in the mountains. He had been fishing, and had his string of fish with him. He was going home. I was pretty full of patriotism and notions about duty. You see, I had studied the relations of the states to the nation, and the relations of the states to the states, and the relations of the states to the territories, and the relations of the citizen to the states and to the nation. I thought I knew all about it. I said to this man away up in the mountains of Arkansas,—

"Why aren't you in the army?"

"What army?" he asked.

"The Confederate army, of course," said I.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I did hear something about such an army."

"Yes," said I, growing a little hot, "I thought so. And why aren't you out with it, fighting the battles of the country?"

"What country?" he asked.

"This country," I said.

He looked all around him at the mountains, and then he said,—

"Stranger, suppose you lived in this country, and owned all you wanted of it, and had all the use of it you wanted, and some other fellow was paying the taxes and the expense of keeping up the government, wouldn't you think you was a derved fool to go to fightin' about it with that other fellow?"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

A Mellin's Food Girl.



OLGA K. IHLENG, CARTHAGE, MO.

Give the Baby Mellin's Food

if you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright and active, and to grow up happy, robust and vigorous.

OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

"The Care and Feeding of Infants,"

will be mailed free to any address on request.

The Doliber-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.

A FRENCH observer, named M. Cana, has been for some time past closely observing the actions of several common plants when the barometer indicated a change of weather. He found that if the heads of clover and other leguminous plants stand upright there will be rain. If the leaves of sorrel turn up, it is a sure sign of a storm, which is also foretold by the leaves of willow grass slowly turning up. The closing of the flowers of convolvulus indicates rain, which, as is so generally believed, may be said of the flowers of the pimpernel, and also the hibiscus flowers. When the flowers of sorrel open it is said to be a sure sign of fine weather, but if they close it will rain. If the flowers of the carline thistle close there will be a storm. The expanding flowers of cinquefoil suggest rain, but their closing means fine weather. The African marigold flowers close before rain; while the scales of the teasel pressing close together pretty surely means rain.

HOW SHE KEPT HER WORD.—“Do you remember that rich and romantic Miss Rocques, who used to say she would never allow a man’s poverty to prevent her marrying him?”

“Yes, indeed, but I never thought she meant it.”

“She did, though. She’s going to marry a man who doesn’t own a dollar in the world, and is deeply in debt.”

“Is it possible? Who is he?”

“I don’t remember his name,—some sort of a broken-down earl her mother picked up in London.”—*Detroit Tribune*.

THE Rev. Robert F. Horton, of England, who delivered the Yale lectures on “Preaching,” tells *The Independent* of London that while in this country he was surprised by “the enormous proportion of keenly intelligent men” in American church congregations. He found the domestic life of the United States more ideal than it is generally in England. “Man and wife,” he says, “are more truly comrades and partners in the business of life. The wife, in the case of ministers, is more distinctly admitted into her husband’s work and her husband’s thought, and the children are more taken into intimate friendship and live the life of the parents.”

FEATS OF SWORDSMANSHIP.—Feats of swordsmanship, such as cutting through triangular bars of lead or carcasses of sheep, are performed with special weapons, and on this subject and that of sword-blows generally Mr. Henderson, the well-known professor of swordsmanship and for many years connected with Angelo’s school of arms, has some interesting facts to relate. Though no longer quite so young as he was, he is still active and hearty, and must have been in his prime a very powerful man, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds. He has in his time at one stroke cut through two sheep, one carcass inside the other, and in a similar manner through two and three-fourths inches of solid lead.

A specially made cuirass, much thought of at the time by the Duke of Cambridge, when tested by the redoubtable Henderson was cut clean through. Steel plates—six to the inch—and ordinary pokers have been severed at one blow by the same strong arm. These exploits were all accomplished with a sword made for him by the old firm of Wilkinson. It is called “Excalibur,” and weighs but four pounds. It is perfectly plain, slightly curved, has a hilt something like a naval cutlass, and is tempered to perfection.—*London Globe*.

Highest of all in leavening strength.

Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

In all receipts for cooking requiring a baking powder the ROYAL, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured.

Marion Harland.

I have found Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

C. Gorju,

Late Chef de Cuisine, Delmonico's, N. Y.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY, of Boston, Massachusetts, stands deservedly at the head of American schools of musical training. During the lifetime of its founder, Dr. Tourjée, it had already won the confidence and support of the American people, and since his death the acceptance of the directorship by the scholarly musician Mr. Carl Faelten has given the institution an impetus and standing second to none in this country.

A careful investigation will quickly convince any one that nothing is left undone for the highest intellectual improvement of its pupils; that the moral influences thrown around them are far-reaching and in every way beneficial, and that the Conservatory is evidently no place for the lazy or frivolous. But to those who desire the highest attainment and are willing to devote the necessary amount of study and investigation, aided by minds of exceptional ability, this Conservatory offers inducements and privileges heretofore unattainable in America.

In its well-appointed home reside nearly four hundred lady students. The advantage of living and taking all studies (no matter whether music, elocution, art, or languages) under one roof is of immense importance to the student.

This advantage is accentuated by the fact that the home-life in this institution is replete with comforts and safeguards. The management is of the best, and has gained the repeated endorsement of such people as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Dr. Philip S. Moxom, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and hosts of others of national reputation.

For calendar, giving full information, address FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Franklin Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

ACCORDING to a recent life of Georgiana, Lady de Ros, this famous lady was in part responsible for the breaking up of the historic ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. The ball was given by her mother, and Lady de Ros asked the Duke of Wellington when he arrived, late in the evening, whether there was any truth in the rumors of an approaching battle. He answered, gravely, "Yes, they are true: we are off to-morrow." This news was at once circulated, and then ensued the "hurrying to and fro" that Bryon depicted so graphically. Many of the officers left the ball immediately, and those who remained fought in evening dress.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE ON A RAFT.—Into the seething mass we rush, the giant waves dashing up on all sides, like strange monsters crouching and springing to devour us. Our shanty leaps in the air. Writhing, straining, wrenching, creaking, the whole raft shudders in agony; the logs tremble and shriek in affright.

Up spurts the water from the crevices, as though each log were a mighty porpoise. On every hand jut bare deadly rocks, ready to grind us to powder should the waters fail to destroy us.

Our pilot is nearly wild. A few feet too much to one side or the other will cost us our lives. Once we run aground a flat rock, where we spin around like a top. But in some way we slide to one side, and are off again, but our position is reversed, the stern of our raft is foremost, rushing, leaping, sweeping along, till the last rock is passed, and we glide into calm water, and, with a sigh of relief, relax our grasp upon whatever happens to be near us, and drop back into the *dolce far niente* that characterized the beginning of our trip. —AUGUST BEERS, in *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly*.

Recipes for August By Marion Harland, Miss Parloa, Mrs. Rorer, and Mrs. Lincoln.

Breakfast Fruit Cake.—By Marion Harland.—1 quart of flour, 2 cups of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 quart of strawberries, huckleberries, blackberries, or raspberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together, chop in the shortening, stir in the milk with a wooden spoon. The dough should be just stiff enough to handle. Roll into two sheets, line a baking pan with one, put in the berries, strew with sugar, lay on the other sheet, and bake. Cut into squares, split, and eat hot with sugar and butter. *Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

It is a great thing to have a pure and wholesome baking powder, the ingredients of which are printed on each label, so that one may know what he is eating. Such is Cleveland's Baking Powder,—it is *pure*.



*"It's
Pure
and
Sure."*

*"It's
Pure
and
Sure."*

It is a great thing, when cake and biscuit are put into the right sort of an oven, to be always sure they will come out just right.

Such is the case every time if you use Cleveland's Baking Powder,—it is *sure*.

A quarter pound can mailed free on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.
CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO., 81 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

Cook Book.—Pick over, wash and dry 1 pint blueberries; sprinkle thickly with flour, to keep them from settling in the dough. Mix well 1 teaspoonful salt, 4 level teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, with 1 quart sifted flour. Rub in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. Moisten with about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk or enough to make a dough that will keep in shape when dropped from a spoon. Stir in the prepared blueberries, being careful not to mash them. Drop by the large spoonfuls on a well-buttered shallow pan, or in round muffin-pans. Bake about 20 minutes, and serve hot with butter if for breakfast or tea, or with cream if for luncheon.—(Copyright.)

Luncheon Muffins.—By Maria Parloa.—For one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half-pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Beat the eggs till light, and add the milk to them. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients; then stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds, and then put in buttered muffin-pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.—(Copyright.) *Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

Plum Roll.—By Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.—Add 1 teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt to 1 pint of sifted flour. Sift again. Rub in 1 tablespoonful of butter, add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out, sprinkle with 1 cup of chopped raisins and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped citron. Dust with cinnamon, roll up, and steam for 30 minutes. Serve warm with hard sauce. *Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

Blueberry Muffins.—By Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, Author Boston

**400 RECIPES
FREE.** Send stamp and address

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
81 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

A BIRD STORY.—Some years ago my father had a pair of common white pigeons. They were very tame, and became very much attached to him, so much so that they were almost his constant companions, accompanying him in his walks or when out driving. They would answer his whistle like a dog, and would alight on his proffered hand or enter his pocket if opened for them. A sceptical friend thought they would show the same familiarity to any other person, and, to give them a fair trial, he procured a suit of clothes of the same color as that which my father wore.

Arrayed in his disguise, our sceptical friend, imitating my father's whistle as nearly as possible, whistled to the pigeons. Immediately they left their perch on the house-top and flew down to the hand held out to receive them, but when they came within a few yards of it they suddenly checked themselves, fluttered perplexedly for a few moments around our friend, and then flew back to the house-top. This was conclusive evidence. But a sad accident happened. One morning one of the pigeons was found upon the high-road dead, its body bearing marks of injury, but from what cause we never knew. We carried the dead body home and buried it in a sunny and quiet spot in the garden. For three days the surviving pigeon, with untiring energy, searched the country far and near for its mate, but in vain. It refused to touch food, and even the influence which my father usually exercised over it was gone. On the third day we found it dead in the dove-cot, its little heart broken with grief by the loss of its lifelong companion. We buried it beside its mate. Since then my father has never kept pets.—*London Spectator*.

THE BASIS OF COLORADO WEALTH.—The Denver smelteries treated four and a quarter millions of pounds of Colorado copper, one hundred thousand tons of Colorado lead, twelve million ounces of silver, and one hundred and twenty thousand ounces of gold. The total value of all this was fifteen and three-quarter millions of dollars; but much of the Colorado ore is of the free-milling variety not treated at the smelteries; and, besides, there are other smelteries at Pueblo, Rico, Leadville, and Durango. The total revenue from mining in 1891 was thirty-three and a half millions of dollars. And yet the Denver Chamber of Commerce estimates the income from agriculture at forty millions, derived from the cultivation of two millions of acres of land. If the value of the live-stock were added as a farm-product, the sum would be increased by at least fifteen million dollars. A wonderful showing for so new a State.—JULIAN RALPH, in *Harper's Magazine*.

ALL ONE TO CABBY.—It must be trying to a great personage to have his claims to distinction all unknown; but, however trying the situation, he had best be cautious about attempting to set it right. A Scottish gentleman learned this by experience.

He had a dispute with a London cabman over an eighteenpenny fare. He had offered a shilling only, and the cabman had remonstrated with him.

Drawing himself up with dignity, he said,—

"Eh, mon, but I think ye dinna ken whom ye're speaking to! I'm the MacIntosh!"

The cockney was not properly impressed: he retorted sharply,—

"I don't care if you're the Humberella: I mean to have that sixpence!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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PIETRO MASCAGNI, the author of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," was born the 7th of December, 1863, at Leghorn, as it is generally said. His family belonged to the humbler class. One of his companions who grew up with him at Leghorn says he was a happy, good-natured sort of a boy, but careless and with very little persistence at anything except music.

Here is an outline of the way in which his first opera, the "Cavalleria Rusticana," came to be written. In July of 1888 Edoardo Sonzogno, one of the leading music publishers at Milan, publicly invited all young Italian composers who had not yet had an opera represented on the stage to compete for two prizes of three and two thousand lire. They were to write an opera in one act, with one or two scenes as they might choose, and upon any subject, grave or gay. A jury of five men, well known either as composers or critics, was named, which was to select of all the operas offered the three best. These three, it was promised, should be produced at one of the leading theatres of Rome at the expense of the publisher who made the offer, and after they had been so presented the jury should finally make their award and assign the prizes to the two best works.

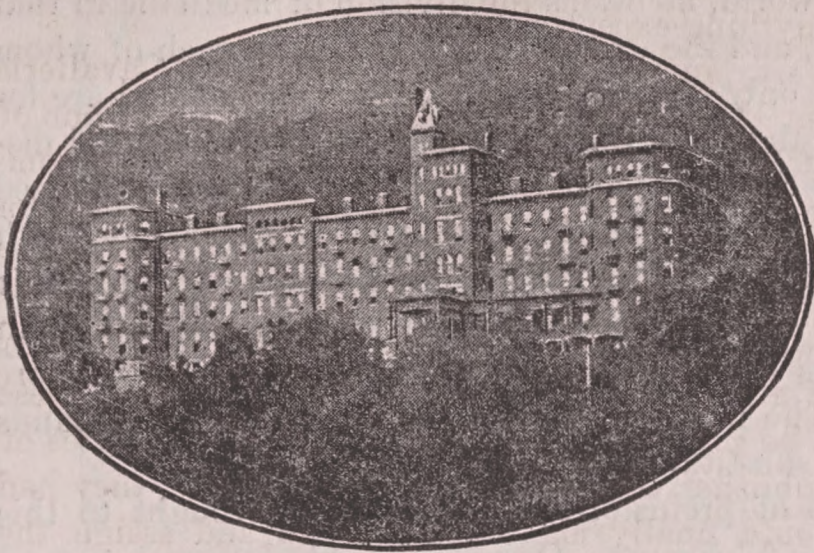
They were all given at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome, in May, 1890, and although Spinelli's "Labilia" and Ferroni's "Rudello" were both considered works of merit and as giving much promise, the "Cavalleria Rusticana" was not only unhesitatingly declared by every one the best of the three, but it produced a great sensation. The commission met again and unanimously assigned the prize of three thousand lire to Mascagni, giving the second prize by a divided vote to Spinelli.—*New England Magazine*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN thus assails the critics in *The London Chronicle*: "Literature can always take care of itself, and contemporary judgments upon it are only the cacklings of geese in the Capitol. The gentlemen who affirm that all the great writers have departed are descendants of the gentlemen who thought Coleridge a 'driveller,' Wordsworth an old woman, and Shelley a moon-struck noodle, and who bewailed pathetically the golden age of Pope and Cowper. A writer must be a dead man, either physically or morally, before the geese approve him. They hissed, until he was stiff and cold, the greatest of all living Americans, and when he was laid in his grave only one man, an atheist by profession, had the courage to speak the funeral oration. They tormented and insulted Robert Browning for forty years, and then, when Westminster Abbey opened to him, cried, 'How great he was! how sane and good!' They bought twenty editions of 'The Epic of Hades,' and left James Thomson and Richard Jeffreys to starve. They did, in short, what human geese do under all seasons and conditions: they asked 'if literature was played out,' and assumed that it was because they had neither eyes to discern nor souls to distinguish between real literary achievements and bogus reputations."

LIBERAL thinkers in the churches are having a much pleasanter time now than in the time of Bishop Colenso thirty years ago. After the bishop published his book showing that certain statements and figures in the Pentateuch were inaccurate, he found himself almost universally ostracized. Men and women whom he had known intimately from childhood refused to speak to him. And so general was the detestation of him that his laundress in London refused any longer to wash his clothes, because she lost customers by coming into such close contact with him.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

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ANCIENT DENTISTRY.—“While no specific data can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry,” says a writer in the *North American Review*, “we know it was practised among the Egyptians at a very early age. Herodotus (500 B.C.), in writing of his travels through Egypt, at that time one of the greatest and most civilized countries in the world, mentions the division of medicine in that kingdom into special branches, and the existence of physicians, each of whom ‘applies himself to one disease only and not more. Some [physicians] are for the eyes, others for the head, others for the teeth, and others for internal disorders.’ It is thought that the Egyptians and Etruscans were further advanced in the art of dentistry than any other people in that early period, for teeth filled with gold have been found in the mouths of mummies, indicating their advanced ideas. These people were the first to supply artificial substitutes in the mouth. Belzoni and others have found artificial teeth made of sycamore wood in ancient sarcophagi. The mode of fastening was by ligatures or bands of cord or gold wire, tying the substitute to its natural neighbors.

“In 1885 some specimens of prehistoric dentistry were brought to this country by an English dentist of Liverpool. One was a gold plate with several human teeth attached. The specimens were found in an Etruscan tomb. The plate was ingeniously made, and I was surprised to see gold used for a base by such an ancient people.”

HE GOT THE WHISK.—Mr. — had a new office clerk, who was recommended to him by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. for his strict temperance principles, which were exactly in accord with those of Mr. — himself.

“Peters,” said Mr. — to the new man yesterday morning, “take some money from the drawer and go out and buy me a whisk.”

“Trimmed or plain, sir?” asked Peters, with a glad, joyous look in his eyes.

“Plain, of course; the plainer the better; something solid and substantial.”

Peters was gone about half an hour. When he returned he carried a big, thick tumbler in his hand full of a dark red liquid. His voice sounded as if he had caught cold.

“Here’s your whisk,” said Peters, setting the decoction down suddenly in front of Mr. —.

“Good heavens, man, what is this?”

“Whisk, whisk, that’s what,” said Peters, mysteriously.

“But I wanted a whisk-broom.”

“Why didn’t sha sho? Thought it was ’breviation for whiskey. Nemmer mind, it won’t be wasted.” And he swallowed it on the spot.

Peters is again looking for a place.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MA’S SHOE-STRINGS.—Susie’s mother sent her to the shoe-store the other day for some shoe-strings. The little girl tipped the door-latch and slowly walked up to the proprietor.

“Mamma sent me down for a pair of shoe-strings,” and Susie fingered her money nervously as she looked into the dealer’s face. The latter turned to a bunch of strings upon the wall and began to pull a couple out. Then he stopped.

“How long does she want them?”

Susie looked flustered. “I don’t know, but I think mamma wants them to keep.”—*The Wasp*.

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UNPREJUDICED ADVICE.—A Western Senator tells a story of a man travelling in a parlor-car between Omaha and Denver who fell asleep and, as *Punch* would say, “snored profusely from the nose,” so that every one in the coach was seriously annoyed. Presently, says the *St. Paul Dispatch*, an old gentleman approached the sleeper, and, shaking him, brought him out of his slumber with a start.

“What’s the matter?” he exclaimed.

“Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the car,” said the old gentleman, kindly.

“How do you know I’m snoring?”

“Why, we can’t help but hear it.”

“Well, don’t believe all you hear,” replied the stranger, and went to sleep again.

“A WRITER, who shall be nameless,” says *Figaro*, “sent a story to a magazine. It was returned in an incredibly short space of time, with the remark that it ‘lacked movement.’”

“After some calculation, which disclosed the fact that the manuscript must have reached New York by one mail and left it again by the very next outgoing train, the writer sent the manuscript back to the same magazine, with the remark that, considering the time it had made, he didn’t see how they could expect a story to have a much swifter movement than that.”

NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN.—There are one hundred and twenty newspapers and magazines published in Tokyo, the most important, from the stand-point of circulation, being the *Asabi Shimbun*, or *Morning News*, *Asabi* meaning “morning” and *Shimbun* meaning “news.” This paper enjoys a circulation of one hundred thousand copies daily, while at Osaka a paper of the same name prints over one hundred and thirty thousand copies every morning.

The *Daily News* of Tokyo has a circulation of thirty thousand copies, but in spite of this small circulation it probably has fully as much weight with the intelligent reading community as have those papers which circulate more largely. The large circulation of the *Morning News* is greatly due to the fact that it prints from day to day continued serial stories of fiction, and on this account is largely bought by the women in Tokyo and vicinity. The *Daily News* does not adopt this feature,—which I think is American,—but, on the contrary, devotes its space to all the news happenings of the day. The reporters of the *Daily News* “cover” (as you say here) all the murders, suicides, fires, court trials, receptions, and social, theatrical, and sporting events, in a similar manner to the great American newspapers. It is also more fearless in its editorial utterances regarding politics, and, while Japan is an empire, it must be remembered that the people elect members to the House of Representatives.

In addition to the *Morning News* and the *Daily News*, there are thirty-three other daily papers in Tokyo, a large majority of which are morning papers. Japan has not as yet adopted to any extent the American custom of printing evening papers, either separate or in connection with the morning edition.—SAHEI OHASHI, in *Printers’ Ink*.

THE LATEST ABOUT SUSPENDERS. — "I believe most of the people who invent new-fangled suspenders and take out patents for them are crazy," said a customer in a men's furnishing store the other day. "Can't you give me a pair of old-fashion suspenders like those you sold me ten years ago?"

"Yes," said the dealer, "I can; but these I am showing you are the latest things out."

"But, confound it, man, I do not want the latest things out," roared the customer; "all I need is a pair of ordinary, every-day suspenders, GUYOTS I think they are called, and you show me a crazy sort of thing with a lot of wheels and pulleys and weights and things. Why, it would take a man a week to learn to get into that thing, and, once in, it would take a week to get out. Every time I come here to get a pair of suspenders you try to sell me something different, and usually it is a new patent of some sort. Now, you know as well as I do that there has not been an improvement made in suspenders in fifty years that has amounted to a row of pins, and there is no suspender made which can compare with the genuine GUYOTS made in Paris by Charles Guyot. And, although you change your entire stock of suspenders every little while, you will, I am sure, own up that I am right."

"Yes, you are right," the dealer replied, "perfectly right, but we outfitters must keep up with the times. These cranks keep on bringing out new things, each new suspender more complicated and more idiotic than the one which went before. But a fancy article commands a fancy price. Yet all first-class dealers must keep the GUYOTS for thousands of customers who, like you, are not willing to make experiments, and stick to the GUYOTS, which are universally acknowledged to be the very best suspenders made for all seasons of the year."



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"WE are indebted to Mr. C. C. Burt," says *The Electric Spark*, for this extract from his pen descriptive of Frank R. Stockton's personal appearance:

"With large dark eyes, features angularly strong and varied, and a face of great sensibility, his speech is intensely practical and idiomatic, and his usual manner serious to the verge of sadness. But when his eyes look outward they always smile; his deep, quiet voice is ever the voice of leisure and geniality, even when the situation demands the sarcasm it gets. When fun is going forward his eyes laugh heartily; but even when his face shows that he is convulsed his merriment is almost soundless. It is the laughter of a man whose risibles have lost their voice through a persistent habit of laughing to himself."

WHITTIER'S COLOR-BLINDNESS.—I had engaged a little room in what was known as "Celia Thaxter's cottage" at Appledore; but on my arrival I found that Mr. Whittier had been "moved by the spirit" to make a few days' visit at this delectable summer resort, relying on the kindness of friends to find him a quiet corner. It was my privilege to give up my room to him, and Mrs. Thaxter kindly welcomed me to hers.

Both poet and poetess were early risers, and Mrs. Thaxter would come breezily into the parlor in white morning gown, bringing a wealth of blossoms and vines from her garden. Mr. Whittier would be sitting on the sofa, absorbed in the last new poet, whose fledgling was sure to be found upon Mrs. Thaxter's table.

One morning she appeared with her hands full of scarlet poppies, of unusual size and hue.

"Aren't these superb?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," was Mr. Whittier's quiet response. "But why do you gather them?"

"Because they are so splendid. Did you ever see such a gorgeous red?"

"Red!" exclaimed Mr. Whittier; "do you call that red? To me the flowers seem rather gray; only a little brighter than the leaves."

And then we realized that the poet was color-blind, and that perhaps accounted in part for those wondrous introspective eyes. If the world looked "gray" to him, no wonder he gazed within and saw visions which were in part denied to his outward eye. Possibly his Quaker life and traditions were in part responsible.—HELEN M. KNOWLTON, in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE SERVANT WAS HORRIFIED.—Dr. S. had last winter a newly-arrived Hibernian for a servant; he had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise-leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new foot-wear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "Porpoise-hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded, with a horrified air,—

"Yer husband is a dochter, mum, an' I've heard them docthers do be cuttin' up people, an' didn't I hear um, wid me own ears, say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide? It's me own ould father that died in the poor-house, an' I wouldn't be sarvin' a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirty feet wid."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

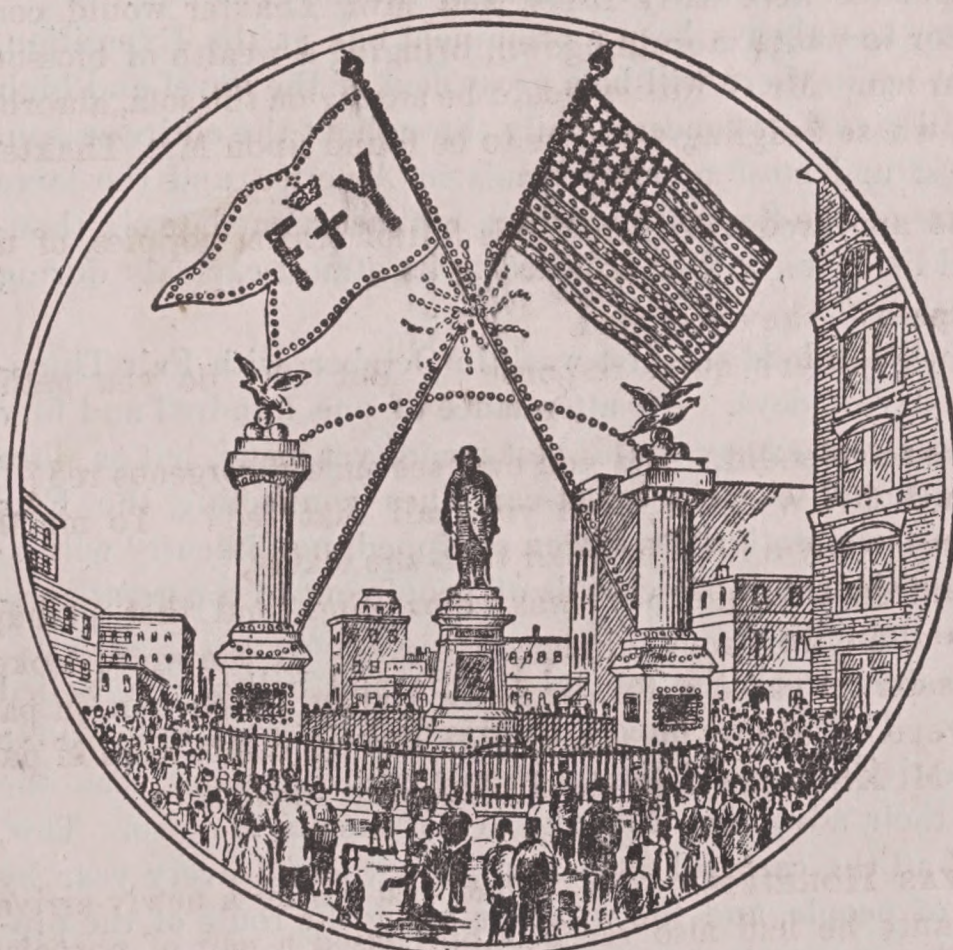
THE ST. LOUIS FESTIVITIES.

THE annual Autumnal Festivities at St. Louis will commence at the end of this month and continue through September and the first three weeks of October. Those who have seen what St. Louis has done in past years in the way of festivities and carnival will not be surprised to hear that the programme for this year is one of the grandest ever attempted by any city. The Autumnal Festivities Association with its almost world-renowned million-dollar entertainment fund will make Columbian year its grand culminating triumph, and will spare neither expense nor effort to make the festivities all that the most exacting could desire.

Work has already been commenced on the preliminaries for the grand street illuminations, which will resemble those of past years in their magnificence, but which will include a number of new features of the most attractive

and delightful character. All the leading down-town streets are now being fitted with arches and clusters, which will be illuminated during the carnival period by aid of tens of thousands of electric- and gas-lights shining through globes of many colors most artistically arranged. These illuminations also extend as far as two miles from the river, and afford entertainment for hundreds of people.

St. Louis is one of the best-equipped cities in the world



FLAG ARCH, GRANT STATUE.

from electricians' point of view, and hence there is abundance of "power" for both electric illuminations and electric panorama and set pieces. Last year the panorama of light proved a success beyond all expectation, and the discovery of America and its gradual settlement were vividly portrayed by a series of tableaux declared by critics from all parts of the world to be the grandest triumph in electrical illumination ever attempted. An illustration is given of one of the most successful of the many set pieces of this character, which attracted thousands of delighted spectators last year. St. Louis believes in novelty as well as magnificence, and hence it will not repeat without variation its programme of 1892, and the illustration given is little more than a reminder and

an indication of the class of work upon which the city bases its claim as a great entertainer and a lavish spender when the delight of its friends and visitors is its object.

The plans for 1893 are only in part completed, and the preparations are not sufficiently advanced to enable full details to be published. It is not, however, too early to state that Washington Avenue will be a blaze of electricity right from the approach to the Eads Bridge to the University on Eighteenth Street, or that some of the street arches will be of an entirely new pattern, with countless improvements on past achievements.

The illuminations are but a feature of the carnival. The attractions offered to visitors are of a very varying character, extending over the period already named, with street illuminations on the most prominent nights. The Exposition will open for its Tenth Annual Season on September 6, remaining open until October 21. This is the only successful annual Exposition in the world, and it has been self-supporting from its initial season, although the price of admission is but twenty-five cents, with no extras of any kind for side-shows or special attractions. This year, while many of the successes of past seasons will be repeated, there will be a great deal of the novel as well.

The musical feature has always been a prominent one at the Exposition, and in this department again there will be a great deal of the novel and high class. Sousa's Band will give four concerts daily throughout the entire season. This is one of the finest and most popular bands in America, and the large music hall in the centre of the Exposition, which will accommodate six thousand or seven thousand listeners, will be crowded to its utmost capacity during the special concerts.

The Annual Fair will be held the first week in October, with Fair Thursday, as usual, the great day of days. An attendance of one hundred and fifty thousand will not be largely in excess of the best record yet made, but as since last October three additional electric street-car lines connecting the Fair Grounds with the down-town section have been equipped, no difficulty will be experienced in conveying the enormous crowds of people out to the great agricultural and mechanical exhibition.

On Tuesday of the same week the annual parade and ball of the Veiled Prophet will take place. This will be one of the grandest and most remarkable events of the entire festivities, and Eastern people who have not seen the pageant will find it to their advantage to make arrangements to do so. This, the best appreciated of all the carnival attractions, is witnessed every year by hundreds of thousands of people, and the windows along the route of the procession are crowded with eager on-lookers and delighted spectators.

St. Louis, owing to its excellent railroad facilities, can be easily reached from all parts, and its attractions, entirely apart from its carnival, are so great that all visiting the World's Fair should make a point of obtaining tickets granting them the privilege of remaining three days in St. Louis. Where it is not convenient to obtain stop-over tickets, visitors to the World's Fair can secure transportation to St. Louis and purchase tickets from that city to Jackson Park without incurring additional expense beyond a very few cents in so doing. The opportunity to see the great Western and Southwestern metropolis, and the home of the great Exposition and annual carnival, is too great to be overlooked, and no one should miss the opportunity which the reduced railroad rates afford.

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OF



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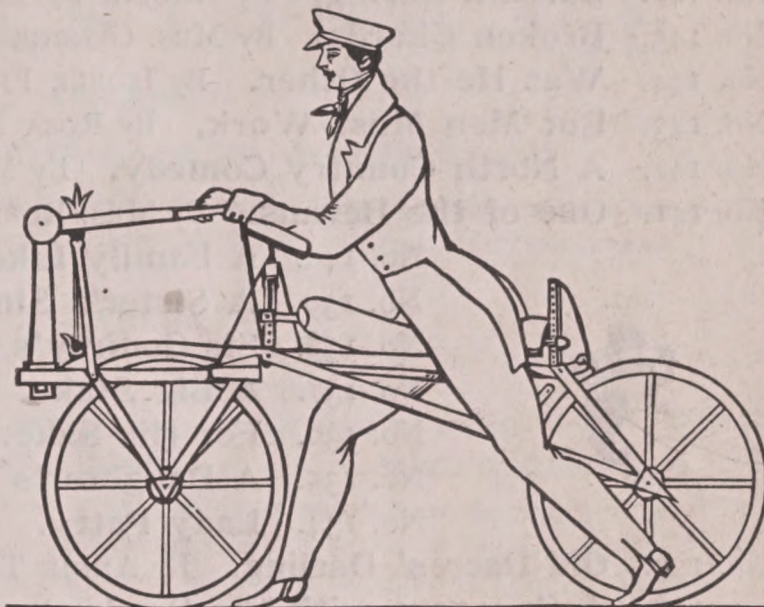
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No. 284.	"A DAUGHTER'S HEART"	By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron.
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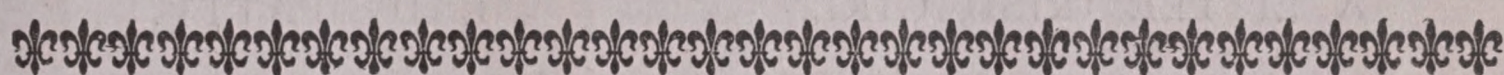


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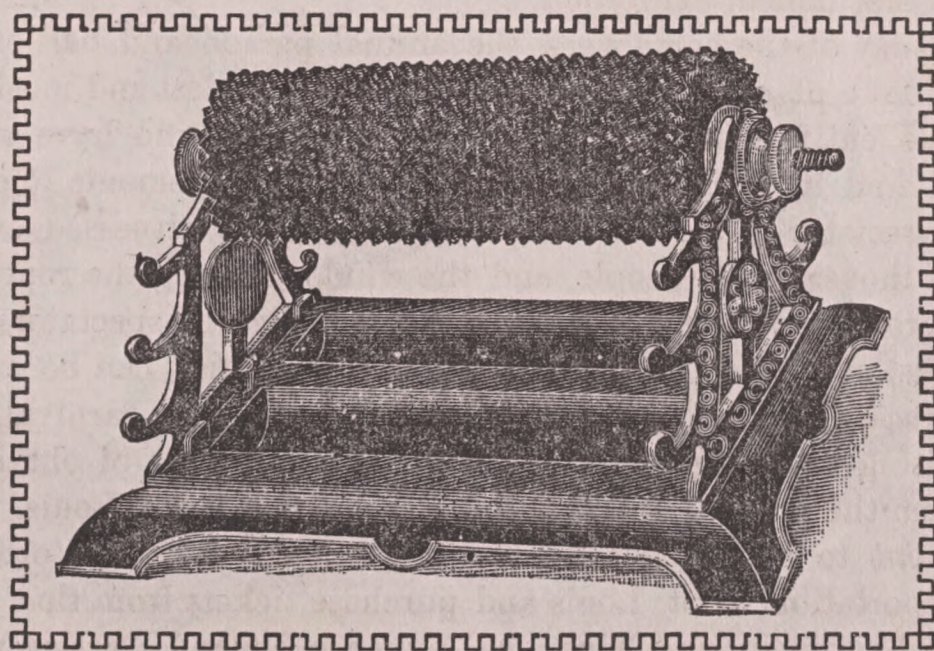
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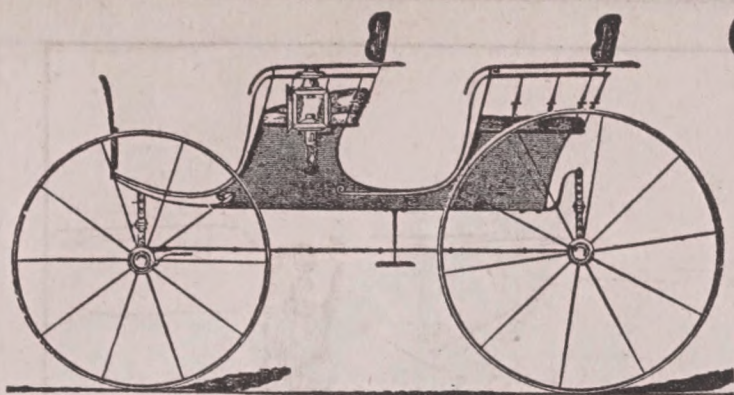


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And had traversed the grassy waste for twenty miles at least.
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And held, besides, a puffy pact of highly-leavened cakes,
Which, should they glide to one's inside, it strangely came to pass
That one's anatomy was charged with an expansive gas,



Which in rebellious plethora developed sadly soon
A man's integument into a species of balloon,—
A scheme whose wise utility he meant that day to try,
And send that aborigine "poor Lo" amazing high.
For Spotted Tail came by that way with thoughts of gore elate ;
But first the cakes which Puffem gave he very gravely ate.

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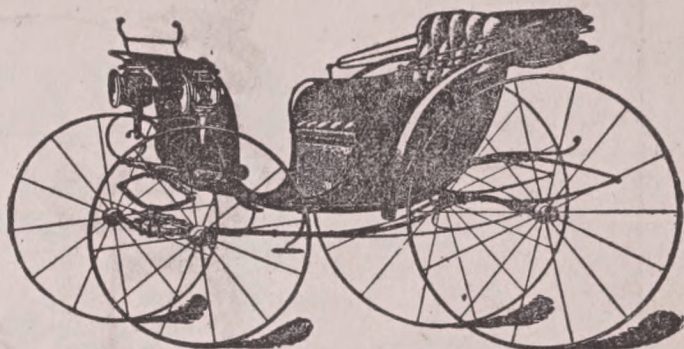


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"Ugh, ugh!" he cried, as high he hied, which words by fear begat,
Translated like Elijah, mean, "Great Scott! where am I at?"
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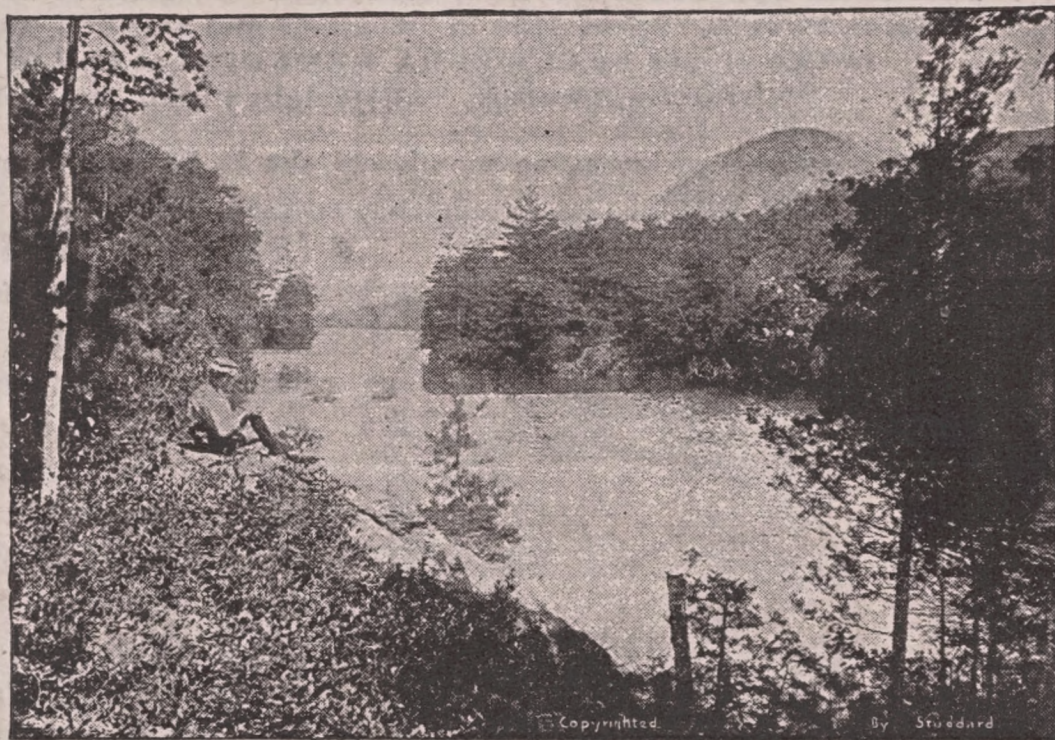
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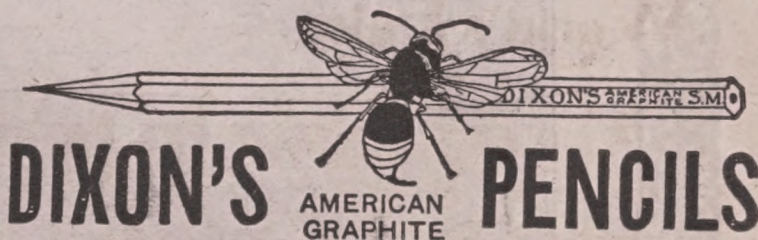
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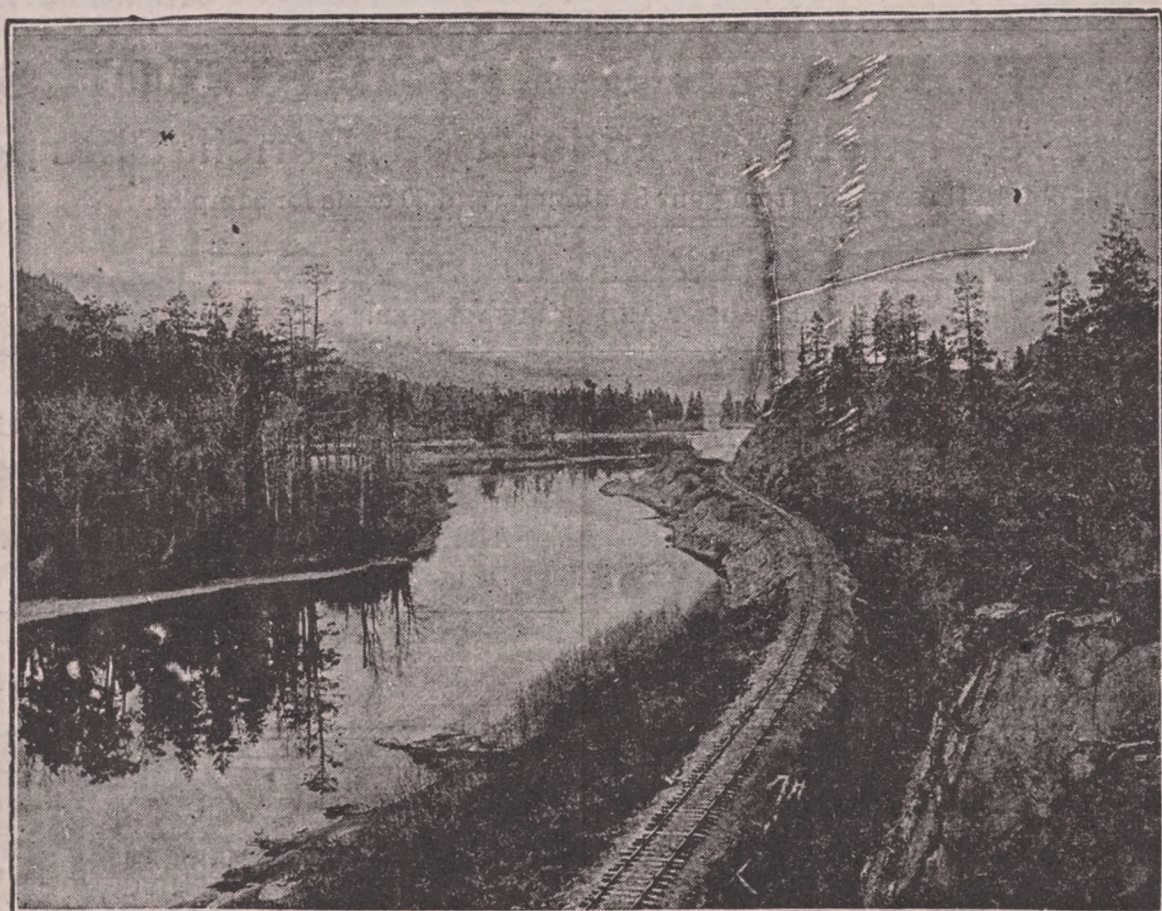
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With grasp upon the robe that sent
the scientist asprawl.

"Hi, hi!" he cried, as he espied the
warrior's dwindling trace,

"My ethnologic condiment will ele-
vate his race.

The ancient way was maim and slay;
this equals savage might,
And, like its victim, as a means is
simply out of sight."



The while poor Lo, swept to and fro
in his erratic course,
Began to feel the gas decline in its
extensile force,
And by degrees a friendly breeze helped
his oblique descent,
And fanned the flame that in his wrath
grew to a hot intent:
He'd scalp the chap, if he pursued to
the horizon's brim;
And all he asked at present was to get
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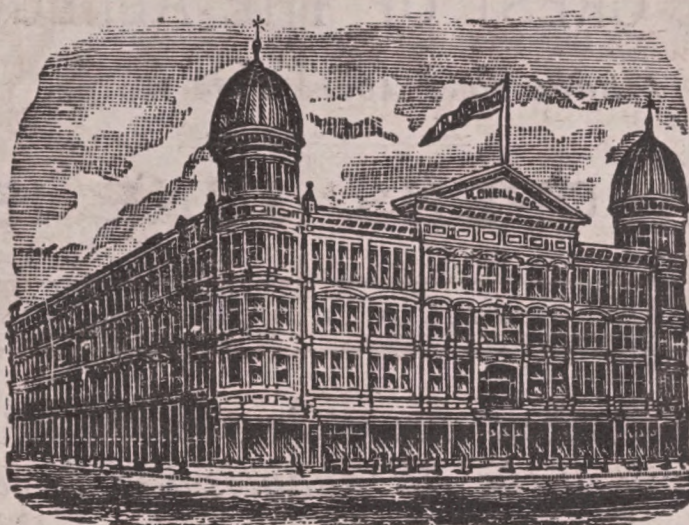
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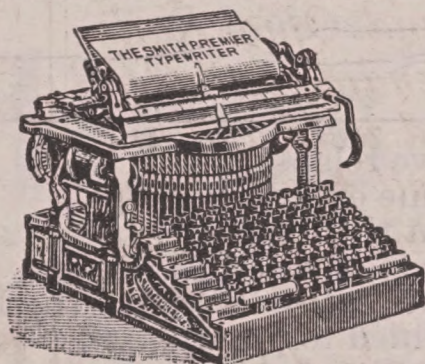
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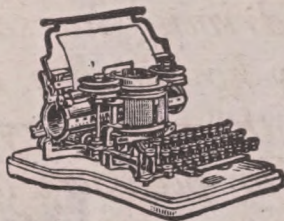
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And so, as in his thirsty hours, the warrior took a drop,
And held the while, with vengeful gleam, the scared savant, who lay
Upon the ground, too weak to run, too terrified to pray.



His scalping-knife was in his hand, and with a wroth ado
He meant to show that quaking sage he knew a thing or two;
For all that meagre thatch of hair on the professor's scone,
Which it had taken years to raise, he meant to raise at once.
He would, besides—a newer thought set vengeful wit awake—
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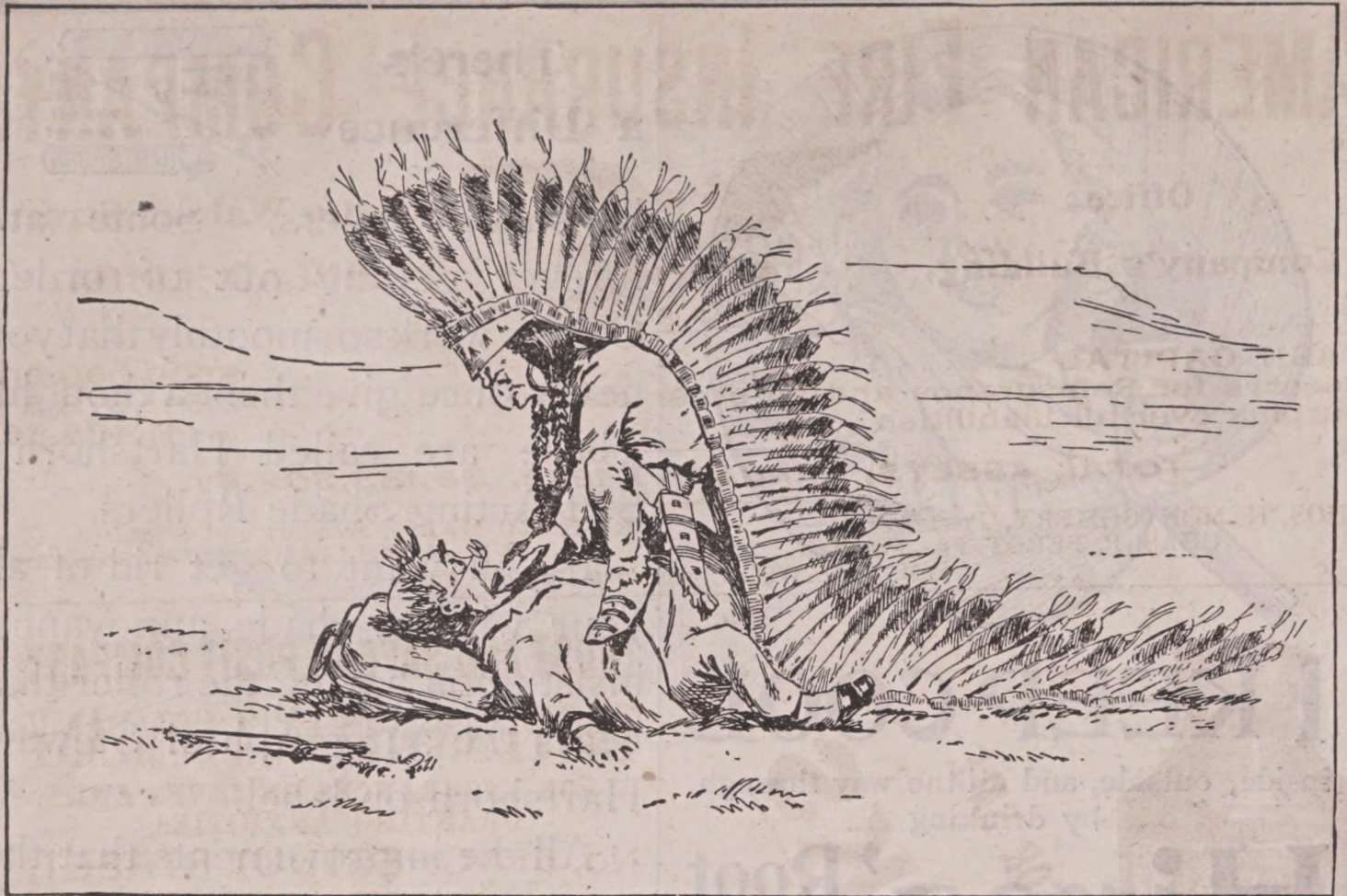
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And, always an ambitious man, he seemed about to ride
To altitudes which sullen Fame had hitherto denied.
And when the last rebellious gulp lodged in its bursting pent,
He left the warrior's hold and sailed towards the firmament.



Away he went just like a ball in his erratic flight,
Hailed by the warrior's gleeful howls of barbarous delight ;
And as on each successive spurt he seemed new force to gain,
The eagles and the sparrowhawks took up the brave's refrain,
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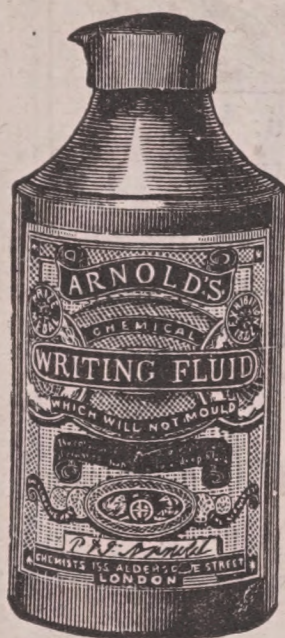
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BETWEEN

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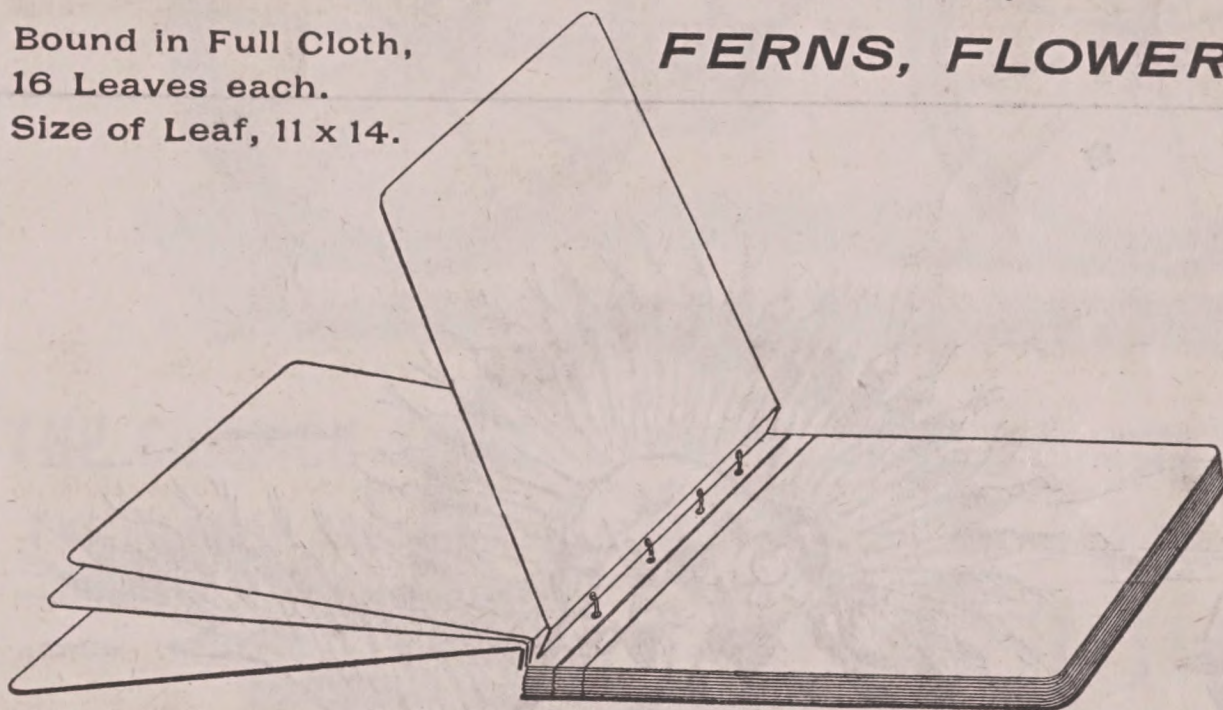
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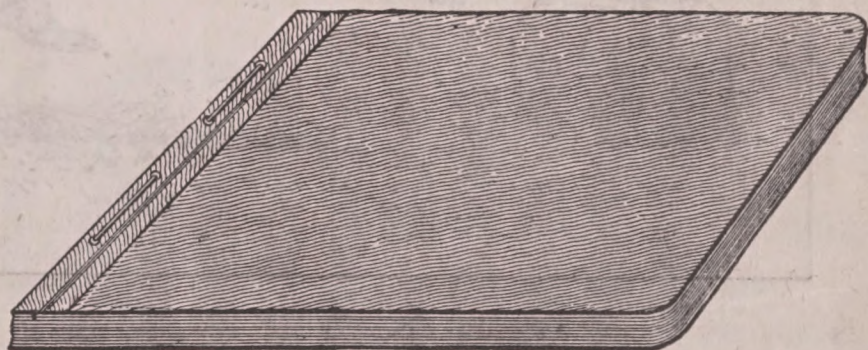
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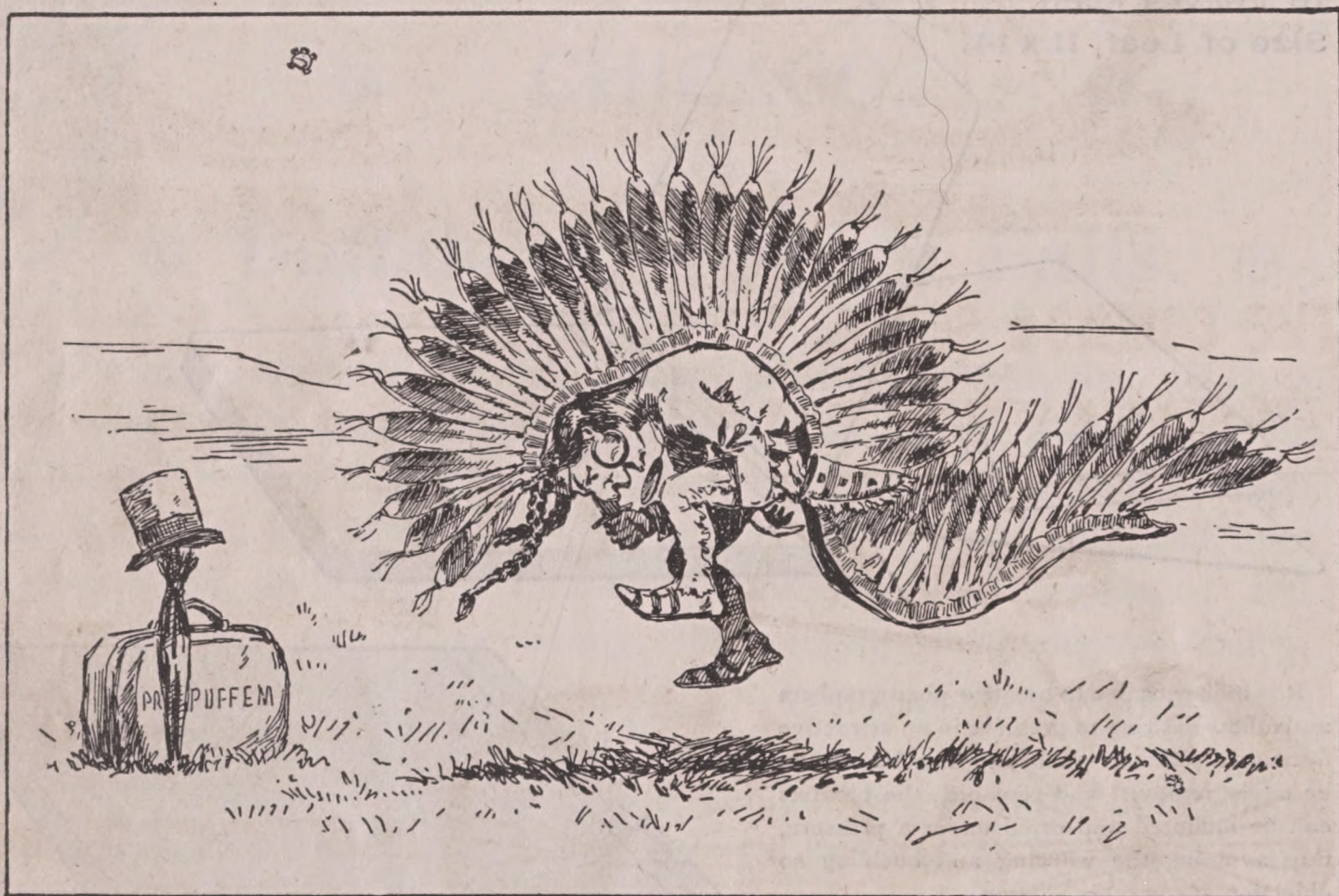
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 No one expects that one’s own saws will one’s own needs suffice;
 We like to give much better than we like to take advice.
 That large philosophy of ours, it has been long agreed,
 Is not for uses personal, but for a neighbor’s need.
 Instructors do not lead the lives they so benignly teach,
 And preachers are not often forced to practise what they preach.



Suppose that some derisive day it suddenly transpired
 That each in his true character was forced to be attired,
 And all the sage advice we give—and no one ever takes—
 We were obliged to gulp ourselves, like Puffem’s yeasty cakes;
 Suppose all sage philosophies, all sermons, would react,
 And make their vague constructors mould them to accomplished fact:
 Where were such occupations then? Ask of the Sphinx sedate,
 Or find the easy answer in Professor Puffem’s fate.

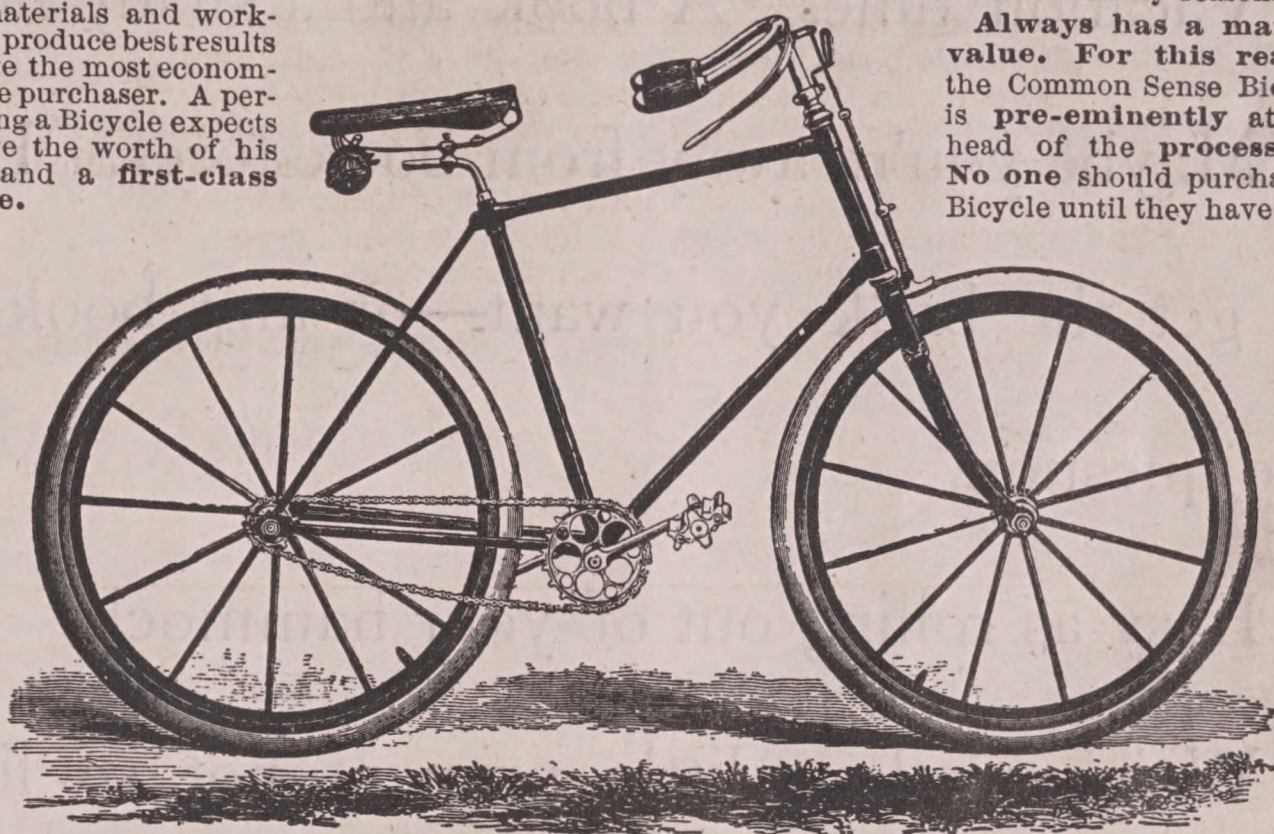


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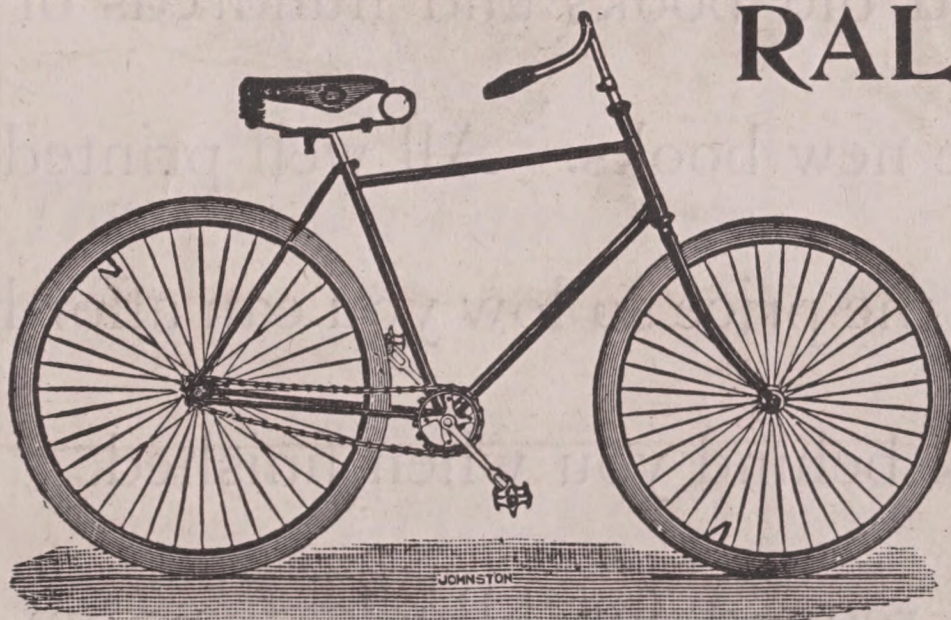
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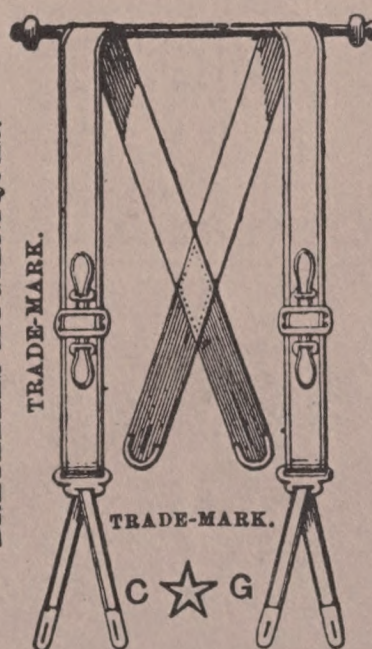
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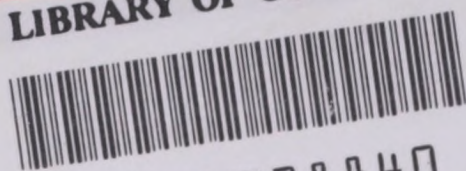
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